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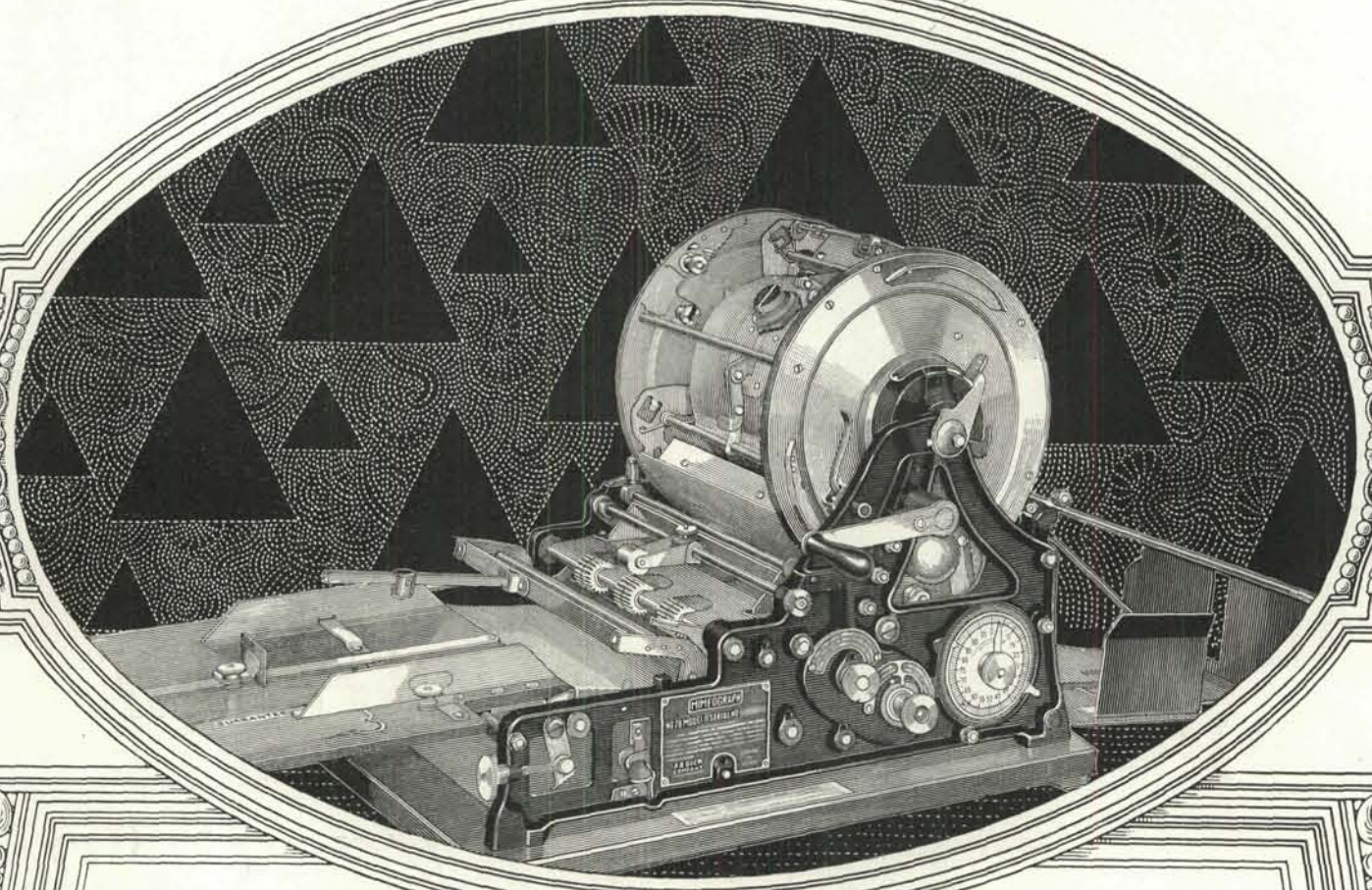

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By Arthur Somers Roche

What happens to the crook who tries to go straight in life and in love?

Put him on a Spot

What stopped me was that I knew he told the truth. "Murdock, put away your rod," I said. "I ain't going to kill you"

"I WON'T touch it," I said.

"Oh, you won't touch it, eh?" said Murdock.

"You heard me," I told him.

"Sure I heard you," he said.

"Then that's that," I said.

"Yeah, that's that." He lighted another cigarette.

"I'll be getting back to my job," I told him.

"Good job?" he asked. "Sitting all day at a desk?"

"Better than sitting in the chair," I said.

"Aw, be yourself, Curtis," he said. "Who mentioned the chair?"

"I mentioned the chair," I said.

"You never used to think about the chair," he said.

"I never did anything to make me think about it," I said.

"What makes you think about it now?" he asked.

"Your talk," I answered.

"Oh, my talk, eh?" He lighted another cigarette. I never noticed before how many cigarettes he smoked. "Why, you brought the subject up, didn't you, Curtis? Grown kind of jumpy, haven't you?"

"Grown straight, that's all," I said.

"What do you want me to make out of that?" he asked.

"Just anything your heart desires," I answered.

He threw his cigarette away.

"Kenney won't like it so much when I tell him you're putting on the high hat," he said.

"He'd rather have me put on those headpieces they clamp on your dome up in the death-house," I said.

"Ever hear of any of Kenney's lads taking that morning walk?" he inquired.

"I ain't one of Kenney's lads," I said.

"But you were," he said.

"But I ain't," I told him.

"What you making here—forty per?" he asked.

"Thirty—all clean," I said.

"Yeah, you must be clean by Monday morning," he sneered. "You can buy your girl a lot of pretties with what's left from thirty bucks."

"I haven't got a girl," I told him.

"Oh, you haven't got a girl?" he asked.

"No, I haven't got a girl," I said.

"You used to have one," he said. "Seems to me I remember something about her. Nice li'l' jane, from uptown somewhere. I was noticing her out the other night."

"What's a fighting word to put before liar, Murdock?" I asked.

"Meaning?" he said.

"YOU know what I mean," I told him. "I want to call you the kind of a liar that would make you sore enough to go for your rod."

"Meaning you want to bump me off, eh?" he asked.

"Meaning that if you mention her I *will* bump you off," I said.

"Well, all right, Curtis, if you feel that way about it. But she was out with the Digger only night before last."

He had his rod in his hand as he spoke, and I didn't have any rod. But it wasn't that that stopped me. What stopped me was that I knew he told the truth.

My Susie! Out with the Digger! Why, she didn't even know the Digger!

"Murdock, put away your rod. I ain't going to kill you," I said.

He knew me. He'd taken one big chance in the hope that he'd make me believe him. Kenney must need me a lot.

"I thought you'd see it our way, Curtis," he said. "Well, what about it?"

"What about what?" I asked.

I wanted him to go away. I wanted to go away myself. My Susie out with the Digger! And me working for thirty bucks a week because she didn't want me crooked. Me never seeing her! Me dropping right out of her life, never letting her know where I am or anything. Me spending half the night looking at her photograph while the Digger was looking at her real self.

I WANTED to cry, that's what I wanted to do.

"You know Mallasson," he said.

"You want me to take him for a ride, eh?" I asked.

"We'll put him on a spot," he said.

"Go to hell," I said.

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I got up from the one-armed lunch-room where he'd found me, and started to go.

He grabbed my arm.

"If I take that back to Kenney, he won't take it," he said.

"He won't take it, eh?" I said.

"No, he won't take it," he said.

"Well, what the hell's he going to do about it?" I asked.

"That's what I want to talk to you about, Curtis," he said.

"Listen," I said. "I'm off all that. I'm getting me thirty bucks a week and *liking it*, see?"

"You used to tip a waiter more than that," he said.

"Them birds are overpaid," I said.

I BROKE loose from him, walked to the cashier and slipped her sixty cents. Sixty cents! It woulda' made me laugh if it didn't come nearer making me cry. A sixty-cent lunch when I used to pay that for my melon.

I stopped outside the store of Murgatroyd & Williamson. What the hell! Eight in the morning until five at night. Put a packing-case on; take a packing-case off. Smoke two cigarettes at lunch because the package must last until night. A bum dinner and a bum movie. A rotten room in a cheap lodging-house. . . . And my Susie out with the Digger!

Women! Look you right plumb in the eye and talk teary. No, I couldn't love a man that had a racket. No, I wouldn't want the things that kind of money pays for.

Well, what sort of money did she think the Digger spent? God, if she wouldn't stand for a racketeer, what made her go for the Digger? I was outside the law, but the Digger was outside everything.

And sweet my Susie was and all of that, but she knew her way around. Show me a girl nowadays that doesn't. Clean and straight and all that, but she knew what it was all about. And one look at the Digger would tell her everything about him.

And she was out with him only the other night! Couldn't go out with me because my dough wasn't made square. Gave me the air because I did a little of this and a little of that; because I played the races, and ran a little hooch, and did a little fixing of the right people once in a while. Me out in the cold and the Digger in where it was nice and warm.

I tried to laugh that one off and couldn't raise a chuckle. One o'clock struck. If I wasn't inside that big double door before the note died away a big fat stiff would bawl me out. He'd dock me fifty cents. Fifty cents. I used to give it to a newsboy for a late edition, and now it meant breakfast. Fifty cents!

"Well, what about it?"

I turned and there was Murdock at my elbow. I just stared at him and didn't see him. All I could see was my Susie, and she was close to the Digger, looking up at him. . . . God, she had the bluest eyes. . . .

"I never killed anyone," I said.

"That's the point," said Murdock.

"And I don't know Mallasson," I said.

"Kenney thought of that one, too," he said. He lighted another cigarette. "It's like this, Curtis—"

"They dock me fifty cents every five minutes I'm late," I interrupted.

A machine was careening down the street. They're shooting from it. Mallasson's down. I'm kneeling over him, letting them have it. . . .

Illustrated by Frank Godwin

He peeled a bill off a big roll. It was a grand. He handed it to me.

"Take the whole afternoon off," he said.

A thousand berries! I used to bet that much that I'd make my point, and now I couldn't even shoot craps for dimes.

"That's big money for an afternoon's talk," I said.

"There's nine more waiting for you the minute Mallasson is croaked," he said.

"Why pick on me?" I asked.

I could see Susie! She liked life. What nice girl doesn't? The theaters, the night clubs. . . . And the Digger could spend, too. He didn't mind paying any price for what he wanted. Six months of sticking around the house and she'd had plenty. And I'd 'a' bet my life that I'd 'a' quit before she would have.

"YOU read the papers, don't you?" I heard Murdock's voice from 'way, 'way off.

"Lay it on the line," I told him.

"The whole town's jake that Mallasson is out to get Kenney. Him just promoted to Chief of Detectives and out to make a record. The papers hollering that Kenney can't be touched by anybody, that he owns the police and the D. A. and all. Well, Mallasson is out to get Kenney."

"Well, he can't do it, can he?" I asked. "What's Kenney sweating about?"

"Well, he's sweating," said Murdock.

I sort of whistled.

"This Mallasson must be quite a man," I said, "if he's got Kenney sweating. What's he got on Kenney?"

Murdock's teeth showed. "What do you care what he's got on him?"

"Not a dime," I told him. "But I'd like to know what Kenney thinks he's got on me."

"Ten grand's a lot of dough," he said.

"I've lost it on one race," I told him.

"That was last year," he said. "This is another June, Curtis."

"I told you to lay it on the line," I said.

Another June. Just a year ago I'm out at Belmont. I have my Susie with me. She's wearing one of them blue hats with a tiny yellow flower on the left side, and she's standing on tiptoe, in a pair of shoes so small that I could use them for cuff-links. I have five grand on the Heenan entry and I don't even watch the race.

"All right, here it is," he said. "Mallasson's gotta be put on the spot."

"You said that before," I told him.

"I'm saying it again," he said. "Do you want to hear the rest of it?"

I took a look at the big open doorway. Inside there were hundreds of packing-cases. Lift 'em off; put 'em on. Now that was a swell racket for Tom Curtis, wasn't it? I looked down at the grand in my mitt.

"Shoot the piece," I said.

"If Mallasson's bumped, the District Attorney will be using a fine-tooth comb on Kenney," said Murdock.

"Go on," I said.

"Suppose I gave that big stiff of a copper the works? Suppose the Digger did? Suppose any one of the lads did it. We couldn't get an alibi air-tight enough."

"Why doesn't Kenney import a couple of lads from Chi or Philly?" I asked.

"You ain't read the papers very careful, have you?" he said. "And you ain't been around for six months. I tell you, Curtis, Mallasson's got this town all sewed up. He's got even Kenney so he's afraid to move. Kenney'd be tied up with any gangsters from Chi or Philly like prohibition is with graft. It's got to be an outsider."

"Like me, eh?" I sneered.

"Yes, like you," he said.

"Just in a friendly way I walk up and put a couple of bullets into the copper, eh?" I said.

"You've got it," he said. "We plant him, Curtis. He's waiting right on the spot where we put him. All alone. You go by. Wham! He gets it. We got your alibi."

"I THOUGHT you just said alibis weren't so hot these days," I said.

"For you they're O. K. You ain't got a record. You're working at a regular job. You never were out in the open with Kenney. Why the hell should anyone suspect you'd settle Mallasson?"

"You asked it; you answer it," I said.

"Well, no one would."

"Well, no one will," I said. "Because I won't go for it. I'm no killer," I said.

"You said that before," he reminded me. "And that makes it still better. Every killer in town will be rounded up within twenty-four hours after we put Mallasson on a spot. Who'll think of you?"

"Kenney must be in a hell of a state," I said.

"Well, all right. You said it. Let it go at that. Are you on?"

I stuffed the grand right in his mitt.

"Got fifty cents?" I asked.

"Why, sure," he said, bewildered like.

He handed me half a dollar.

"Much obliged," I said. "It's only fair you should pay for my being docked."

With that I started for the door of Murgatroyd & Williamson. I was ten feet from him before he got over his surprise. Then he called to me.

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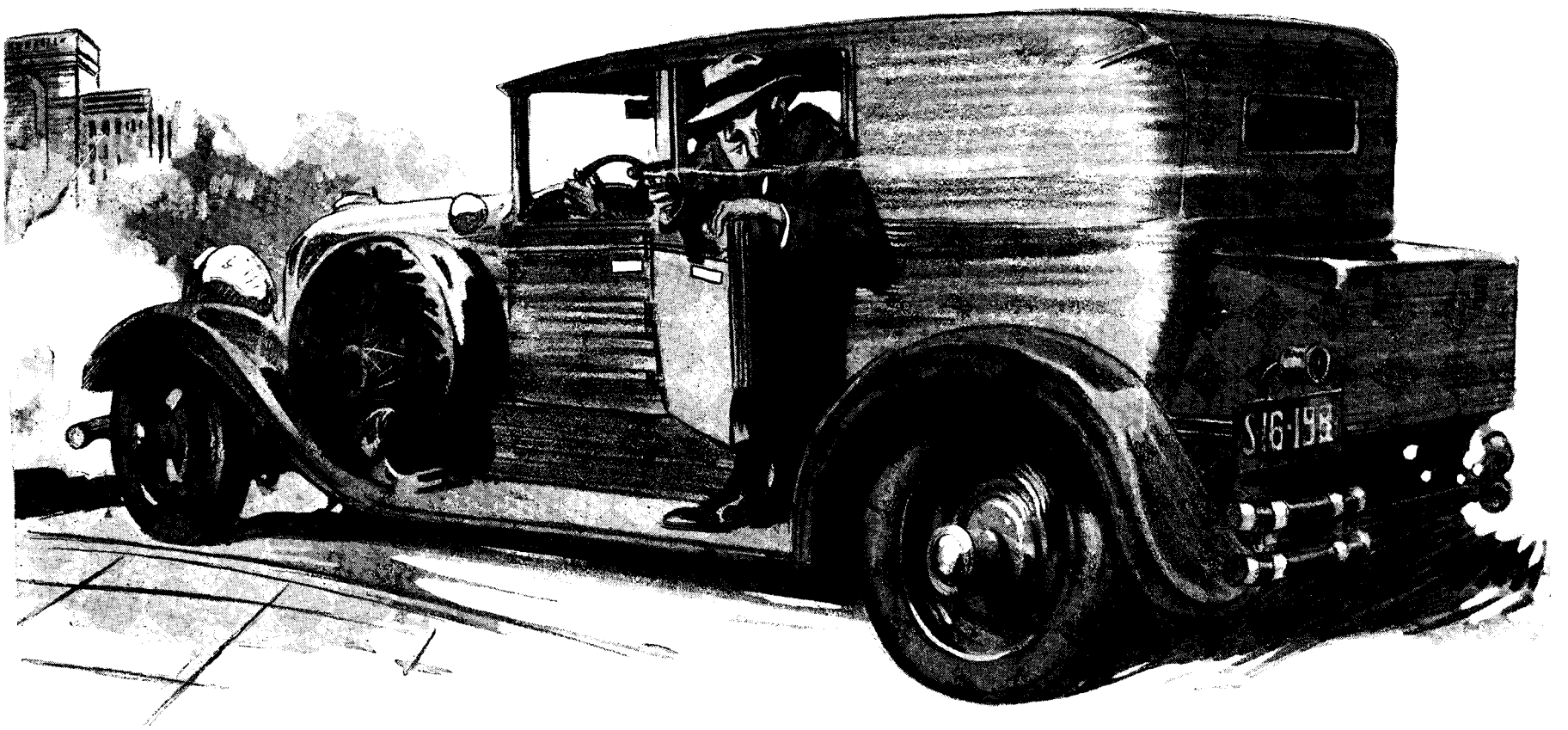

"Well," I said.

"About the Digger," he said.

"Well?" I said.

"And Susie Turner," he said. "Why don't you give her a ring?"

I walked through the big double doors.

"You're late, Curtis," said the foreman. "That'll cost you just one buck."

I handed him a five-dollar bill.

"Keep the change, feller," I said.

"You're fired," he yelled.

I left him picking himself up. Fired, was I? Well, wasn't that too bad?

And my Susie was out with the Digger, was she? Theater seats at eighteen a brace; cover charge at a night club for two; taxis; and, well, orchids and . . .

Give her a ring, Murdock said. Telephone, eh? Yeah, what could you say to a doll over the telephone? I couldn't say the things I wanted her to hear. She'd cut me off. But if I backed her against a wall she'd listen. I'd make her listen. Oh, God, if I had to get the double-cross why couldn't I get it from a man? Why did I have to get it from Susie?

I WALKED from the store to my room. I climbed three flights of stairs and tossed myself on a bed. I flipped a cigarette out of the window.

They'd be off at Belmont in a couple of minutes. I could see the grandstand with the bookies underneath. One year ago, and a nod from me and I'd have a grand on some baby's nose. And the racketeers would give me the nod, and there'd be a date for the evening. . . .

But gambling wasn't exactly honorable. And running hooch was immoral.

Yes, sir, she'd rather cook her own meals and do her own laundry than live off dishonest money.

So she says good-by to me. And I—well, wouldn't I be a sucker to make a lot of promises that I didn't know I could keep? So I drop right out of her life. In a year or two I'll be making good; I'll come back to her. . . . And she couldn't stand it for six months. Out with the Digger!

But why did Murdock tell me that? Then I got it. He wanted to show me what a sap I was to play it straight on account of a girl. Well, he was right, damn him.

But Kenney must be in a considerable jam. To bring up my girl's name, to send for me. . . . Well, a lot I cared for Kenney. He could burn twice a day and I should worry.

I got up from the bed, straightened my tie and started uptown. One talk with Susie—so help me, she'd never forget it—and then—well, I didn't look that far ahead. There are some things you don't want to look beyond.

I rang the bell, and her mother let me in. She stared like I was a ghost.

"Where's Susie?" she cried. "What have you done with her?"

I gave her back her stare.

"I haven't seen Susie for six months," I said.

With that she keeled right over backward, and I'm twenty minutes bringing her out of the faint, and an hour longer getting her story from her.

Susie, two nights ago, got a phone message, and she thought it was from me. She went out to meet me. And she never came back.

"And you," said Mrs. Turner, "a decent lad if I ever met one, so I thought—well, my Susie and Tom Curtis they went off and got married, and maybe the telegram got missent or something. A mother can't think the worst so she hopes for the best. But Susie loved you—"

"She did?" I said.

"Why else would she send you away?" asked the mother. "Sure, a girl can't be asking every lad if the money he spends for theater tickets is honest come by, can she? And she had faith. When she didn't hear from you, she'd say to me that you were off somewhere, living straight and decent—oh, my God, Tom, can't you bring back my Susie?"

"I'll bring back your Susie," I said to her.

So that was why Murdock had said to telephone my girl. He gave me the hint that she was out with the Digger. He didn't know that Susie had told her mother she'd gone out to meet me. I'd think she'd decided to do the best she could, and then I'd be ripe to quit the sucker game of holding down a job. . . .

I went to Kenney.

"I'm not a killer," I said.

"Go on," he said.

"The Digger's got my girl," I said.

"Get another girl," he advised.

"She didn't go willingly with the Digger," I said.

"They all say that," he said.

"She hasn't said it. I'm saying it," I told him.

"Get on with it," he said.

"Give me my girl or I'll kill you, me that isn't a killer," I said.

"If I don't have Mallasson nailed to a tree within twenty-four hours I'll fry," he said. "Now shoot. Bullet or burn, it's fifty-fifty with me."

I looked him over. He hadn't got to be the king of all the racketeers by quitting in a pinch. There wasn't any yellow in him. He wouldn't scare.

He'd picked me for the Mallasson job, and if I wanted my Susie back . . .

"I never did any killing, Kenney," I said.

He waited for me to go on.

"But if I do one, I'd as soon do two," I said to him. "And I don't mean the Digger, Kenney. I mean you. If my Susie ain't right—right as rain—"

"IF SHE ain't, Curtis," he said, "I'll hand you the gun to give it to me with. But—I got to get Mallasson."

"Shoot it," I said.

"He gets a message. An old pal of mine is sore and will give up everything. But Mallasson's got to come alone. Furthermore, Mallasson's got to give his word that he won't tell anyone who he's going to meet. One thing about that copper—his word is good."

"It's good," I said.

"Well, you meet him. You give it to him. You walk to where you live and take a smoke. Then you go call upon your girl. She'll be there."

"And the Digger?" I asked.

"Not the weight of his finger on her. My life for that," said Kenney.

"Your life for that," said I.

I smoked a pack of cigarettes while he made his plans. What the hell? Why be economical about a butt any more?

"Your alibi's planted," Kenney finally said. "There's three good lads up in your room playing penny ante and you're with them. Mallasson's given his word he'll not tell a soul you're to meet him."

"Oh," I said, "you gave him my name?"

"Sure I did," said Kenney. "He knows you used to be one of the mob. He knows you've gone straight—"

"If he should tell his men that he went to meet me—" I began.

"He gave his word," said Kenney.

"Then he'll keep it," I said.

"Here's a rod," said Kenney. "Monument and Lincoln, right by the statue. You walk up to him. You shake hands and let him have it. Seven-twenty exact. The nearest cop will be three blocks away. Ten grand."

"My Susie—"

HE cut me short.

"She'll be home before Mallasson hits the curb. So long."

I go out on the street, I look at my watch. I've got fifteen minutes to walk ten blocks. A minute and a half to a block. My Susie! In the Digger's hands. And the Digger backed by Kenney. And Kenney never showed mercy to man, woman, or beast. What was a girl to Kenney? If the Digger wanted her. . . . And wasn't my Susie just the girl the Digger would want? The Digger, the rottenest, foulest. . . . What was Mallasson? Just another copper. And what did I care for coppers? What was the life of the best copper that ever lived compared to a hair on my Susie's head?

Fifteen minutes. There's Mallasson.

"You, Curtis. Spill it," he said.

I look at him. Just as easy. My Susie back at home. My Susie loving me, belonging to me. I hitch my left shoulder forward; easier to get my rod out. I'll jam it against his belly, let him have it. . . .

Goddlemighty, am I crazy? Would my Susie let me kill an innocent man to save her from—to save her from even the Digger? God knew she wouldn't, and I knew she wouldn't.

"You're on a spot, Mallasson," I said to him. "Kenney's got my girl—it was her or you, and I thought it was you—"

"Get it out," he yells. His own gun is in his hand.

I turned. A machine was careening down the street. They're shooting from it. Mallasson's down. I'm kneeling over him, letting them have it, letting them have it. . . .

WE'RE in the same room at the hospital, Mallasson and I. He's all bandaged and so am I. He sends everyone out of the room. (*Continued on page 56*)

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It must be the Climate

By Walter Davenport

Things happen in Southern California which don't—just couldn't!—happen anywhere else. For instance, there is the professional St. Peter. He—well, take a ride along Sunset Boulevard with Mr. Davenport and meet all the freaks, fads, and phenomena of this fabulous land

IT WAS a little more than a year ago that two of the bright young men of which Hollywood always has more than seems absolutely necessary met as strangers on Sunset Boulevard.

One had an option on a tract of luscious land in the lap of the Sierra Madres and a landscape artist's beautiful drawing of what it would look like when thoroughly subdivided and garnished with pink and white stucco bungalows with scarlet roofs. But apart from these and a foundation of optimism which no flood of adversity could wash away, he was assetless. As to finances he was completely innocent.

The other, too, had a thin, brief title to a parcel of land; but his was nearer Hollywood and it was too small ever to hope for subdivision distinction. It was a movie lot and a small one at that. This lot and a five-dollar bill represented his total of worldly possessions aside from a naturally sunny disposition and a deep-rooted conviction that somehow, somewhere, sometime all would be well again.

Behind that five-dollar bill these two new friends marched into a restaurant in Vine Street where, in the process of devouring a large quantity of spaghetti Valentino, they formed a business partnership which for verve and sprightly efficiency fits neatly at the top of this tale of California.

He who possessed the lease on the studio lot stated his tribulations briefly.

"I'm making quickies, see," he said. "Anyway, I think I am. But I go broke. I get a lease on this lot, hire a couple of cameras and a troupe of trained Bourbon hounds to operate them. Having a lot of hot comedy ideas of my own I do the directing myself. All I need is a collection of acrobats.

"I got a brother in the newspaper racket and he writes the gags. Hollywood Boulevard is reeking with comedians looking for work and I have no trouble hiring a pack of them by the day. No contracts, see. I'm working on a shoestring's shadow but figure these funny performers would always be on hand every morning while there's any shooting.

"Well, I'm all wet, see. One day they come in and gang me for contracts. . . . And me wondering could I stall them off for a week's jack. Anyway, I'm out of the quickies with half a picture on my hands."

Nothing is done calmly. Every breath the citizenry draws roars with energy; clerks sing while measuring out your coffee

Mrs. Klutschman Buys a Lot

This jeremiad went on for some time—long enough, anyway, for inspiration to gather her electric force and smite the other bright young man squarely on the bridge of his nose.

"Listen, friend," said he. "Is there much to this lot of yours?"

"Much what?"

"Much junk. Could we move it if I was to dig up a two-ton truck that a friend of mine's willing to lend me—maybe?"

"Some of it's mine and some of it ain't," said the defunct quickie producer. "But if you got a healthy idea and a truck—"

"Listen," said the other. "There's nothing the matter with this subdivision land of mine except customers and it ain't got any. To get tourists and people to go look at subdivisions these days you got to have more than real estate to show them. Listen—"

That night the two bright young men slept in a borrowed two-ton truck on the movie lot. But they were happy. With the reckless abandon of those who, for the first time in many weeks, see plenty of food, shelter and accessories just ahead they moved all that was portable of that studio to the Sierra Madre subdivision. Then they turned loose the bird dogs.

The gentle bird dogs were glittering young women who had come from the ends of the earth to prove to the movie producers that such as Vilma Banky, Greta Garbo, Claire Windsor and Marion Davies were mere nickel-kickers as box-office attractions, and who were kindly disposed toward emergency jobs while biding their time, an occupation to which large numbers of them seemed destined to devote years.

Five per cent of every down payment on a Sierra Madre lot went to a bird dog who flushed a customer. Feverish industry ensued. Tourists and newcomers to Hollywood and its shining environs were hunted down by the energetic ladies.

"Is this Mrs. Klutschman? Well, Mrs. Klutschman, this is Miss Murgatroyd speaking. Welcome to California. Wouldn't you care to visit our studio and see pictures being made?"

Hundreds of Mrs. Klutschmans leaped at the chance. At the transplanted movie studio they were introduced with flourishes to famous directors and stars, none of whom were within miles of the place but all of whom were being creditably impersonated. Lest they be detected by the movie-wise the actors were always in make-up.

And then the stars and directors would drop everything to rave about the advantages of living in the immediate vicinity. They had bought lots and were negotiating for more for speculative purposes. That meant that prices were going up and that the wise person would purchase at once. And while the visitors were still under the anesthetic the salesmen—our two bright young men—sold the subdivision.

And nobody called for the police afterward. Nor was any customer disillusioned. Finer lots were not to be had in all Southern California and all that about increasing values was true to the last drop.

"We've heard it said," mused the first bright young man, "that it was not honest to fool the folks that way about the movie stars they thought they were being introduced to. But hell, they didn't know the difference then and they were having a good time and, after all, all movie actors look pretty much alike anyhow. Nobody got gypped. We're in the business manager racket now."

"Business manager for what?"

"For artists and actors and actresses and writers and so forth. They're generally lousy business men and need somebody to talk to the producers for them. For a hundred bucks and up we arrange contracts and salaries and again nobody gets gypped."

Hurrah!—for Everything

Nothing is done calmly in Southern California, the happy land where nothing surprises. Every breath the citizenry draws is roaring with energy. I hadn't been in Los Angeles an hour before the gentle purple of the evening skies was shot with the soaring, flowing fire of a fireworks display more spectacular than any I had ever seen.

With this golden assault upon the heavens came a sudden blare of martial music. A parade, led by a band of one hundred strong horn-blowers, came down Wilshire Boulevard. Behind the band came rank upon rank of men in clean white trousers, fiercely pressed, and tan smocks.

"Oh, that," said the policeman. "Oh, that's nothing. Just the Richfield people opening a new filling station. You ought to been here when the big mail-order house opened a branch. It lasted three days."

Nothing that might contribute to the happiness of the most easily satisfied is scorned. Sauntering along Wilshire Boulevard exchanging good mornings with aggressively cheerful strangers I

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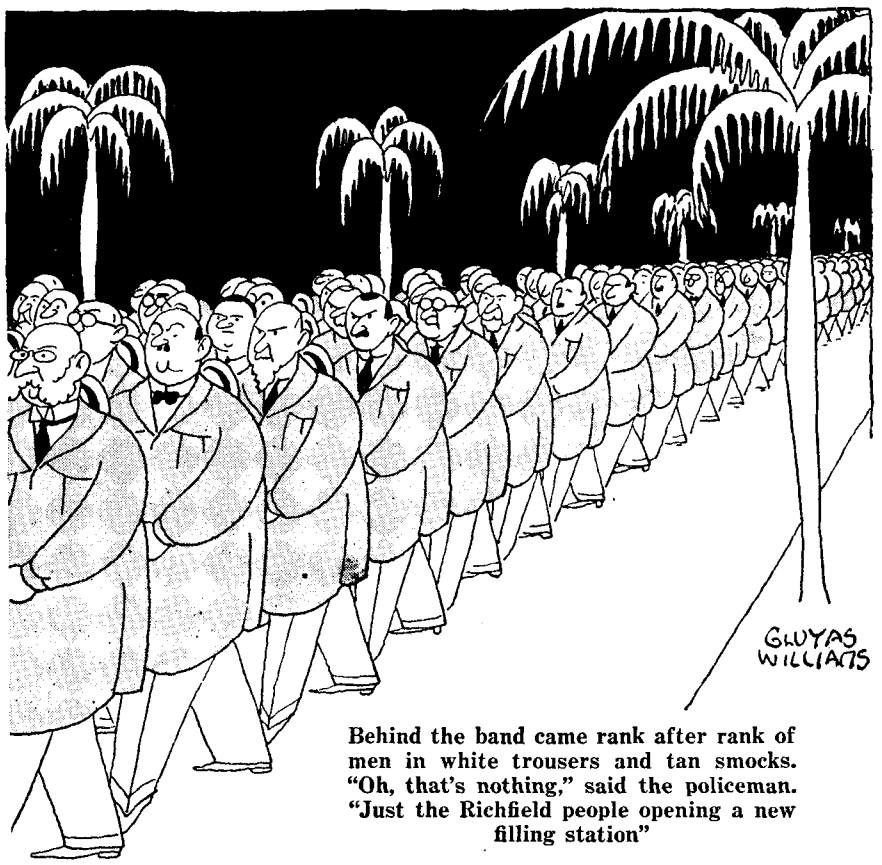


Behind the band came rank after rank of men in white trousers and tan smocks. "Oh, that's nothing," said the policeman. "Just the Richfield people opening a new filling station"

came upon a crowd of perhaps forty or fifty genuinely excited ladies and gentlemen closely gathered around a young fellow who was selling one-minute looks through a large telescope at a flag-pole sitter.

A couple of hundred yards away, atop a fine white pole, sat the young fellow's partner who, for the edification of the sightseers, went through a remarkable performance. With fine nonchalance on his airy perch he rolled cigarettes, kindled them with a balky lighter, played a fife, read a newspaper and, at the peril of his life, took a handkerchief from a pocket in the seat of his trousers and put it back. From the customers an anthem of "ohs," "hot dogs" and "atta babys" arose, and a pessimistic lad just in front of me in line was moved to remark that it would be just his luck if the sitter fell off for the woman in front of him.

You aren't in the country forty-eight hours before you gather the impression that even sleeping is indulged in by Southern Californians with terrific enthusiasm. I have been among people who devoted much of the day to cheering vociferously for themselves, but in California they don't limit themselves to that; they'll even give you, the stranger, three rousing cheers at frequent intervals. The thing is exhausting; yet they endear themselves to you. They are not only decent to you, the visitor, but they're decent to one another. It is probably the climate.

If there is more of Southern California in this article than seems fair to the northern half of the state, it is merely that the social aspects and quality of the former are the more bizarre; and it is of the people that I write.

Los Angeles is a bright and boisterous brat on a perpetual circus holiday. Having no traditions to speak of her yesterdays are mere calendar numerals.

San Francisco is a comfortable old-timer, an arm-chair dreamer mellowed with experience. That Los Angeles should outstrip her for population and per capita wealth does not annoy her. Like a parent who has lived to warm ripeness, enjoying every moment of it, she sits back and smiles indulgently upon the hussy, rising generation, Los Angeles. The substance—financial and social—still abides in San Francisco. Aimee Semple McPhersons and Fighting Bob Shulers wax rich and vociferous in Los Angeles; they wouldn't create a ripple in wise and tolerant San Francisco.

The shining target for the tourist to California is the southern half. For obvious reasons the tripper, the tourist, seeks the eye-filling movie land of Los Angeles and her howling offspring, Hollywood.

Therefore, being mere tourists and out for quick sensations, we start with Hollywood, where an overnight fad has an old-time religion beaten flat and where last week's accidents are traditions.

A Bewildering Parade

It is, let's assume, a Sunday morning. We set forth for Keep A-Goin' Canyon (it's Benedict Canyon on the maps) a mile or so beyond Harold Lloyd's park. Our car is a modest one of the bewildering parade that fills Sunset Boulevard.

The only professional St. Peter in Hollywood rich enough to ride in his own motor car is just ahead of us. To our left is a large touring car overflowing with midgets and directly behind us is another. Two or three cars ahead speeds a load of movie actors dressed for polo. Apparently they were just about to take up the game because their boots, jerseys and helmets all have that certain sheen of newness. Even their mallets, held smartly vertical, are virgin.

Most of the cars are prepared for immediate entry in an accessories' contest. The motor in which the professional St. Peter rides would get better than honorable mention. Its body is pale blue. The hood and fenders are dull silver. Forward on each running board enormous, brilliantly polished beacon lights survey the glittering scene from the top of tall nickeled standards. Another beacon perches above the windshield and the voice of St. Peter's bright chariot is Westminster's chimes done on silver trumpets. It wouldn't surprise us to find that the enormous thing is equipped with a dumb-waiter and an electric refrigerator.

St. Peter is dressed for instant shooting. His softly marcelled golden hair and beard are long and lush. His robe and mantle are a gentle cream-tone silk.

Rumor has him associated with Aimee Semple McPherson. There's nobody that rumor doesn't attach itself to in Hollywood. But this one has it that the boss of Angelus Temple is going in for the production of huge biblical film spectacles—the Story of Ruth, King David, Solomon, St. Paul and even Revelations—and that the wealthy St. Peter and his bank account are going to be starred.

Everything Seems Brand-New

Our fine view of St. Peter was ruined when a car even larger came abreast. It was all white, hood included, with the exception of the wheels which were maroon. Seven heavyweight wrestlers could have occupied it without overlapping, but two flyweights had it all to themselves. The chauffeur, a diminutive Jap, was determinedly peering through the steering wheel instead of over it and primly in the center of the bewildering expanse of rear seat was a microscopic movie beauty.

Mechanically and as if controlled by a metronome she tweaked her head right and left, bestowing bisque smiles upon whomever might be passing. She was queening her public. Naturally this doesn't fetch warm applause from the mighty army of less successful beauties of Hollywood who assure you that less than two years ago she thought that her now discarded husband's taxicab was the last word in motor cars and that today a murder cannot be committed anywhere in America without her assuming that she was the cause of it all.

We passed pink, white and lavender villas stuck like coral breastpins against the hillsides. Everything—the houses, the cars, the people, the mountains and even the sky—seemed brand-new. And the impression was given depth by the noticeable absence of shade trees, on the mountain sides particularly, which are of the color and the nakedness of elephant hide.

Just why the huge motor parade was not halted every few feet by crashes and collisions was good reason for marvelling, because nobody seemed to be watching the road but peering expectantly into neighboring cars as if fearful of missing a celebrity.

A hollow crescendo of organ music smote us as we entered Keep A-Goin' Canyon, a palmy ravine between slumberous mountains.

Naturally, we looked for a pipe organ, but we didn't even find the enormous dynamic loud-speaker which rested in a natural shell two hundred feet up the mountain. The radio receiver that fed it was in the library of a dentist's home at the foot of the slope.

Half a mile farther up the canyon, seated on hassocks and shawls in a grove of pepper trees, forty men and women were thinly singing:

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night
And pleasures banish pain.

Now and then, the breeze freshening, the reverberations of the hugely amplified organ barged into the tremulous singing which was saved from complete defeat by the leader of the services, a noble patriarch. He would merely pull out a couple of stops of his own and from his tremendous chest his deep-well barytone arose to meet and overcome the invader. A gentle smile lighted his face.

He stood on a little knoll facing his congregation, leading the singing with beautiful hands which gave color to the lines. Off to his right a large empty iron pot hung on a crane over a fire.

The whole service seemed effortless. When they tired of singing they stopped and the druid began to drone in a velvety bass:

"All things are definitely and intelligently moving together for good. . . . All circumstances, however untoward they may seem, are in reality exactly what are needed. . . . Everything around us tends not to hinder us but to help us if only it is understood. . . . It is man's duty to understand and when he understands it is his duty to coöperate in the scheme. . . . The understanding man is a soul; his body is only an appanage. . . ."

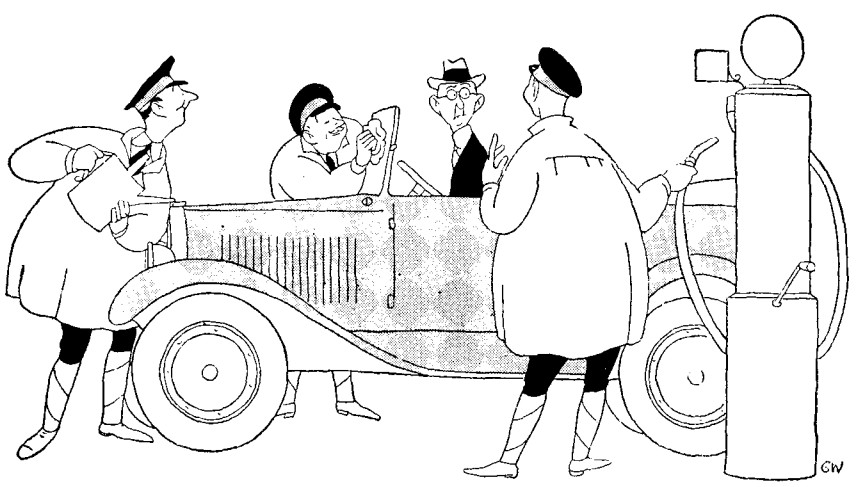
And thus, calmly, for fifteen minutes, when he turned easily to another hymn.

Their Hearts Unburdened

"Now," the leader said, "you will write down the uncertainties if you have not already done so."

A general scribbling started. Those who had not set down their fleshly troubles wrote at length. Others merely added afterthoughts to what they had already noted. Still singing, they walked forward and as they passed the iron pot, now approaching red heat, they dropped the papers into it. A thin blue smoke arose as the papers curled and charred in the vessel. The shaggy shepherd's flock had shed their trials and tribulations and were facing a new week with hearts unburdened.

The unconventional in organized religious philosophies thrives in Southern California with a vigor not to be found elsewhere in America. They find support, chiefly, in that large part of the population which has come from the great Middle West either to retire and live the rest of life easily in a climate conducive to (*Continued on page 45*)



California is a country of Service—as defined by Rotary secretaries

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Pro and Coin

Saving for the inevitable rainy day is one contest few star athletes have ever mastered. Starting broke in their race to fame, they usually end the same way, climbing up and sliding down a mountain of gold

By Grantland Rice

Athletes have been notoriously unable to care for their easy money

CLOSE upon forty years ago an able-bodied citizen by the name of John L. Sullivan cleaned up over a million dollars because he could punch with either fist and take it on the chin.

Just a short while after this, fair hitters by the name of Napoleon Lajoie and Ed Delehanty were Philadelphia holdouts because they were refused a salary of $2,500 a year. In fact the Philly owners of that day came near choking to death when Lajoie and Delehanty demanded this royal pay check for hitting home runs, triples and doubles while batting .400 or more.

In the days of John L. Sullivan there were no professional golfers and there were only a few when Lajoie and Delehanty were ripping down the fences.

Most of the football coaches were old grads returning to help out, although in the early nineties John W. Heisman, A. A. Stagg, Pop Warner and a few other notables were getting under way and starting a profession that several thousand follow today.

There has been a lot of talk, year after year, as to which sporting profession paid out the most money and the best all-around opportunity.

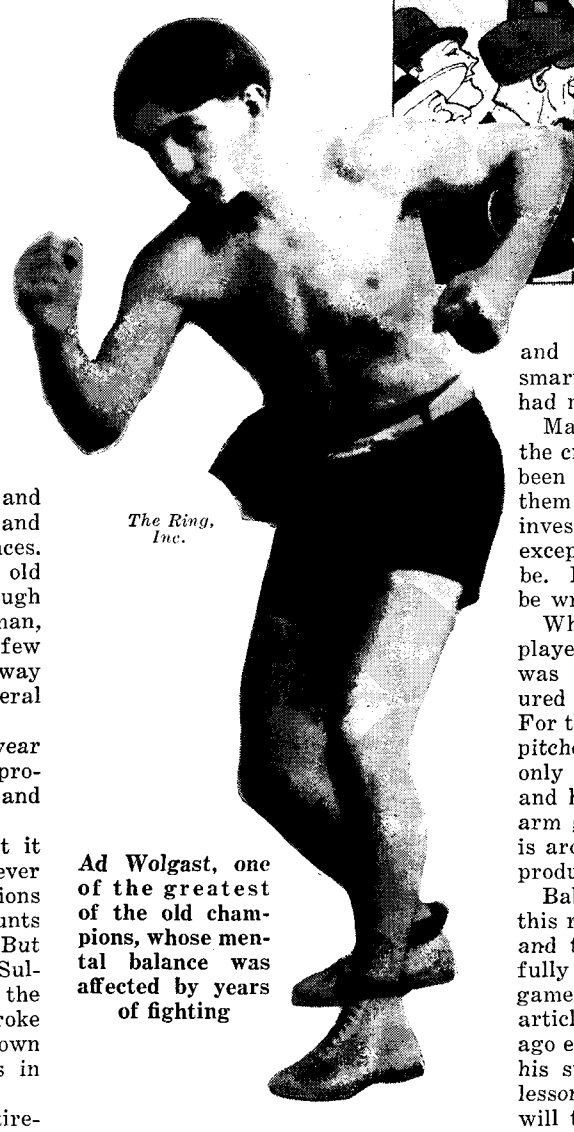
The pay check is important, but it isn't the entire story. No one has ever disputed the fact that boxing champions have cleaned up far greater amounts than any other professional stars. But after collecting his million John L. Sullivan died in poverty and most of the others since his day have finished broke and disillusioned, or have hobbled down the trail listening to funny noises in their battered domes.

Jim Jeffries had to come out of retirement after he had been world's heavyweight champion for years and he had to come back because he needed the money. Bob Fitzsimmons had almost nothing left from his ring earnings extending over twenty years. Jess Willard had to return and take a beating because he, also, was broke or on the verge.

Joe Gans, Kid Griffo and Terry McGovern, three of the greatest of their day, finished with almost nothing left. Bat Nelson, who made well over half a million, has only a small portion left. Ad Wolgast, another great champion, believed for years that he was training for a fight after his badly battered brain had lost all reason.

What about the modern game? Paul Berlenbach, the champion and the sensation of only two or three years ago, was recently jeered and hooted in a cheap, second-floor den while attempting to come back as a wrestler with three hundred razzing spectators looking on. Stanley Ketchel, one of the greatest middleweights that ever lived, had almost nothing left when he died.

Up to the heavyweight era of Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney there had



The Ring, Inc.

Ad Wolgast, one of the greatest of the old champions, whose mental balance was affected by years of fighting

been almost no famous fighter able to retire on his money and most of the flock had finished either in poverty or walking the road that leads to at least partial insanity.

Yet their earnings in later years have been enormous. Young Stribling, Paul Berlenbach and Jack Delaney, from 1925 through 1927, were collecting far more than Babe Ruth or Walter Hagen or any football coach.

With Almost No Exceptions

What becomes of all the money boxing stars have taken in? In the first place they have to cut it in various ways with their managers and trainers. In the second place the human brain is a fairly delicate instrument. Few fighters are born with any phenomenal intellects, or they wouldn't be fighters. The head punches they get from the time they start until they finish don't help the situation a lot. Many of them become addle-brained in one form or another and have their judgment pretty badly wrenched. A notable exception from the old days was James J. Corbett, who was too clever to be hit often in the head and who in addition was one of the smartest of them all. Yet Corbett has had no heavy bank roll to fall back on.

Many of them have been lured into the craziest sort of speculations or have been cleaned out in gambling. Few of them have known how to save or how to invest. Tunney and Dempsey may be exceptions. Tunney is almost sure to be. But their final chapters are still to be written.

What about the professional ball player? Up to a few years ago his pay was comparatively small when measured with the fighter's financial return. For that matter it is still far behind. A pitcher as great as Ed Walsh received only $5,000 or perhaps $6,000 a year and had to take up umpiring when his arm gave out. The average pay today is around $10,000 a year for the better product, those just short of stardom.

Babe Ruth has smashed all records in this respect with a contract for $75,000 and the Babe has been able to collect fully as much more from exhibition games, motion pictures and syndicate articles. Yet up to two or three years ago even Ruth had saved but little from his swarm of checks. He learned his lesson and now has a trust fund that will take care of him for life.

The one ball player who beat the financial game by a killing margin was Ty Cobb. Cobb, another smart citizen, not only collected a salary around $40,000 or $50,000 a year but on the side he invested this wisely in certain stocks that left him with something like a million when he decided to retire.

But you would be surprised to know how many old-time stars from the diamond are living today upon the salary of some obscure job. Even Hans Wagner, pronounced by John McGraw the greatest ball player of all time, had no great substance left after twenty-three years in a big-league uniform.

What about the golf professional? He has a far better chance for at least one reason. The average fighter is through at thirty-two or thirty-three. Few ball players last beyond forty. When their competitive days are over their pay checks are closed out in the only profession they have ever known. They must get it in a hurry and then save and invest wisely on the side. But hundreds of golf professionals today are taking up the science of instruction and greenskeeping and any one of them who can make himself useful at some club has a good job for life. They also sell golf supplies to help bring in the money and there are many of these, unknown to the headlines of championship play, who draw down $12,000 or $15,000 a year and who will still be drawing this amount when they have passed fifty.

Those who star in championships and who are featured in exhibitions form only a small part of the professional cast. Only a few years ago Gene Sarazen and Johnny Farrell were caddies around Westchester. Before they reached twenty-six each of these ex-caddies had well over $100,000 safely invested with the better part of their earning capacities still ahead.

More Hope for the Golfer

Walter Hagen has averaged as high as $80,000 a year, being the best money earner of the lot. As the greatest of all showmen in golf and a constant winner for fifteen years he has drawn enough money from prize purses, exhibitions and royalties to get along very nicely.

The majority of golf clubs today want a professional who will stick to the job at home. They want someone around to teach, look after the course and handle the necessary supplies. Any golf professional with these qualifications has nothing to worry about, even after he has passed fifty.

Vardon, Braid and Taylor are near sixty and it would be no trouble for any one of these to get a good paying job.

There are few jobs open to old ball players or old fighters. Old golfers who know their stuff are still in brisk demand, and always will be.

When you figure it out from beginning to end the professional side of sport doesn't pay the full returns that would seem to be in easy reach. You read about Luis Firpo collecting more than $300,000 and returning to his Argentine home to take life in an easy fashion, but there was only one canny Firpo.

Check through the list of boxers and old ball players and you won't find many left who are walking on the sunny side of the street with a bag of gold in either hand. And this applies especially to the long parade of fighters from all the weight divisions, from John L. Sullivan to Paul Berlenbach. There isn't much to collect on past fame when a new star shines in their sporting sky and they wake up to find they are forgotten.

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Promptly Verina sat down, her back to his. "Don't look," she faltered. "You know I won't!" Tip shot back. They tugged in uneasy silence

Open to Argument

By David Thibault

You can't win a debate and lose it, too—but Aunt Hettie did it because she never could resist the truth—or a good old-fashioned love affair

"AUNT HETTIE, seems like milk ain't this good anywheres else." Tip spoke with the compressed breath of recent swallowing. The habitual frankness of his blue eyes was backed with conviction as he held the half-empty glass toward the light of the spring-house door and squinted at it as a connoisseur might scan his vintage for evidence of clarity and bead.

"It's cool an' fresh an' clean. Anything that is, is good." Behind her nickel-rimmed spectacles Aunt Hettie's features registered the reserved pleasure with which sensible women take flattery. Before her clear gray eyes Tip's blue ones wavered. He had praised her dairy products for eighteen summers—since he was five years old; but today he came to ask a favor.

"Aunt Hettie—"

"Some more?" His hostess motioned toward the floating crocks with a three-pound teacup. The spring branch pleasantly gurgled out over the rock wall.

"No'am. Plenty. You seen Verina today?"

"Verina? No. If anybody seen Verina I thought it might be you," Aunt Hettie's wide, kind mouth spread.

"Well," Tip shot back sturdily, "lookin' at her ain't no hard job." He glowed under his tan, and grinned the grin of stricken males. Aunt Hettie knew the grin.

"That it ain't, Tip! An' what's a heap more, she's a good, bidable, patientable gal along with it. She'll make you a middlin' good wife."

"No'am. I'm scared things is kinda against us—" Suddenly Tip broke off. His jaw set and he leaned tensely toward Aunt Hettie, the empty glass extended like a chalice of hemlock. "Aunt Hettie, you on the Wood Side or the Iron Side?"

The elderly woman's eyes sharpened without losing their kindly light. "Iron, Tip—for a good reason."

OZARK mountain men don't groan, or Tip would have done so now. He lowered his eyes and let the glass sink toward his thigh. His whole figure was relaxing nerve by nerve. Aunt Hettie deftly whisked the precious vessel from his fingers.

"You're more than welcome to all the milk you can down without founderin', but I ain't got but three of them goblets left." It was characteristic that she could hold off a man, giving him time to pull up, before asking the real trouble. "Now, Tip; what ails you?—about me bein' on the Iron Side?"

"You ain't heard who the other debaters are?"

"No. Now I reckon *you* must be one. No! Why, it must be Verina!"

"An' she won't stand no more chance against you than a snowball in—" Tip broke off, blushing. Normally he had the hillman's punctilious respect for good women. One can swear with propriety only before one's wife.

"Tip," asked Aunt Hettie slowly, "you know why I nearly always win in these here debates?"

"You got sense an' everybody likes your talk."

"It's because I know they're just for fun an' to gain knowledge, an' I don't take 'em serious. Only this one I do," she added, seeming to forget Tip for the moment. "An' I never talk against my convictions."

"It ain't that, Aunt Hettie," Tip sensed her kindly thrust at his lack of sportsmanship and repelled the aspersion. "I—Aunt Hettie, I done been gone an' *bet* on Verina."

"You oughtn't to have. What made you do it?"

"Well," Tip made one sigh do for the pangs of confession and the relief of confessing, "we ain't told anybody, but Verina an' me aimed to get married next month. We need anyways a hundred dollars, an' I didn't have but fifty-seven."

"Shoo! I ain't gettin' after you. I know how young folks are. It's just the foolishness of it. You know Verina ain't—" And Hettie stopped on a gentle but firm note.

"No'am. She ain't the best. But I didn't know she was up again' *you*." Tip dug his brogue toe into the hard clay of the spring-house floor and reflected that as a debater Verina Moore was a mighty sweet sweetheart.

"Somethin' you ain't told me yet—but you want to. Lawsy! I pinned you up many a time when you wan't no bigger than a jaybird: What's the matter with you, Tip?" She put just the little whiplash of impatience into her tone which she found effective with righteous but slow-witted males.

"WELL—" Tip's voice faded; then he spilled it all in one scared rush of speech: "Ward Savage he's been settin' up to Verina. She don't like him, but he's powerful well fixed, with the store an' the post office at Grand Glaise. It was him I bet with, Aunt Hettie. Last week

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he was bettin' the Wood Side would win, 'cause Verina was on it. She told me he said he could fix it so's that side could win. She didn't like the way he said it," Tip blushed scarlet. "Well, she turned him down extra hard. Next day—that was yesterday—he told me at the store he'd heard I was bettin' on Verina's side—the Wood Side—to win. I said I wasn't bettin'—"

"Unhuh. Then he said you didn't have spunk enough to back the side your gal was on—"

"How'd you know?" Tip's clear eyes bulged with amazement.

"Know! Ain't nothin' in the world aliker than bad men—except," her voice softened—"except good ones."

"He sure did say that. An'—"

"An' the fifty-seven dollars you've scrimped to save since a year ago is good as gone, an' you can't do nothin' about it. Anything else, Tip?"

"No'am. I wasn't aimin' to—No'am. That was all I wanted to tell you, Aunt Hettie."

He felt every inch a traitor to Verina. But something in Aunt Het's level eyes made it impossible for Tip to prosecute his skillfully planned scheme, which was to suggest that Verina become conveniently ill, and the invincible old lady substitute for her on the Wood Side.

Aunt Hettie tucked her front chin down on the other two and looked into the spring where the cream crocks swung together above the trembling pebbles. "Didn't I say it! Nothin' aliker than bad men lessen it's good ones! Here you come along thinkin' about what Ward Savage has already *done!*"

"Done?" It was a question; Tip was too worried by this divination to exclaim.

"Done, I said! He an' the school teacher told me Hodge Wayland was sick, an' they wanted me to take his place—*on the Iron Side*—to keep the debate from fallin' through this month."

TIP sat down on a granite boulder beside the path and unslung his shoes from his shoulder. Carefully he unknotted the strings, and drew from inside the stout brogues a pair of marvelous socks. After dusting the bottoms of his bare feet with his bandanna he got the socks on with a good deal of free toe motion. Next the new and amazingly yellow shoes were hauled on as one pulls an eighty-pound shoat through a rail fence by the hind legs.

Just under the dip of the hilltop, which was round as a girl's breast, a stone chimney rose. From it a languid blue streamer of tenuous wood smoke swayed in the quiet air. It was sundown of one of those late summer days that make one think of fall despite the heat.

Tip laced up the Yellow Perils, gnawing the corner of his lip as the strings clicked into each pair of hooks. Already his toes and insteps were throbbing like a bone felon and a slow, expanding glow at the heels gave him a foretaste of the hell that walking would be.

"Take 'em off, honey."

Tip jumped to his feet—and he and his feet knew it. "Verina!"

"'Lowed you'd be coming about now." Her smile was slow and sweet, like the flow of molasses in cool weather. Tip blushed and the smile became a duet. "Why don't you take them shoes off, Tip?" They stood eyeing each other happily; neither had made a move even to touch the other's hand. Tip gave a quick glance at Verina's shod feet.

"Oh, I guess I'll leave 'em on."

"Oh, you're lookin' at mine? Well, I'll peel off mine if you'll peel off yours,"—defiantly.

TIP came within an ace of condemning them both to martyrdom, but back in his mind cropped up the generous thought that perhaps Verina's shoes were to her the aching torture his were to him. "Dare you to!" He resolutely sat down again on the rock.

Promptly and with like flourish Verina sat down, her back to his. "Don't you look!" she faltered.

"You know I won't!" Tip shot back at her; and three stone walls and an asbestos curtain couldn't have insured Verina more privacy than his tone.

They tugged in uneasy silence. From Verina's side of the rock there came the subdued, indescribable sound of a stripped stocking. As though by agreement they deposited their shoes and hose on the rock, and simultaneously made a quarter-turn so that they sat side by side.

"I ain't—I didn't dast to ask her, Verina," Tip said slowly. "That ole lady ain't anybody nobody'd ask to do anything that ain't all right. It was all my fault bettin' the money I'd saved up."

"I know why you bet it, Tip." Suddenly the girl went limp, leaning her shoulder on Tip's side, her still face raised to his, eyes closed. Tip's big arm pinned her thus for five seconds—until she gasped aloud. Then they sat as before, each careful to avoid the other's eyes.

"Trouble is," Tip resumed, "Hodge Wayland he's sick, an' Ward Savage done got the school teacher to ask Aunt Hettie to be on the Iron Side."

"Hodge Wayland sick? Tip, I betcher Ward Savage's *money* made him sick." Verina's voice thrilled with conviction.

"You mean—?"

"Well, you know Hodge Wayland ain't nothin' but a skunk anyway," Verina stated with the complacency of her sex when they pass judgment.

An angry, thick wave of red mounted Tip's sunburned neck—as different from the quick flush with which he had greeted Verina as a thunder cloud is different from a wisp of wood smoke. "You wait—"

"Don't you start trouble with them two," Verina enjoined, having done her bit. "Is Aunt Hettie's convictions with the Iron Side?"

"She don't never debate without 'em," Tip growled. "She ain't like some. If Aunt Hettie speaks on the Iron Side you bet her convictions will be there lined up with her like weaned pigs at a trough." He made this acknowledgment to virtue with anything but Christian ecstasy.

"Don't you let it make no never-mind to you, Tip. We done waited so long it won't hurt to wait a little longer." It was characteristic of Verina at her best that she held out no vain hope of winning the debate. Indeed, no one—not even the schoolmaster, Grover Larkin—could hope to oppose Aunt Hettie successfully.

THEY sat in silence a moment. "Sometimes," said Tip, sullenly resorting to tested masculine tactics. "Sometimes I *kinda don't believe you mind waitin' so* overly much."

"You ain't got no call to say that." Verina's voice was patient.

"Anyways," he mumbled, "it don't seem to bother you so's anybody can notice it."

"I've passed my word to you, an' any time you say you're ready you know I'll come." Immediate and constant contact with unbluffable facts that grow as no other crop will in the stony soil of the hill country left no fibers in Verina that thrilled to the synthetic ecstasies of a lovers' quarrel. But Tip, having just done something immensely foolish, was different. "Tip," Verina told him firmly, "if you don't quit tryin' to take it out on me 'bout that money, I'll be sorry I took off my shoes an' stockings with you."

"I ain't tryin' to take it out on you, 'Rina." Her little whiff of spirit mollified him. "One thing I'm glad of: I didn't let on to Aunt Hettie what I went up there to see her about. Lord, I'd hate to have that ole lady unfriendly to me, 'Rina. Wouldn't you?"

"I sure would. There ain't another like her. I guess everybody that's any good likes her, an' she likes them." Verina stood up. "I got to go get supper." She picked up her shoes and stockings from the rock.

"I reckon I won't be comin' up to the house," Tip stated heavily. He too stood up and collected his belongings. "I don't reckon I'll be seein' you before the speakin' *Friday night.*"

"No, I reckon not," Verina assented noncommittally. "Good night, Tip."

"'Night." They moved off through graying dusk. "'Rina!"

"What?" They stopped, but neither came forward.

"You ain't sorry you took off your shoes an' stockings with me, are you?"

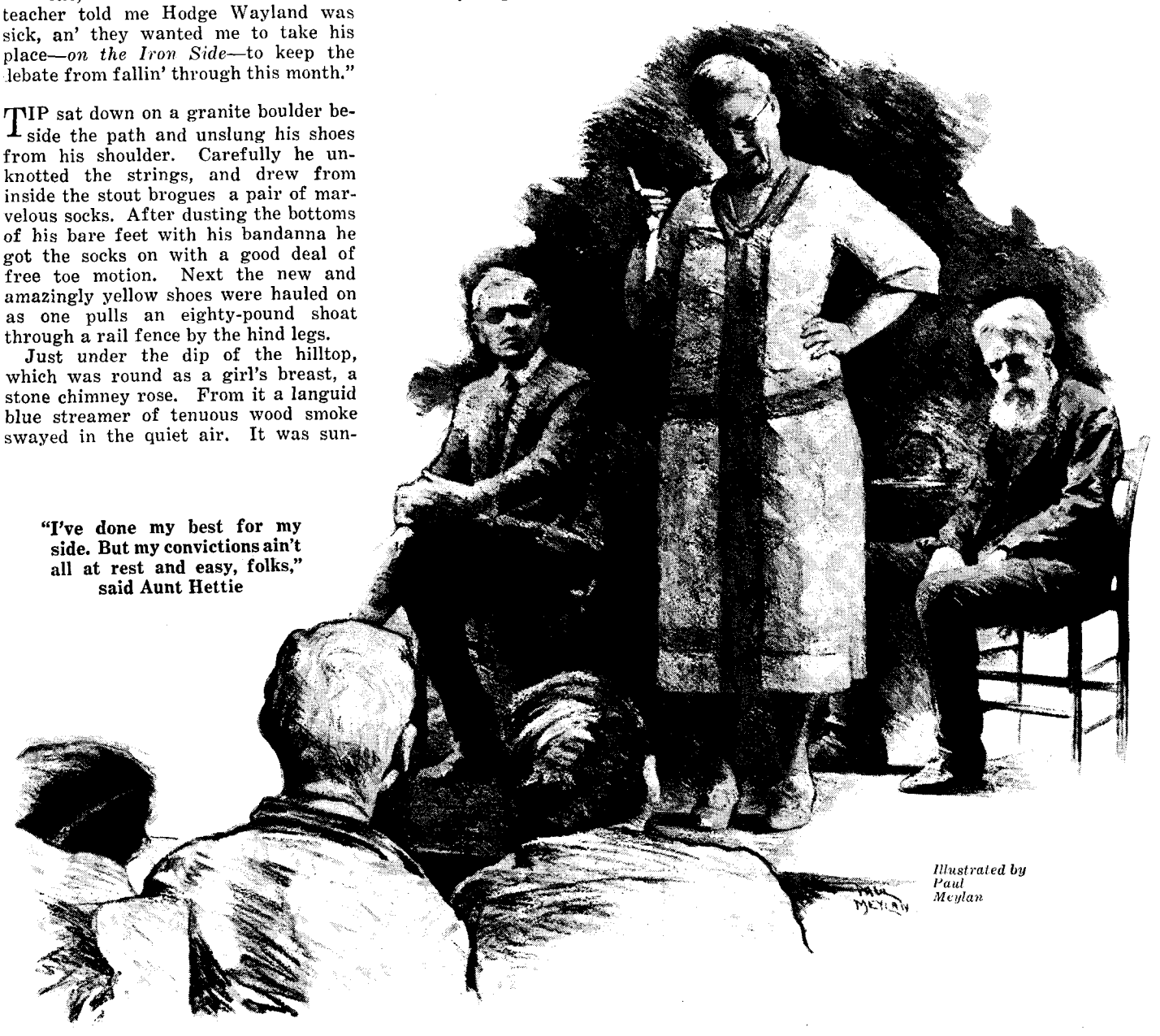
"No, Tip; I ain't sorry."

"'Night."

"'Night, Tip."

NOW they were coming in; in family groups, led off by such men as Squire Mason, the Grand Glaise justice of the peace, Ward Savage, the postmaster, and Ras Hamilton, rough, jovial Hurricane Creek bottom farmer who, despite his overalls and disreputable hat, could buy and sell the lot of them. The crowd had been assembled outside Beacon Light school for a good hour. But the hill folks preferred to stay in their wagons and buggies in the darkness outside until some notables should brave the glaring publicity of the lamp-lighted one-room school building.

So the master, Grover Larkin, had sat alone upon the platform which ran across one end of the building. Grover had pretended to be busy with many rustling papers and a flashing yellow fountain pen which he dipped into the ink bottle oftener than was good advertising for the manufacturer. As the clots of folks strayed in, nearly all of them (*Continued on page 53*)



"I've done my best for my side. But my convictions ain't all at rest and easy, folks," said Aunt Hettie

Illustrated by Paul Meylan

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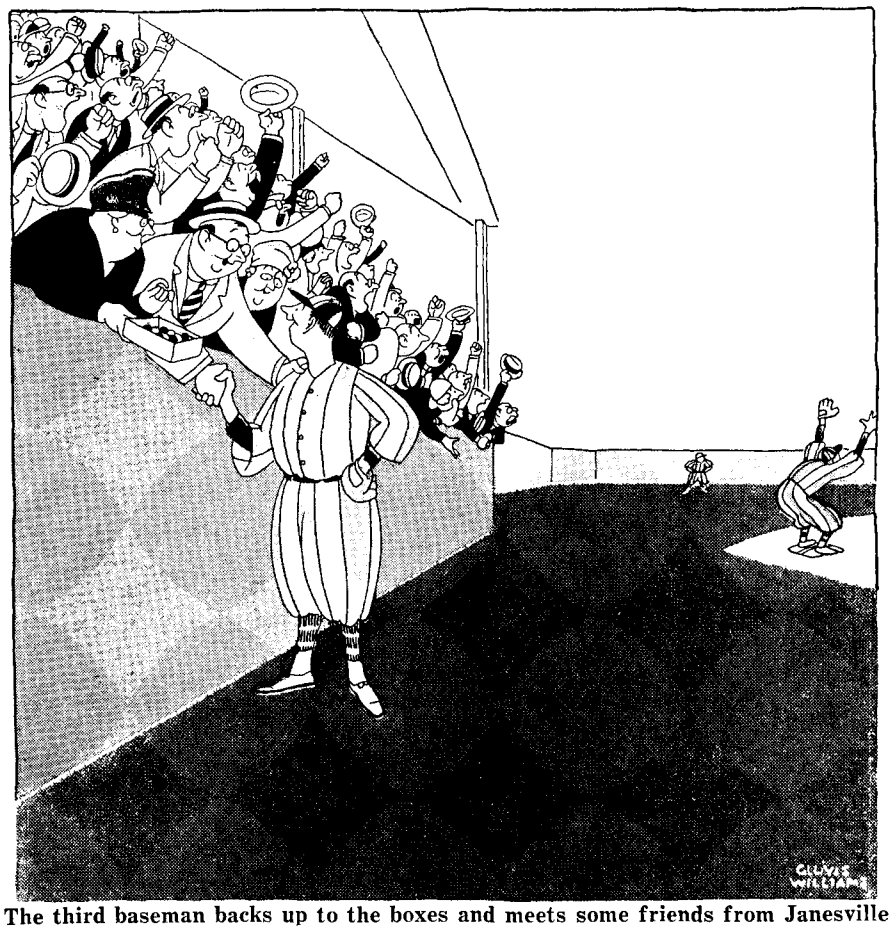


The third baseman backs up to the boxes and meets some friends from Janesville

Why we have Left Hands

or, The Sport of Kings

By Ring Lardner

FOREWORD: Some years ago a series of textbooks on How to Play Football, How to Play Baseball, Correct End Play, How to Play Second Base, etc., were ghost-written and published under the signatures of well-known athletes; they contained valuable hints for inexperienced players of the games they dealt with and doubtless improved the technique of those who read them studiously. However, there have been such radical changes in most of the sports recently that the series mentioned may now be considered almost archaic, and my admirers have been keeping the wires tepid with requests that I write some up-to-date instructions and that they be written so as to appeal to adult minds as well as chuckle-heads; in fact, that they even serve as advanced discourses for men and women who have already made big reputations in their favorite pastimes and believe themselves omniscient. As a favor to my host of henchmen and in the hope of raising the standard of sport, I have consented to undertake the task and will begin with a game that is in season and in which at least twenty millions of Americans are deeply interested.—THE AUTHOR.

Lesson I—Baseball. Inasmuch as the pitcher, a defensive player, is the first to handle the ball at the start of the game, it seems fitting that the defensive side of baseball should first come under discussion. Beginning with the pitcher, I shall take the individual positions one by one, point out the faults in the present methods of playing them, and attempt to show how these faults may be eradicated.

The pitcher of today pitches with only one arm. In a hard game this arm soon tires and the pitcher loses his effectiveness. Moreover, a one-armed pitcher is limited to three or four deliveries—a fast ball, a slow ball, a curve ball and perhaps one of the freaks. (People with the mentality of an eight-year-old Eskimo, in other words, a great many prominent fans, are often heard speaking of So-and-so's incurve and upcurve and indrop, etc., but no one has actually been seen using these deliveries since the death of the Merriwell boys.)

If a pitcher would take the trouble to master ambidexterity, just as Frisch, Bush, Schang, Carey and others mastered the art of hitting from both sides of the plate, not only would he double the contents of his bag of tricks, but he would also be twice as strong and last twice as long, to say nothing of adding infinitely to his effectiveness. How would a club like the White Sox feel facing a pitcher who was Grove and Hoyt in one uniform? They'd feel terrible.

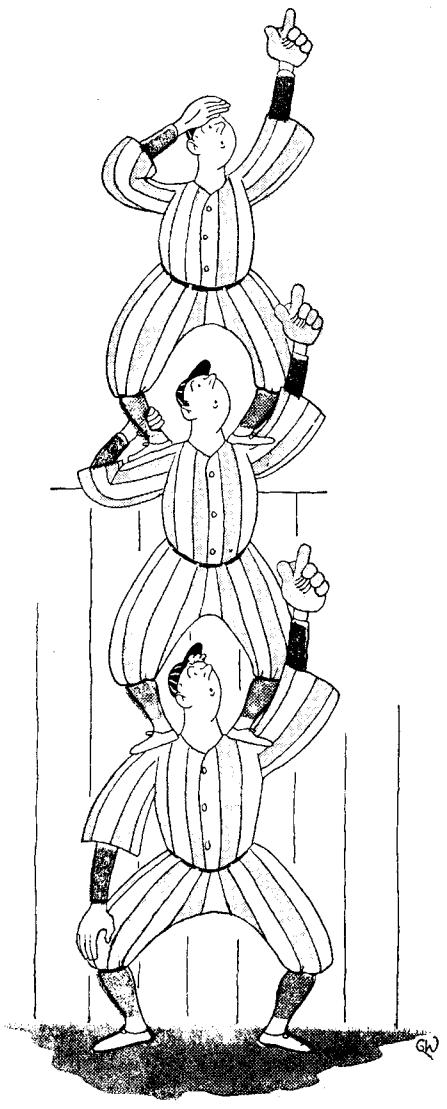
It is nonsense to argue that a hurler, a full-grown man, would find it impossible to acquire this knack. I have a child only thirteen years old who writes with his left hand, eats with his right hand, plays tennis with his left hand, spends money with both hands and can sleep on both sides or on his stomach. I know fighters who could hit with both hands before it became unfashionable for fighters to hit with either. I know a great many drivers on Long Island who can pass you on one side as well as the other. And personally, when I am obliged to carry a heavy suitcase some distance, I carry it in my left hand till that hand gets tired, then I cry "Shift!" and transfer it to my right.

No Excuse for Masks

Catchers have not been nearly as efficient since they began wearing masks. If a man, or woman, can see as well with a mask as without one, why don't we all wear them going to work or coming home or shopping or paying calls? The answer is that they interfere with our vision.

If Johnny Gooch had been catching without a mask in the final game of the Pittsburgh-New York world's series, he never would have lost that last heave of Miljus' which the official scorers roguishly called a wild pitch. The excuse a catcher has for wearing a mask is that it saves his face. But I know very few catchers (and no umpires) whose faces would not be improved if a few foul tips were allowed to smack them right in the kisser.

Another trouble with our catchers is that, in addition to the thinking they have to do for themselves, they have to keep their pitcher's "mind" clear, especially if he is a left-hander. You often see a catcher walk out in the middle of the diamond for a consultation with his pitcher. The catcher does all the talking and you wonder what he says. Well, he says: "You are pitching for the Phillies. We got you in the draft from Austin. We are playing Brooklyn today, in Brooklyn. This fellow at bat is Wright, the shortstop. He is a sweet hitter. Don't give him nothing good. There's two out and a man on third. Don't give Wright nothing good. We're only twelve runs behind which is mild. If you're homesick for Texas, keep going the way you been. If you ain't, don't pitch to Wright like you done last time."



This is the best solution for reaching one of those things the Babe hits

In 1879-80, first base was the easiest position in baseball. The first baseman used to tie one foot to the bag and look on innocently while the second baseman chased all the ground balls that were hit to the right side of the diamond. Then Charles Comiskey of the old St. Louis Browns (called the Old Roman because he always sends a few priests along with the White Sox on their training trips) started the present practice of playing about twenty-five feet off the bag and out toward right field, so that he became a fourth infielder instead of a silent policeman.

The Wandering First Baseman

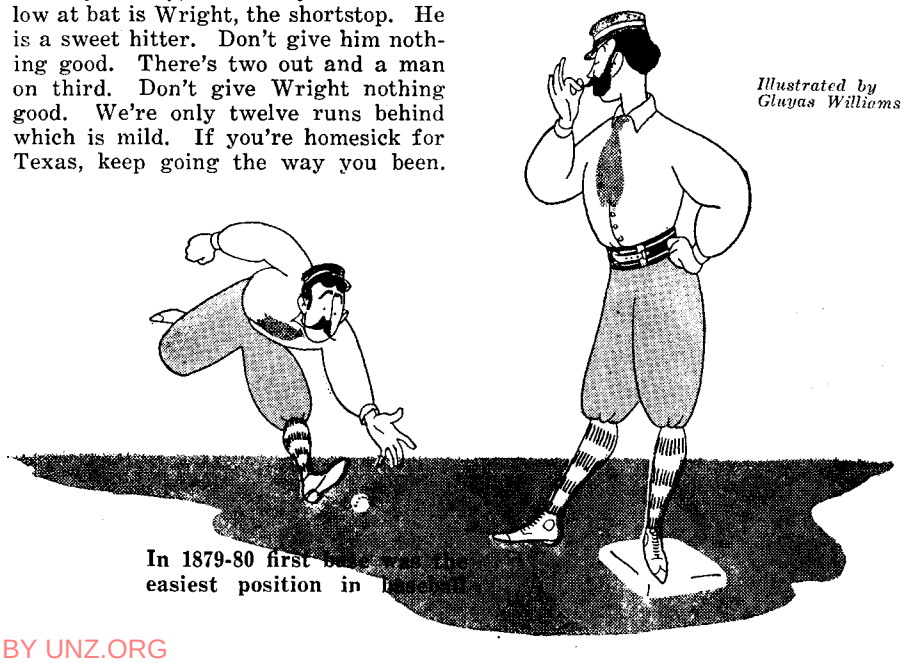
No other first baseman dared continue to be just a landmark after Commy took to roving, and today it is nothing sensational to see one of them twenty feet from the left-field fence, ready to relay a throw from some armless outfielder.

This is why first basemen can't hit any more; they wear themselves out chasing around like the Confederate cavalry; by the time they get up to the plate to hit, their knees are shaking and they can't hold their stance. Let them all insist on the right to play the bag as it was played before Comiskey's day and Gehrig, Bottomley, Sisler, et al. will soon be compiling averages at which the Mrs. need not blush for shame or the kiddies weep and ask permission to stay home from school and escape the gibes of the head master.

Second base is called the keystone sack because Eddie Collins lives in Pennsylvania. It used to be tough when the occupant of the position had to tag runners. The shortstop attends to that chore now and all the second baseman has to do is stand there and think.

Hornsby, Evers and Collins, all great second basemen, bear the reputation of being three of the brainiest ball players in history. The young second baseman has these names always in mind and when he trots (*Continued on page 55*)

Illustrated by Gluyas Williams



In 1879-80 first base was the easiest position in baseball

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Fast Company

By Roark Bradford

Sporting a ticket in your hatband and riding in a railroad train is marvelous. But marrying up and settling down is marvelouser

BUBBER was born in St. Francisville. St. Francisville is one of those gentle, languorous Louisiana towns, perched high upon the bluffs over the Mississippi River, where people drink casually and honestly from the cup of life instead of taking dilettante sips and getting only the froth or taking deep gulps and getting the dregs. Being born in St. Francisville stamps one with a conventional gentility that makes it hard for one to understand anything else.

So, when Virgie told Bubber she would marry him, "any time you say, you black scound'el," Bubber said it would be about cotton-picking time, and went back to his job of yard-boying up at the Judge's.

Virgie was something more than Bubber's sweetheart. She represented a secret longing, a daring kick-over of the conventions, a departure from his hill-land breeding. She was a Bayou Sara girl, and Bayou Sara lay at the foot of the bluff, squarely up against the Mississippi River. It once was a thriving river town, but now it is given mostly to Negro residents whose emotions grow as rank in their rich black blood as does young cane in the rich black river-bottom soil at their doorsteps.

"How come us gonter wait to dat long, Bubber?" Virgie asked.

"Well," itemized the hill man, patiently, "de word is dat when cotton-pickin' time come, dat no-count nigger, Henry, is gonter quit yard-boyin' at de Doctor's and go pick cotton. Den me, I'm gonter git his job cause I'm stiddy and don't go runnin' after ev'y spare job which comes along. Den I and you gits married up and live in de back yard."

THE arrangement suited Virgie. She was the nurse girl at the Doctor's. To have a husband like Bubber taking care of the lawn while she minded the children, and to live with Bubber in the servants' quarters on the premises, seemed ideal.

The trouble was that Virgie was not born in St. Francisville. She lacked the patience that Bubber had as a birthright. With Bubber, when anything was decided upon, that ended it until time to act. With Virgie, it was just the beginning. Although her birthplace was less than half a mile from that of Bubber's, there was a sharp dividing line. In fact, the Y. & M. V. Woodville branch railroad; in theory, the difference between fertile, rank lowlands and sterile, genteel hills.

Virgie was content to wait until cotton-picking time; it was April when they decided to get married and by August the fields would be white. She had no fear of losing the fast-talking little yard boy because she knew she was the best-looking woman on either side of the railroad track and she knew Bubber was too smart to be taken in by any of the less desirable women. She could wait, all right. But not patiently.

She was very prim and shy that morning when she wheeled the perambulator along the shady sidewalk, but her heart pounded excitedly beneath her starched apron. She knew she was not the kind of girl to go chasing after a man and she knew the baby should be kept in the shade of the live oaks and chinaballs that lined the sidewalk. But she knew also that Bubber would be clipping the boxbush hedge along that same sidewalk that morning. And the nearer she came to where Bubber was working, the jumpier her heart got.

"Hy-dy, purty stuff," he greeted when she came up. "You sho do push dat baby waggin good. Fust thing you know you might gonter be pushin' one er we's own like dat. How you like dat, hunh?"

That was just like Bubber! Always saying something to make a girl love him!

"Ain't you ashame', you low-down scamp, you!" Virgie retorted. "You pyore vexes me wid dat kind er tawk!"

"Yeah?" Bubber grinned and resumed his hedge-clipping. If box hedge isn't clipped often enough the sprouts get tough and take up too much time—time that is needed to keep the Bermuda grass whipped away from the garden.

"See you tonight, hunh?" Bubber called to her. He had seen her every night for a month now.

"See you tonight," she confirmed.

BUBBER continued his clipping, working diligently until the job was done. Then he attacked the grass methodically until five o'clock.

With the same methodical procedure he "knocked off," changed his clothes to his Sunday best, went by the kitchen for a cold supper, and ambled down the hill to the depot, arriving there just as Number Eight came roaring in at six-seventeen.

At seven o'clock he was sitting on the front porch of a modest cabin in Bayou Sara, talking to Virgie and her mama. By eight o'clock he had exhausted all subjects for general conversation and Virgie proposed a "walk-around" in the moonlight.

They instinctively went to the railroad and turned down toward the trestle across the huge pond that passes for the bayou.

"You seed Number Eight come in, hunh, Bubber?" Virgie asked.

Bubber had not missed seeing Number Eight come in since he could remember. Next to marrying a real Bayou Sara girl, watching Number Eight, with its one freight and one passenger car, arrive every afternoon was the most exciting part of his life. And his glowing descriptions of it were a big factor in winning Virgie.

Virgie never got to see Number Eight. She was busy giving the Doctor's children their supper about that time. Sometimes she saw Number Seven go down in the morning. But Number Seven was dull compared to Number Eight. Number Seven just pulled in, a few milk cans were loaded, and away it went. But Number Eight!

"YEAH, I seed him," said Bubber. "I was down to de dep-po when he come foamin' out'n de woods, a-streakin' down de line like I don't know what. Hit look like he wan't gonter stop a-tall. But de board fell on him and so he had to. I don't keer how fast a train is goin', when dey draps dat board on him, he gonter stop!"

"So he stopped, hunh?"

"Daid in he tracks, mighty nigh," Bubber detailed. "Too quick. De milk cyar was down de track and you jest ought to hyar old Mister Boderman cuss and carry on at how long hit tuck de boys to unload dem cans and tote 'em to de flatfawm. Struttin' around in his new conductor's cap and raisin' sand

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Illustrated by Harry Burne

"So I tole dis old gal, I say, 'Baby, I travels wid you long as you treats me right. So jest change yo' pasture. Cause I won't moan and groan and make no fuss over no woman'"

and gravel like de Lawd don't love him!"

"I seed dem cans stacked up when I comed by," Virgie confirmed. "And I hyared him cuss some when Number Seven was goin' down one mawnin', about gittin' dem cans loaded up. But I don't reckon he cussed like he must er cussed gittin' 'em onloaded."

"Naw," agreed Bubber. "Dat was too soon in de mawnin' to cuss like dat. A man got to git warmed up all day long to go like Mister Boderman go when he gits right."

The small talk rattled on while the couple measured their steps by the crossties on the trestle, and it finally got around to the fact that a lone passenger, a local merchant, had alighted from the train with a red cardboard ticket receipt in his hatband. Bubber was saving his best for the last.

"And dat white man jest tuck hit out and tored hit up!" he exclaimed. He could not understand how anybody, white or black, would deliberately destroy the evidence of having been "ridin' de plush" on Number Eight. He remembered one boy who went to Baton Rouge to the circus one time and came home sporting his ticket check in his hatband. It was about the grandest thing Bubber had ever seen!

HATBAND checks, however, were not among Virgie's weaknesses. To Bubber they were things to dream about, things upon which to build imaginary excursions on great, smoke-belching, steam-spouting, bell-ringing, whistle-blowing engines. But to Virgie—

"Well, de man was done travelin', wan't he?" she asked.

"Un-hunh." Bubber made no effort to explain. As if a hatband check were something to throw away the minute you got off the train! When a man is on the train, anybody has got sense enough to know he is riding the plush. What a man needs is something to wear around in his hatband when he gets off the train so the world can see the evidence of the train ride. Well, if Virgie was too big a fool to understand that, he would talk about something that she *could* understand!

"Gal," he said with sudden gruffness, "ef'n you don't treat me good fust thing you know I'm liable to load myself up on dat train and ride on away f'm hyar!"

Virgie understood that talk.

"Aw, Bubber," she protested, "don't tawk like dat at me. You know I ain't lovin' nobody but you."

Bubber had no intention of leaving, of course. But the quickened interest of Virgie spurred him on. He never really wanted to ride on a train, but he enjoyed imagining himself swaggering into the passenger car, sticking his head out of the window and waving a fond farewell to one and all.

"Yep," he repeated, "I'm gonter ride away." In his mind the train already was going clickity-click over the rails and he was leaning far out of the window, waving and bowing to the people along the track. "Gonter ride de plush on down de line."

"Aw, Bubber, darlin'," begged Virgie. "Don't tawk like dat, hon."

"Well, you better love me good," he warned.

"I'm lovin' you good, Bubber."

"Yeah?" That was good assurance all right, but it was a heap of fun to ride a train, even across one's mind. "Well, I'm liable to ride away anyhow."

They walked a few more steps in the moonlight, high above the bayou. Their feet fell upon crossties in short measured beats. Presently Virgie began snapping her fingers between each step, interpolating between the beats and giving their tread a rounded, rhythmic tempo. Another short minute and she began a whimpering whine. A few steps later the whine took the form of audible words, and she sang quite abstractly:

I'm goin' to de dep-po,
Set down on de track,
Gonter gravel and groan
To my Bubber come back—
Da-da-der-da-der-da-da-da-der—

BUBBER liked that! A woman might not understand about a hatband check, but when it came to her man leaving her, she understood! He swelled up inside, and swaggered.

"Got to do mo'n sing dat ole da-da-der song to keep me in dis town," he declared.

Virgie walked a few steps more, still snapping her fingers and whining, while she framed the next verse. Presently:

I kin do de double-shuffle,
I kin do de ball-de-jack;
I kin do anything
My sweet Bubber lack!
Da-da-der-da-der-da-da-der—

It was a challenge that Bubber hadn't anticipated. It was a Bayou Sara challenge to his conservatism. It made him feel uncomfortable. He wasn't going away; how could he marry her when cotton-picking time came if he went away on the train? He didn't know what to say. In fact, he felt too much had already been said. He was glad when they got home, and felt lucky to have escaped with his usual parting: "See you tomorrow, hunh?"

"You bet," agreed Virgie.

For a whole month Bubber kept strictly off the conversation about going away. Each day when Virgie came past with the baby he had a smart joke to say to her and each evening he elaborated upon the arrival and leaving of Number Eight, painting the event with such colorful words that it made Number Seven's arrival in the morning a drab routine.

Life and love were calm and certain. The one brief excursion into uncertainty—the time Virgie took Bubber's traveling talk-talk seriously—was forgotten.

Then Lonnie came to Bayou Sara.

THERE was no mystery about Lonnie; he had nothing to conceal. To the white folks he was a newcomer who operated a little tailor shop where people could get their suits cleaned and pressed. To the negroes he was a man "laying low" in West Feliciana Parish until the razor tracks on a man in the Baton Rouge hospital told the Law whether the charge would be some degree of manslaughter or merely assault and battery. In case it was to be assault and battery, Lonnie would stay in Bayou Sara until the Law forgot. If it turned out to be homicide he would get on up the road, across the Mississippi state line.

The first thing that attracted Virgie to Lonnie was his clothes. How that boy wore his pants! Tight about the ankles with three-inch cuffs, baggy at the knees and getting baggier and baggier until they reached his hips! Then suddenly they cut in at the beltline, giving the wearer the appearance of a wasplike waist!

"Jest pegs all over ev'ything!" Virgie told Bubber. "And dat streaked shirt! Pyore silk!"

"Un-hunh," said Bubber. "But did you seed dat hat?"

"Yeah, I seed de hat," admitted Virgie. "But I didn't pay hit no mind cause hit wan't no Stutson."

"Naw, but did you seed in de band er dat hat?" Bubber insisted. "Had his natchal travelin' ticket stuck right square in de band so de world could see he was a travelin' man wid a travelin' hat!"

"Yeah, I seed dat," said Virgie, "but I liked dem pants more gooder. I never did see no pants peg out like dat scoundel's. And choked right down at de footses!"

"I seed him come in on Number Eight," offered Bubber.

"Yeah, you tole me," Virgie replied.

"I'm makin' friends wid him at his pressin' shop," bragged Bubber. "Tawkin' to him jest like I was tawkin' to you."

"Yeah," grunted Virgie. Her interest wasn't in Bubber's talk any more.

The inevitable was not long in happening. It came about so gradually that neither Bubber nor Virgie realized it at first. Nevertheless it was apparent before long that Virgie was getting more and more (*Continued on page 48*)

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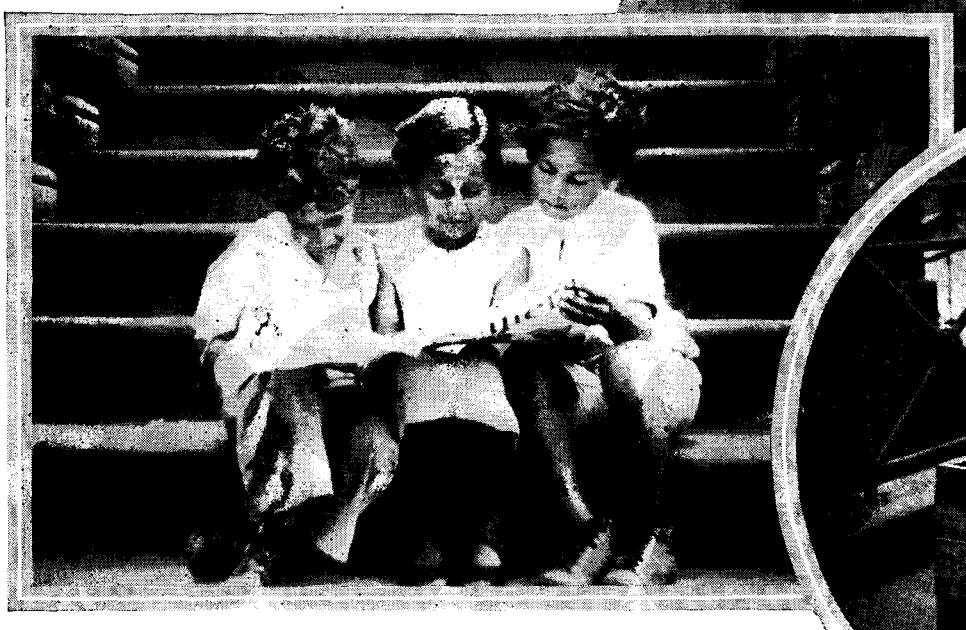
Holidays Included

A loud note of protest is sounded by young urban America against the current street congestion which literally forces him and his quaint bathing costume to the wall. Never mind the five-cent cigar, says he. What we really need is more sidewalk beaches and plenty of hydrant sprinklers

Oo-oo, lookit the funny boy-goat. Does he eat tin cans and old shoes, too? A human elf peers at a bronze figure in the Alfred L. Seligman fountain group, dedicated to the children of New York



Just enough not-too-serious reading isn't a bad heat-dispelling divertisement for a languid afternoon. Herewith we modestly submit an example of getting the most out of The National Weekly as demonstrated by this youthful trio. Of course, it would be better all around if there were two more copies

How's your Graf Zeppelin comin' along, Joey? I got my Spirit of St. Louis a'most done. Wait'll you see the swell parachute that goes with it—if Mom doesn't miss her new umbrella

Wonder if I ought to build me an open car or a closed job? Hazel wants one thing and Jessie wants another. Gee, it's hard to please all these women

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City youngsters envy their country and seashore cousins these sultry summer days but all manage to divert themselves by the sundry methods known to the resourceful mind of youth

Let's catch enough to make us a swimmin' pool in the back yard, just for ourselves, an' Jim, an' Ev, an' the guys in the Pine Street gang that we're not sore with

Funny where all these pretty shells come from. Don't you suppose the mermaids used them for jewels when they danced on the waves in the moonlight like it says in the book Aunt Merilda brought me?

Right: A dejected figure, he stood gazing into the distance where sea and sky merged in the gold and purple of a fading sunset. This, then, was the end—watch for our next serial at this theater

Sittin' pretty is this care-free youngster, making whoopee with not much shovel and a lot of water down where the sea waves can be as sad as they please for all he cares

There's nothing like a bit of a nip occasionally at the village pump which, as we go to press, may still be tapped with no fear of bringing down the wrath of a flock of dry agents

What a whale of an appetite this rough-and-ready camp life gives a he-man. Hiking over rocky trails and fording valley streams are all in a day's work, but a piping hot supper at nightfall—ah, that's a real treat

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The Glorious Defeat

By George Creel

For ten days the little band headed by Travis, Crockett and Bowie held the Alamo against Santa Anna's bloody hordes. Contemptuously they answered a demand for surrender, and with their lives they bought time—time for Texas to arm and make its independence inevitable

FROM the steps of San Fernando Cathedral Col. William B. Travis shouted commands in a voice that had the blare of a ram's-horn. The Mexicans were coming from the Rio Grande—thousands of them—led by the terrible Santa Anna, whom his own people called the Butcher. Sentinels, high in the bell tower of the old church, had seen the glint of sunlight on marching bayonets, and from Prospect Hill came scouts with word that an army advanced against unwalled San Antonio.

The Texans, rushing from every quarter, filled the Main Plaza with din and confusion. Couriers dashed in and out of the swirling dust clouds at break-neck speed. Sweating young volunteers added to great piles of munitions and supplies or tugged at gun caissons. Oxen lowed, whips cracked and native tamale venders screeched at the ruin of their flimsy stands.

Travis, foot in stirrup, called to Davy Crockett, and the two spurred down Soledad Street, drawing rein before the Casa Veramendi. Here it was that a handful of rebel Texans had made their stand three months before, forcing braggart General Cos to fly the white flag. Past the great cedar doors, still bearing the scars of battle, and through the flower-filled patio that had seen Ben Milam's death, the frontiersmen made their way to the room where James Bowie lay ill.

"Well, Jim," said Travis, seating himself on the edge of the bed, "they're here!"

"So I heard. Many of 'em?" Bowie's face, flushed with the fever that had him in its grip, lifted eagerly.

"The whole kit an' bilin'," chuckled Crockett, throwing his coonskin cap on the floor. "Looks like me an' old Betsy got here jest in time."

Childish Love

"We're going over to the Alamo," Travis announced. "At least, it has walls. A pretty mess!" he continued bitterly. "The President and the council in a deadlock, fighting like fishwives; Sam Houston kicked out of the chief command, the army gone back home; and San Antonio left with one hundred and fifty men to hold back six thousand!"

"What about Jim Fannin and Frank Johnson?" asked Bowie.

"Over around Goliad," Crockett answered. "As I came by, they were getting ready to invade Mexico. Goin' to grab everything Cortes happened to leave."

"A fine rebellion!" Red-haired Travis took no pains to hide his angry contempt. "Oh, well, there's nothing to do but stand fast. Even if we only keep Santa Anna in check for a week, it will give the colonists a chance to gather, and maybe danger will bring the council to its senses. It goes against the grain to leave you, Jim," he said, getting to his feet, "but it's bound to be all right. Even a hound like Santa Anna is sure to take a sick man's parole."

"Parole?" Bowie's tone gave Crockett, new to Texas, his first glimpse of the man's deadly quality. "An' what made you think I wasn't comin' with you? Juan! Felipe!" The weak voice strengthened to a shout. "My horse! Pronto! Now shut that door, one of you, an' hand me my clothes."

As the three men came out into the patio, Travis and Crockett lending their shoulders, a slip of a girl darted forward, her brown face wet with tears, and threw her young arms about Bowie's knees in an agony of protestation.

"You no can take my Tio Jeem [Uncle Jim]," she cried, her accusing eyes on Travis. "He ees seek, ver-r-r-y seek!"

"No, no, Candelaria." The giant knelt down and took the sobbing figure in his arms. "Didn't we promise each other never to cry? You wouldn't have your Tio Jim a coward, now would you? An' I'll be back soon. Why, my darling, this is nothin' on earth but an outing, so to speak."

A sudden rush of weeping womenfolk swept Candelaria into the background. But when the riders had gone, when the last outburst of noisy grief had spent itself, the twelve-year-old slipped out into the yellow dust of Soledad Street—fearful indeed, but filled with the spirit inherited from a long line of Spanish Conquistadores.

Strange are the niches that childish love chooses for itself. Ever since handsome, reckless Jim Bowie had married her foster sister, daughter of the rich house of Veramendi, Candelaria had given him her adoration.

One quick, reassuring glance at the closed doors and she was away. Skirting the Main Plaza, now empty save for a few lounging Indians and the whining, cursing tamale sellers, and following the dust clouds down Commerce Street, she came safely to the long wooden bridge that spanned the river. Men were still crossing, and slipping down the green slope of the bank, Candelaria hid herself in a willow thicket and watched the Texans prepare for battle.

The Old Mission of San Antonio de Valero might well have proved impregnable had Travis possessed sufficient strength to avail himself of its defensive possibilities. Built in a day when God's houses were also called upon to serve as forts, the stone walls still stood, high and thick and strong. But, with only 145 effectives, the Texans were compelled to concentrate on the roofless church and adjoining convent, hopefully mounting their fourteen small guns at what they deemed strategic points.

With the fall of twilight, Candelaria left the willows and crept cautiously over the sage-grown sand to the Alamo's one gate. Some beef cattle were being driven in with much running and yelling, and under cover of the general excitement she slipped by the flaring torches and gained the shadow of the walls.

All was cold and lonely, but to dis-

The final fight was on! The three thousand threw themselves against the walls, only to be hurled back with fearful loss

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close herself would be dangerous, as there was yet time for *el Coronel Colorado*—the Red Colonel—to send her home. Crouched at last in a dark corner of the convent yard, she drew her shawl close to shut out the terrifying dark, and sobbed herself to sleep.

Before the sun was up, Don Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna—tyrant, traitor, murderer, thief and drug fiend—rode into San Antonio with the first detachments of his "army of extermination."

Inefficient General Cos had proved no match for the fierce Texans, losing every encounter; and it was to avenge these humiliations that Santa Anna had left the pleasures of the capital. With peacock strut and waving sword, the "Napoleon of the Western World" took possession of San Antonio, and straightway sent officers to the Alamo, demanding instant and unconditional surrender.

No Quarter

Escape was open to Travis and his men, for the mission was not yet surrounded. But all looked on flight as no less shameful than surrender. Texas must be given time to arm, and they stood ready to buy that time with their lives. A wild cheer arose as the Red Colonel contemptuously rejected Santa Anna's summons, and soon the little garrison heard the Mexican horns sounding a fierce, barbaric air that had death in every note.

"The deguello!" shrugged Travis.

"What's that?" asked Crockett.

"'Cutthroat!' It means no quarter. We're in for it, Davy, sure as you're born. *More men!* That's the one hope. Tonight I'll get off couriers to Gonzales and Goliad. Jim Fannin's sure to come, and the men of Gonzales—what's that?" he cried, breaking off sharply at the clamor of voices.

"Me no Mexican!" protested a shrill childish treble, rising clear above a chorus of teasing shouts. "Me Texan!"

"Candelaria, by all that's holy!" exclaimed Travis as he leaped through the doorway. And Candelaria it was, sadly mussed and very grimy, but struggling bravely enough in the grasp of a burly volunteer.

At sight of the Red Colonel a great gladness lighted the tear-stained face, and the rush to Bowie's cot had the speed of a homing pigeon.

"Well, what are we going to do with you?" asked Travis when the last detail of the night's adventures had been told. "I reckon those coyotes out there can be trusted to give the child a safe escort through the lines. Don't you think so, Jim?"

"Me no go," announced Candelaria, simply and decisively. "Me stay here weeth Tio Jeem."

"We'll keep her here," decided Bowie with a sigh. "Even if the worst happens, they'll not touch her. Ask one of Santa Anna's men to get word to the family, that's all."

Late that night, when clouds obscured the moon, two men climbed over the mission wall and crawled through the darkness, bound for Goliad and Gonzales. Travis, crouched and tense, listened for a shout of alarm, the bark of rifles; but when no sound came from the Mexican ring save the usual monotonous cry, "Centinela alerta!" he threw his arms high in a gesture of infinite relief.

It had been Santa Anna's conviction that San Antonio would surrender without resistance, leaving him free to dash forward on his "campaign of extermination," but disillusion was swift. William Barrett Travis, that red-haired, blue-eyed young lawyer of twenty-eight, met him at every point and defeated him. Whether the Dictator attempted to throw a bridge across the river below the Alamo, or tried to divert the water supply, or attacked to gain better position for his batteries, always the deadly rifle fire of the Texans wiped out his detachments one by one.

"Poor shootin'," sighed Davy Crockett, looking down at Old Betsy with eyes of reproach.

"What's the matter with you?" smiled Travis. "That officer was knocked clean off his horse."

"Yes," grudgingly admitted the giant Tennesseean, "but I missed his eye by a half inch."

On the fourth day of the siege, raging Santa Anna abandoned his sorties entirely, and prudently confined his attack to an incessant bombardment.

Terrified Candelaria pattered her prayers unceasingly, convinced that death was only a matter of moments, but even teeth-chattering fear could not still the deft hands and tireless feet. The wife of Lieutenant Dickinson had followed her young husband into the Alamo, carrying a baby; and the fuzzy-headed infant was soon included with Bowie in the list of Candelaria's responsibilities.

To the reckless Texans, however, a miss was as good as a mile, and the rolling cannon balls were no more than tumbleweeds. Many of the youngsters went through the motion of catching them, and Candelaria, peeping out of the church door, the baby cradled in her arms, actually found herself laughing at their antics.

Terror returned with the night. An assault in force under cover of darkness was to be expected, and when twilight fell, even the lightest-hearted quit their skylarking, dug tense fingers into rifle stocks, and stared into the gloom without whisper or movement.

Twice there were desperate midnight sallies that drove Mexican columns back across the river, and once again a shouting handful, led by Travis, fired a cluster of huts that afforded shelter to an enemy detachment.

The Thirty-two Volunteers

On the night of March 1st, the sixth day of the siege, Candelaria waked to the sound of rifle fire and yelling as savage as it was confused. The sentinels, perched on the walls, were bellowing like madmen, but strangely enough, raised their guns only to lower them. And now, across the open space between the church and the barracks, ran the Red Colonel, crying: "To the gate! Every man to the gate!"

"Santa Anna!" gasped Candelaria, falling on her knees beside Bowie's bed.

"No, by God!" A blaze of exultation lighted the sick man's face. "It's Jim Fannin an' his men!"

Straight through a Mexican ring of steel charged a gallant company, reins between their teeth, shooting and slashing, but it was not Fannin and his 400 men from Goliad. Only thirty-two volunteers from Gonzales, leaving home and families at the call of comrades, stabbing a way into the Alamo in full knowledge of the fearful odds against Travis and his little garrison.

Colonists all—lean, hard-bitten men who had matched their courage against the wilderness, a plow handle in one hand, a rifle in the other. And loud were the cheers that greeted their arrival. Davy Crockett laid aside Old Betsy for his beloved fiddle, and long into the night the "mad Americans" amazed the Mexican sentinels with gay tunes and frontier ballads.

Short-lived happiness! Meager rations did not bother the steel-framed Texans, for they were used to going for days without other provisions than parched corn. But lack of sleep became a torment. Realizing the weakness of the defense, Santa Anna had the shrewdness to keep up an incessant attack; and at the end of a week, Travis and his companions staggered like drunken men as they rose from their blankets to man the walls. Fresh troops for Santa Anna arrived daily from Mexico, and by March 2nd he had gathered an army of six thousand.

Strangely enough, it was this day, foretelling the Alamo's end, that saw Texas declared a "free, sovereign and independent republic." Delegates assembled at Washington, a village on the banks of the Brazos, threw off the yoke of Mexico; and Sam Houston, again named commander in chief, was ordered to recruit an army and rush to the relief of the Alamo. A splendid gesture, but too late!

On the night of March 3d, gallant Colonel Bonham returned from Goliad, hurling his wild range stallion against Santa Anna's army that he might take his stand with those who already counted themselves as dead. Bonham reported that Fannin and his men had started at once for the Alamo, but he doubted if any would arrive. The prairies were a quagmire, every creek was running bank high, and Fannin's oxen were a poor lot and his horses not much better. At the time he left them, to join his comrades, the wagon train was hopelessly bogged.

When the young South Carolinian had finished his story, stating it as his frank opinion that reënforcements were not to be counted upon, Travis lifted a face from which all youth had gone, and ordered a conference in the nave of the church. Messengers went from wall to wall, giving the word, and Candelaria opened her eyes to see them carrying Bowie's cot outside. As silent as the bearers, she followed it, crouching in a pool of shadow near the flickering fire.

One by one the Texans came, slumping wearily to the floor, while sentinels looked down from the gun platform. Quietly, simply, the young leader told them that hope of rescue must now be surrendered. Perhaps he himself was much to blame for having insisted on the Alamo's defense, but, thank God, a way to safety still lay open. Captain Smith and the volunteers from Gonzales had entered the gates just three days before, and Bonham, within the hour, had cut through Santa Anna's lines. These things proved that the Mexican ring was not so tightly drawn as to prevent escape. Slipping away by ones and twos, dropping over the walls under cover of darkness, it might well be that many could gain the wooded river bank.

It was a matter that called for individual decision. As God was his judge, he held no thought to interfere with each man's exercise of his right to a free choice; but speaking for himself, and only for himself, he had sworn that never, as long as life lasted, would he fall back from the Alamo!

He finished as simply as he had begun, and then, with his pistol barrel, drew a line in the dust of the church floor.

"Who stays with me," he cried, "cross over!"

Not once was he interrupted. Like dead men the Texans lay inert with fatigue. But while Travis' words still hung in air, all leaped to his side, eyes flashing with the old fire. All save one. Jim Bowie's white, still face gave no evidence that he listened or had heard; but when his comrades rushed to join the young leader, leaving him behind, the worn, wasted form stirred to swift and passionate life.

"Come back, damn you!" the gray lips commanded as he raised himself. "*Come back and carry me across that line!*"

Not until the (*Continued on page 56*)

Illustrated by Herbert Morton Stoops

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Something on the Rent

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Carrington Phelps

Illustrated by W. L. Barnes

"I don't know exactly how to put it, Mr. Trent. But, well, we're honest folks, and we like to be treated honestly"

YOUR credentials satisfactory—join us March 1st—three thousand a year—rapid advances, depending on effort and ability."

A. F. Trent pocketed the letter and rose, shivering, from the park bench. He wasn't going to be a failure, after all. He was going to be a success, at three thousand, and up. The effort-and-ability business didn't worry him. What worried him was how he was going to live the three weeks until March first on thirty cents.

He owed, miraculously, his stern-faced landlady five weeks' room rent—if he hadn't already pawned his overcoat he could give her something as a stopgap—and it didn't look like snow. And unless it snowed he couldn't get a job shoveling. He couldn't get a job at anything—for very long. A highly specialized knowledge of architecture wasn't appreciated by dispensers of low-grade jobs. Not being adaptable to environment he usually got fired before the end of the week. New York and a career would have been easier if there had been more snow.

Night had come and Trent went down to Jo's and spent ten of his thirty cents for a bowl of bean soup. It was hot and delicious and they served three slices of whole-wheat bread with it and a tiny pat of butter.

He walked slowly down the street, looking at the window displays and the chattering girls hurrying home from work and the grim-faced men and the endless stream of traffic. Finally the crowds thinned and he decided to go home to bed to get warm. He climbed the stairs of his dingy rooming house to the top floor and he was opening his door when a childish treble greeted him. Damaris! Damaris of the gangly legs and the twinkling black eyes and the terrier temperament.

"You gotta present for me, Mr. Trent?"

A month before, when affluent, Trent had brought her a bag of peanuts and she'd never allowed him to forget it. He picked her up and tossed her high above his head and she squealed with delight and frantically demanded more. He desisted at last and set her on the floor.

"I gotta berfday termorrer!" she announced.

He told her, somewhat shamefacedly, he hadn't a present and he submitted the hopeful thought that he certainly would have one soon.

A shrill voice came through the open door at the end of the hall and Trent's heart sank. His landlady! She of the flinty eyes and the concrete heart! But she was only calling her niece to bed.

Trent entered his room. It lacked windows, but then it had an individual skylight, pitcher and stand, gas bracket, chair and bed. It cost Trent four dollars weekly, or slightly more than fifty-seven decimal fourteen cents per diem. He had figured it out. And he was twenty dollars in arrears and he might as well have been twenty hundred.

Except for the fifty-seven-and-a-fraction, Trent knew he could last the three weeks without a mortality. His shoes were pretty well shot and he needed his overcoat badly, but he had a nice summer suit tucked away for the job and he wouldn't starve as long as soup stayed at a dime. It was the rent that was killing him. Presently he'd be kicked into the street, homeless and down and out—and sleeping on park benches.

Next morning Trent received a God-send. A brand-new five-dollar bill from his opulent Aunt Sarah, who trusted this would find him well on his twenty-fifth birthday and prospering in his profession. He had forgotten the birthday, but he kissed the bill and hid it under the mattress. Then he went out for his morning soup. After breakfast he had a single dime left. He bought a bag of candy with this last dime, returned to his room, addressed an envelope to his landlady, put the bill in it and stepped cautiously into the hall.

AND then, mindful of the amenities, he paused. He returned to his room and penciled a line on the envelope, to the effect he trusted his "modest saccharine gift" would help bring the little girl a happy birthday. He signed his name meticulously—A. F. Trent. He was always a stickler for the conventions.

He tiptoed to the landlady's door, placed the candy beside it, thrust the envelope over the threshold and stole away. He was out all that day, looking for a job. When he returned he saw in the window the little card which announced a room for rent. A premonitory chill touched his heart.

He ascended to find his room strangely altered. It was freshly cleaned. A patchwork quilt covered the bed and a black hooked rug hid the bald spot on the floor. The general effect was more starkly puritanical than ever. Its bleak conclusiveness added to Trent's vague foreboding.

He went out next morning with cautious haste. A haste aggravated by the knowledge that his landlady had opened her door. He stayed out all day, returned late that night and undressed behind his locked door without a light.

For now he knew! Furious at the paltry five, his landlady had accepted it as salvage from the wreck, taken her loss on the balance due and would now throw him out. The card in the window referred to his own room.

The stop-gap had failed!

She caught him at dawn. Confronted him icily as he was creeping out. She spoke, and A. F. Trent shook in his leaky shoes.

"That money present to Dam'ris was real thoughtful of you." Her lean face was grim. "We cal'late to buy her a new coat with it."

A. F. Trent gasped. She thought the stop-gap was for the kid! He'd made it clear enough. Hadn't he said "saccharine gift?" And he couldn't explain. Explanations were impossible! Unthinkable! He'd be kicked out first!

"I DON'T know exactly how to put it, Mr. Trent," she said harshly. (Now it was coming!) "But, well, we're honest folks, and we like to be treated honestly."

She paused, but he couldn't even apologize. Five weeks arrears! Twenty dollars!

"And so," the flat, relentless voice went on, "well, we know you're hard put to it and all that—and speakin' of the back rent—we expect you'll pay it when you can—" Her tone was inquiring.

He nodded. She was taking her loss, but reminding him—

"They ain't many hard up as you—s' thoughtful of a young 'un's birthday. And you can stay here till you get a job—s' long as you want."

She dabbed at her flinty eyes, turned with a queer grimace and walked stiffly back into her room.

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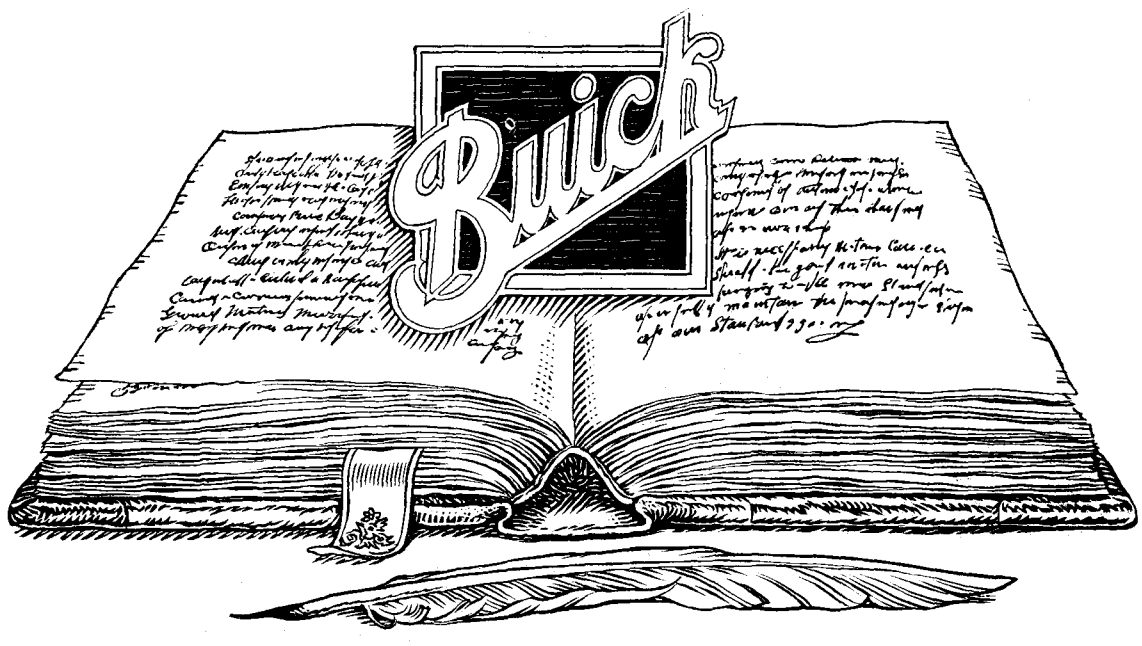
TRUST BUICK TO HOLD TRUE TO BUICK TRADITIONS



The brilliant record of the Buick Motor Company during the past quarter of a century is the pride of motordom. But the builders of Buick and the new Marquette hold everlastingly true to their policy of progress. They will continue to press onward to still greater heights of service.

The ideal of Perfection—the finest goal any man or group of men may seek—is the goal of the builders of Buick and Marquette automobiles.

No other goal will do. All others imply an end of effort. And to Buick craftsmen, as to leaders in every field of endeavor, each new achievement marks a fresh beginning.

Progress—the guiding spirit of the Buick organization throughout a quarter of a century—remains the guiding spirit of this organization today.

It does not alter matters that the Buick Motor Company holds acknowledged supremacy in fine car manufacture... nor that Buick and Marquette automobiles set the standard of value in their respective fields . . . nor that the motoring public honors both cars with the final and unmistakable reward of buyer preference.

These facts bear witness to leadership. But the leader is a *true* leader only when he merges the thought of leadership in the greater thought of continued service and advancement.

The builders of Buick and Marquette will always endeavor to improve upon their own standards —to build better and better—to give greater and greater value, month after month and year after year.

Buick supremacy is more apparent today than ever before in Buick history. Marquette popularity is thrilling America. And yet Buick-Marquette progress has only begun!

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Canadian Factories
McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ont.

Division of General Motors Corporation

Builders of
Buick and Marquette Motor Cars

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

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Shop, Look and Listen

Before the telephone age, woman roamed up an' down the marts of trade, smellin' the meats, pinchin' the lettuce, probin' dressed chickens, bitin' prunes an' makin' the welkin ring when informed that sugar had gone up a cent a pound

Uncle Henry

Before long women were fairly wallowin' in their new-found sloth

"THESE chain stores are certainly puttin' the small retailer out of business," gloomily remarked Mr. Stubbs. "Congress ought to be doin' somethin' about it."

"Nonsense," replied Uncle Henry. "The chain store is here to stay, an' what's more, the idea's spreadin'. Already we've got chain newspapers, chain thinkin', chain marriages an' chain families, an' the results of the last election prove that the G. O. P. leaders have applied the chain system to votin'.

"I am still surprised that a high-powered executive like John Raskob showed himself so hopelessly old-fashioned. Why, take the case of Pennsylvania, for instance. The Republicans established a big central purchasin' office in Philadelphia, an' bought votes in quantity for the entire state. The Democrats, on the other hand, went in for small lot buyin', an' didn't even try to get the benefit of the cash discounts.

"Where you make your blunder, 'Lonzo, is in puttin' the cart before the horse, an' then tryin' to stable it in Robin Hood's barn. The chain store is a *result*, not a cause. What's puttin' the small retailer out of business is not any sudden avalanche of establishments run along the lines of a rummage sale, but the sloth, shiftlessness an' indolence of the American woman.

"There can be no question, of course, that the females of the Victorian era did labor under many handicaps an' disadvantages. Petticoats weighed 'em down, pompadours bowed even the proudest neck, an' skirts were so long as to do away with any need for street sweepers. There were also corsets that kept the poor creatures busy wonderin' where the next breath was comin' from.

"All the same, 'Lonzo, the women of those days still had the strength an' freedom of movement to do their own marketin'. Every mornin' the housewife had her market basket served in bed, an' as soon as the breakfast things were out of the way, she took to the open with a lithe savagery of attack that might well have furnished an example for Helen Wills.

"Up an' down the marts of trade she roamed, smellin' the meats, pinchin' the lettuce, probin' the dressed chickens, bitin' prunes an' makin' the welkin ring when informed that sugar had gone up a cent a pound. Any time a merchant got the best of her in point of bargainin', the Retail Dealers' Association held a meetin' at once, an' voted him the Distinguished Service Medal.

"Delicatessen stores were unheard of, an' even bakeries were patronized only when company came in unexpected. Wives did their marketin' in person, not a movin' picture, an' after staggerin' home under a load that would have dismayed a truck horse, found physical an' spiritual refreshment by leanin' over the back fence an' discussin' prices with the next-door neighbor.

From Yardsticks to Lipsticks

"All was well with the small retailer in America's Golden Age, an' his one concern was to protect himself in the clinches.

"Into this idyll came Alexander Graham Bell with the telephone, an' almost overnight, 'Lonzo, hand-to-hand buyin' perished. Market baskets gave way to compacts, poultry pinchin' to eyebrow pluckin', and lipsticks took the place of yardsticks. Doubtless you an' your fellow retailers rejoiced in the invention, hailin' it as a relief measure, but that first telephone call sealed your doom.

"Idleness, like every other vice, grows by what it feeds on. Before long, women were fairly wallowin' in their new-found sloth, developin' a well-nigh incredible efficiency in inefficiency. Why I've actually heard my own wife telephone for the delivery of a cake of yeast, an' languidly ask the grocer to have the boy stop at the dry goods store an' get her a paper of pins.

"What though the average delivery cost of every article was around fifteen cents, an' that not countin' the time wasted by wagon boys in backdoor badinage? What though the credit system an' slow payments added various other cents to the price of goods? The skin didn't come off of the backs of the wives an' retailers, for it was the husbands of America that paid the bills.

"Much has been said in praise of the Angora goat with its matted ringlets of soft, silky hair. But any fair-minded judge of an international goat show is bound to award the blue ribbon to the American husband.

"Why wouldn't chain stores have come in? What with the increasin' overhead of a small retailer, an' the resultant climb of prices, some drastic change was inevitable. An' instead of bein' a menace, I look on 'em as a great regenerative movement. Once again women will have to grab the good old market baskets, for the chain store does little deliverin', an' before long you're goin' to see the housewives of the nation restored to competence in spite of their groans an' screams.

"Of course, 'Lonzo, I fully realize that I run the risk of my life talkin' this way, for women are the sacred cows of the American republic. We boast of our free speech an' free press, but nobody dares to deal honestly an' critically with the female of the species any more than a politician would dare to protest against the practice of St. Patrick's Day parades or ask for the suppression of the B'nai B'rith.

"We've given women equal rights in everything except the overdue installments on the bungalow, the car, the radio an' the phonograph, yet Man, the poor simp, continues to think in terms of chivalry, an' teeters around on his toes as though we were still livin' in those far-off days when the poet wrote:

"In life, how weak, how helpless, is a woman!
Soon hurt, in happiness itself unsafe,
And often wounded while she plucks the rose.

"Hooey! The female of the species is about as weak an' delicate as a Hereford bull. She finds perfect comfort in clothes that would freeze a man to death, an' can keep on dancin' when her male escort is beyond the reach of a pulmotor. But let one of 'em enter a street car, an' nothin' can be heard but the creak of achin' joints as tired workin' men leap to their feet an' fight for the privilege of givin' her a seat.

"Male vanity is entirely responsible, 'Lonzo. It's poor Man's pitiful effort to save his face, or, at least, some remnants of it; by continuin' to speak of the Weaker Sex, an' clingin' indomitably to the tenets of chivalry, we bolster up our shattered self-esteem, an' manage to imagine that we're still livin' in the good old days when a woman's place was the home, with all the doors locked an' the windows hermetically sealed.

Give 'Em a Good Slap

"Say what you please, 'Lonzo, no man really *likes* this modern theory of feminine equality. He may give an intellectual assent to equal suffrage, an' the proposition that women are people, but way down deep in his midriff, or wherever it is that the primitive emotions brew their ancient poison, he dissents most emphatically. What all of us would love to do, when our wives get uppity, is to give 'em a good slap.

"That's why, I suppose, we stick to our rôle as the Great American Goat, an' never make any loud protest against the crazy things that women do. The more they fall down in their sworn duties an' the further they go in inefficiency, the better we like it, for all of it goes to confirm our secret opinion that the Maker meant the female to play second fiddle to the lordly male."

"I reckon I'm pretty lucky," remarked Mr. Stubbs complacently, "keepin' myself a bachelor all these years."

"Why, you poor, benighted creature!" indignantly exclaimed Uncle Henry. "You've missed everything that makes life worth while."

Any time a merchant got the best of her in bargainin', the Retail Dealers' Association voted him the Distinguished Service Medal

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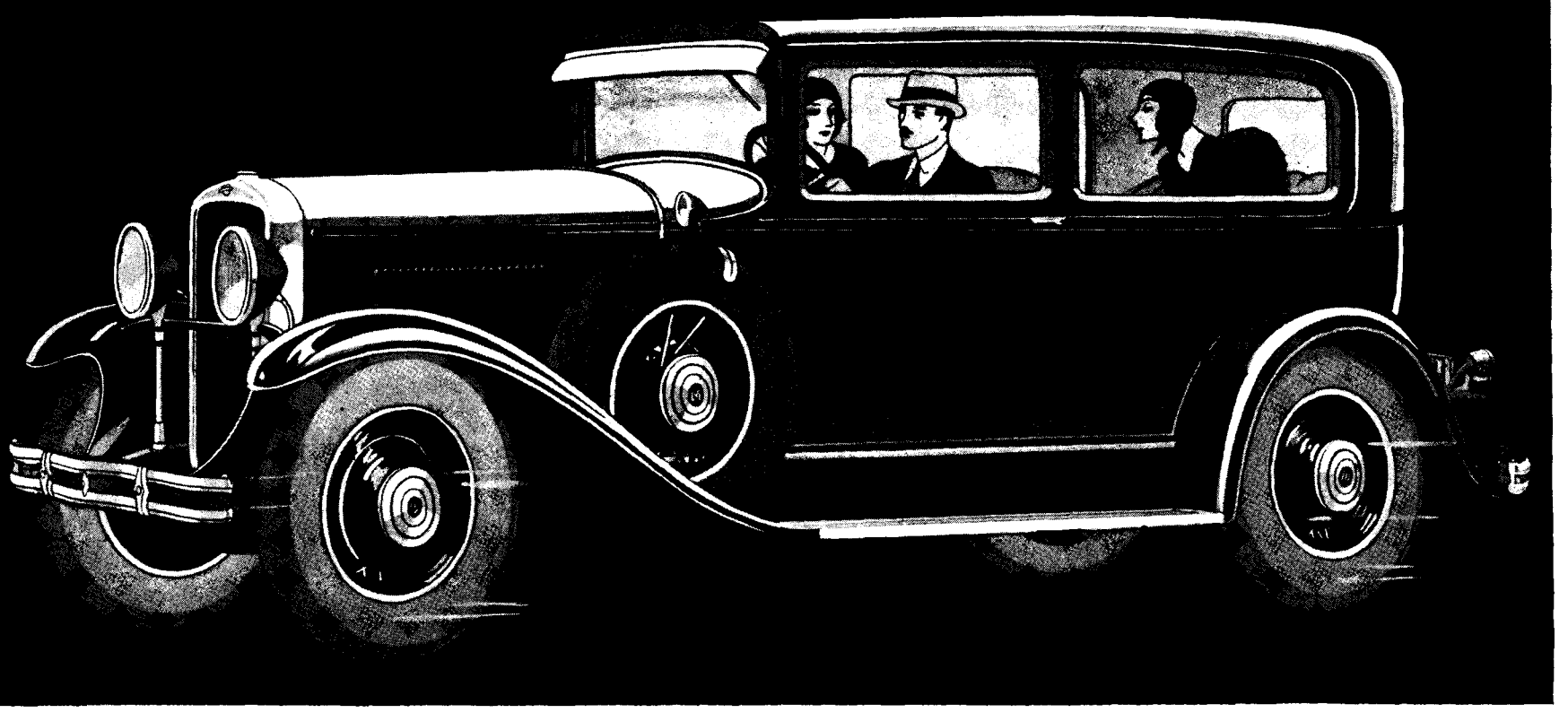
SIX BODY STYLES $965 TO $1035 F.O.B. BUICK FACTORY

SPECIAL EQUIPMENT EXTRA

Marquette



IMMEDIATELY upon its introduction, the Marquette met with the spontaneous approval of motorists everywhere. With nationwide enthusiasm, this eventful new six was welcomed as the long-looked-for car of Buick craftsmanship and dependability at a price within the reach of millions. ✻ Buick engineering genius, with a background of twenty-five years' manufacturing leadership, has produced in the Marquette a car as striking for its distinctive good taste as for the ease with which it leads its field in performance. The Marquette is fast—it's smooth—its response is instant and effortless. It is delightfully balanced and poised. It is satisfyingly capable and comfortable. ✻ And into this new automobile have been put the downright dependability, the sturdy substance, the intrinsic stamina that have made Buick-built cars the standard of comparison throughout the motoring world . . . an added measure of inherent worth that assures miles and miles of uninterrupted service. ✻ See the Marquette and you will be impressed by the smartness and distinction of its Bodies by Fisher. Drive the Marquette and and you will at once grant it leadership in its price class.

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✻ ✻ When better automobiles are built, *Buick* will build them ✻ ✻

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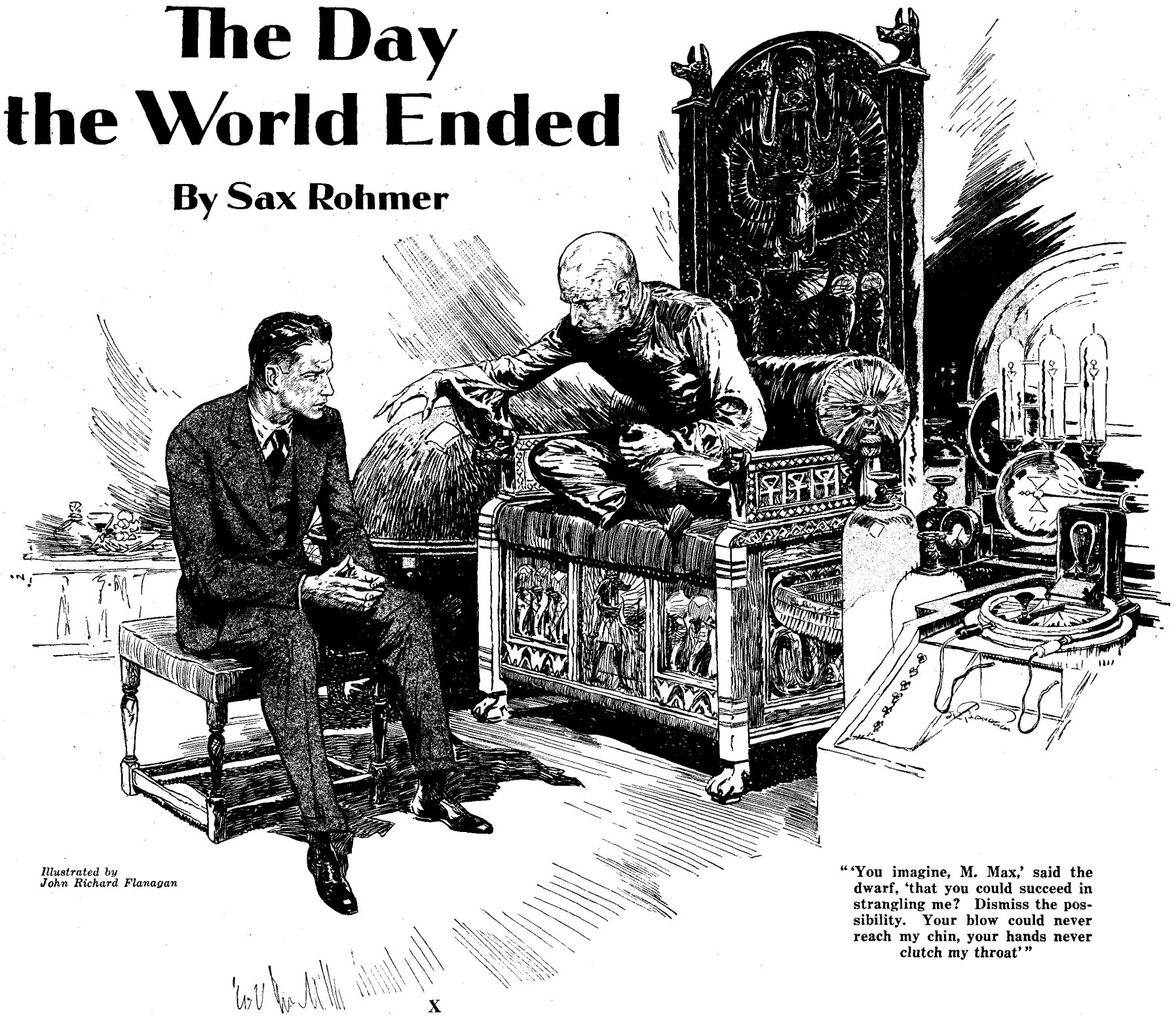
The Day the World Ended

By Sax Rohmer



Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

"'You imagine, M. Max,' said the dwarf, 'that you could succeed in strangling me? Dismiss the possibility. Your blow could never reach my chin, your hands never clutch my throat'"

X

The Story Thus Far:

BRIAN WOODVILLE, an explorer, is sent to Baden-Baden, Germany, to investigate a report about giant bats in the Black Forest. A bodiless voice warns him to leave. He joins forces with Lonergan of the U. S. Secret Service and Max of the Paris Sûreté, both of whom are trailing a Madame Yburg.

Woodville falls in love with Marusa. He learns that the mysterious forces which oppose him are controlled by a secret cult headed by Anubis, who is about to destroy the world. Only his followers will survive. Of these Marusa is one.

The Voice speaks: "Gaston Max, you shall survive for a thousand years. John Lonergan, your reward shall be oblivion. Woodville, upon you the decision shall rest."

The three men are separately trapped and taken to castle Felsenweir. Lonergan, apparently hypnotized, visits Woodville and urges him to become a follower of Anubis.

Woodville is admitted to the presence of the magnificent dwarf Anubis. He learns how Lonergan was deprived of volition, how the weird creatures which guard the castle are fabricated, he sees Gaston Max motionless and naked in a crystal coffin and he is shown two members of the Corps of Pages, beautiful girls who have virtually been reduced to automatons by Anubis. Paralyzed by the fear that Marusa is one of these, Woodville is dismissed—with the command that he make his decision within five hours. He has the freedom of the castle, and Lonergan, with will power restored, accompanies him. Herr Richter acts as guide. Woodville, slipping away, discovers a room filled with bat-like flying suits in which the followers of Anubis, supported by an energy wave, travel. Richter and Lonergan join him.

"ENERGY waves have a limited range," Herr Richter was speaking again, "and one station is insufficient. They're unlike *sound* waves. Sound can be transmitted from the laboratory here, all around the world and sound can kill...."

His enthusiasm carried him away.

"I will demonstrate, gentlemen, while we are here, this revolutionary system of flying. Imagine a series of overhead cables, a mile above the earth—invisible, as radio waves are invisible. No cumbersome mechanism is necessary. We carry no juice. Through the observation openings known as the 'eyes', we can study our course. Within the limitations of the route, this course is not constrained. There is a simple control. A child could master it. These suits are ready for use: allow me to show you."

Lonergan and I watching with all our eyes, Herr Richter stepped to a sort of narrow trench running parallel with the beam above, from which the "bats" were suspended.

"Movement one!"

He pulled a lever—and stepped aside.

The suit above slowly dropped. As it dropped, it opened out its pendulous belly!

"Standing beneath the flying-harness," Herr Richter explained—"it would have enveloped me. All I should have to do would be this—"

He dived into the suit. It closed upon him. . . . It opened. Sweating with enthusiasm, he dived out again.

"Then," he continued, "this happens—"

He moved sundry things, and the "bat" sank to the paved floor.

"Note the launching-rail—" he indicated it, a steel bar along the floor. "If I were now inside the suit, I should press my elbows outward, and the wings would expand! I should then watch for a blue light beyond the pit, there, and when I saw it, I should thrust hard against the launching-rail."

"Gee!" said Lonergan—"that's marvelous!"

"I regret," Herr Richter continued, "that Nicholson, the Flight Controller, is not on duty. Otherwise, I could complete my demonstration. But—please be very careful—we can peep down to the control-platform from which he directs outgoing and incoming flights. He is a Canadian. You would like him, Mr. Lonergan."

BACK in my room I tried to marshal in some order the incredible facts which I had learned.

Not the least of the wonders was that of the Black Watch, those caricatures of humanity—having each definite but limited functions, and controlled by the Watchmaster. His duties resembled those of the Captain of the Guard in ancient days. But how much more intricate they were!

The troops under his command responded to a sort of amazing keyboard by means of which he could control them, limit their actions, follow their course!

It was Science gone mad—or, rather, it was a small piece of the world in charge of a superman whose genius had leaped many centuries into the future. I tried to review what Richter had told me about the "neutral zones," in charge of local officials all over the globe. The Brothers of Anubis all were armed with some sort of contrivance which insured immunity from that sound-blast which which was to destroy humanity. . . .

Here at last was the explanation of those vampire rumors which had brought me to the Black Forest! Lonergan's mission and the tragedy of the Pyrénées appeared in a new light.

With these data in my possession, plus what Lonergan, Max and I had learned from personal observation, it was obvious that the creature who called himself Anubis held the fate of millions of lives in the hollows of those talon-like hands!

(*Continued on page 26*)

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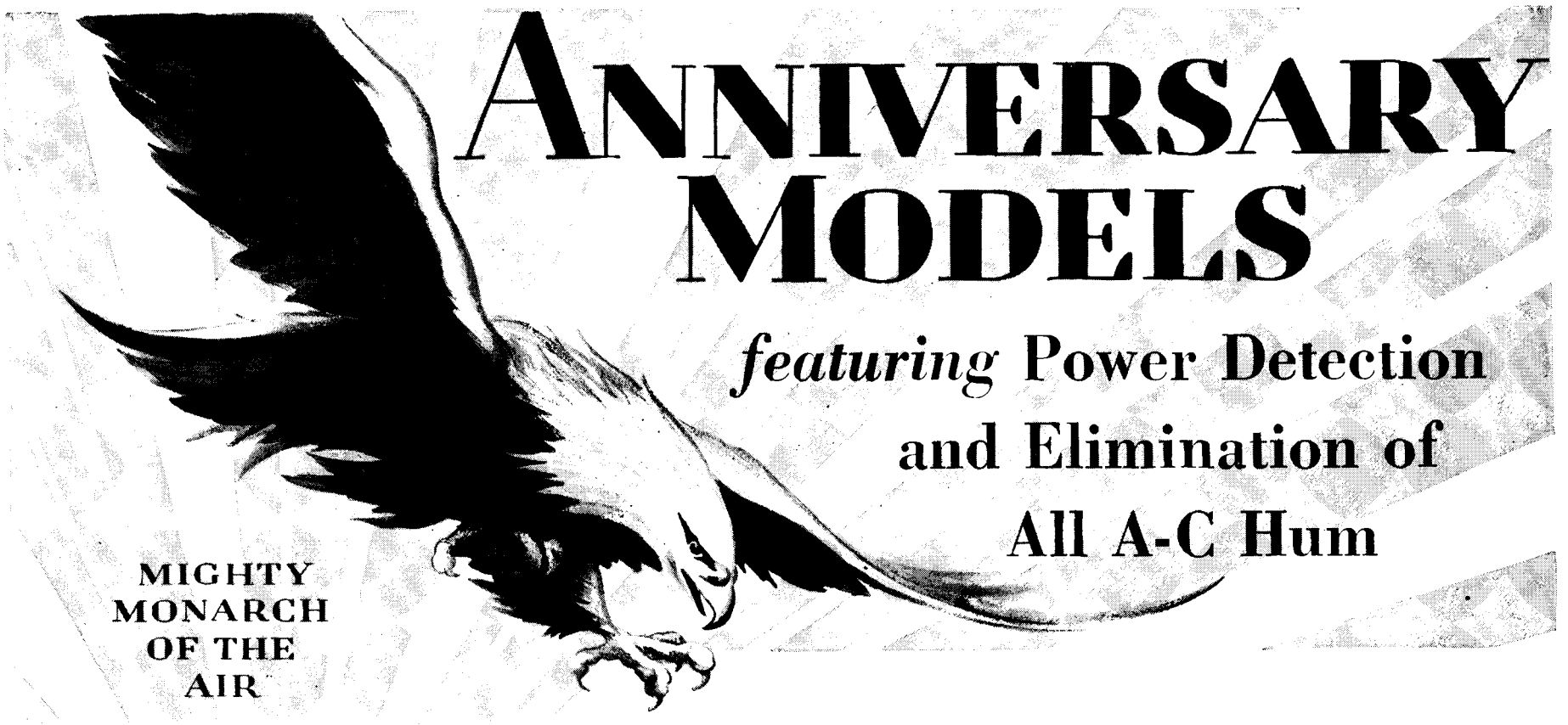
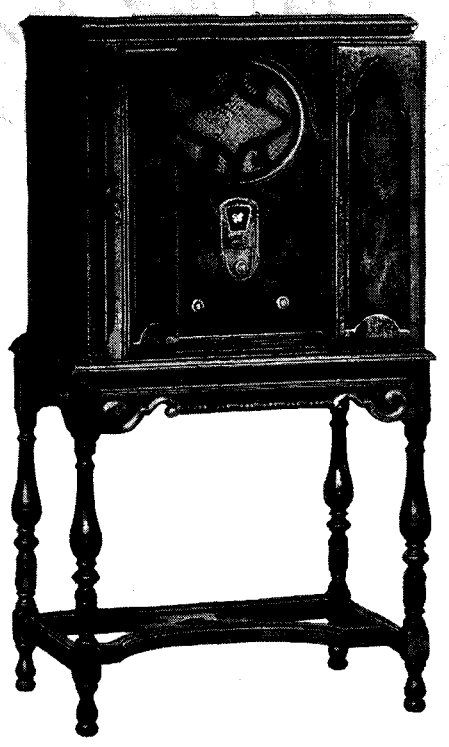


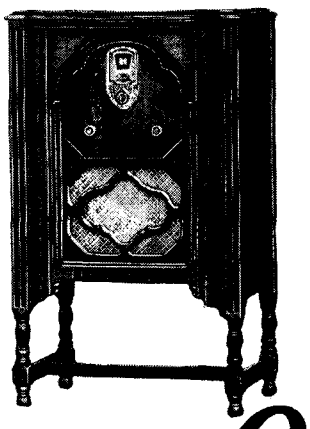
ANNIVERSARY MODELS

featuring Power Detection and Elimination of All A-C Hum

MIGHTY MONARCH OF THE AIR



MODEL 92 Absolutely no hum and no oscillation at any wave length. Automatic sensitivity control gives uniform sensitivity and amplification in both high and low wave lengths. Improved MajesticSuper-DynamicSpeaker. Extra heavy, sturdy Majestic Power-Pack. Jacobean period cabinet of American Walnut. Doors of matched butt walnut with overlays on doors and interior panel of genuine imported Australian Lacewood. Escutcheon plate, knobs and door pulls finished in genuine silver.



MODEL 91 Power Detection and the *new* –45 tubes plus four tuned stages of radio frequency enables Majestic to produce the most powerful and selective radio set ever built. Absolutely no hum and no oscillation at any wave length. Improved MajesticSuper-DynamicSpeaker. Early English design cabinet of American Walnut. Instrument panel overlaid with genuine imported Australian Lacewood. Escutcheon plate and knobs finished in genuine silver.

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POWER Detection, developed to its highest form by Majestic engineers, enables Majestic to give you the *most powerful and selective radio set built*—without the slightest trace of A-C hum, and free from squeals and whistles at all wave lengths. "Background" noises are practically eliminated, so that power detection and the *new* type –45 power tubes can give you

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Another triumph of research is the exclusively Majestic feature, *Automatic Sensitivity Control*, assuring equal sensitivity and range at *all* points on the dial, while adjusting only the tuning knob. Now, for the first time, you can enjoy low wave stations with no "fuzzy," garbled reception—and you secure full range and volume on the higher waves. In the Majestic Anniversary Models, reception is clear and strong, free from hum or distortion, *anywhere on the dial!*

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I was assured—I dared not doubt—that the sound-waves which he proposed to send around the globe in geometrically considered directions, so that no inhabited territory was left out of the design, must end life . . . whenever he willed!

Anubis, whoever he might be, possessed the brain of six men of genius. He was a dreadful phenomenon!

Curious to reflect that with such gigantic intelligence he yet was not immune from the vice of ambition. He aspired to rule the world, but recognized that with the millions now populating it, such an aspiration was futile. Therefore, coldly logical, he had determined to reduce his vast kingdom to controllable dimensions.

Frenziedly, I paced up and down my silent apartment. I believed myself free temporarily from the ever-watchful Master. Richter, that cold-blooded enthusiast with the eyes of a child, had said something which had led me to believe that the dreaded lord of Felsenweir was resting. After all, the most gigantic brain cannot dispense entirely with sleep!

But I knew that I was very near to the borderland—for why otherwise should I drop on the bed and clutch my head with twitching fingers?

To be defeated, helpless, with one's future in pawn, was a condition calculated to madden any man of action! Yet at this moment, such was my state.

I heard the familiar whine of an ascending elevator. I raised my face. I don't doubt it was haggard. The panel lifted. The elevator reached floor level.

Marusa stepped out. . . .

I DON'T know how it happened, but by some mutual impulse we found ourselves in one another's arms!

And when Marusa's sweet lips met mine, it seemed the most natural thing in the world.

She snuggled her face against my shoulder, and:

"Have you forgotten," I said, "that we are heard and seen?"

"We are *not!*" she replied. "The Master of our destinies is sleeping!"

The idea—although I had suspected it—struck me with all the charm of novelty. Of course, even the superhuman dwarf must sleep, sometimes!

"But even when Anubis is sleeping," I said, "surely someone else is watching?"

Marusa stood back from me and nodded, slowly.

"The Chief Chemist takes charge," she replied. "But the Chief Chemist will not be watching; because in the first place the Chief Chemist is my friend, and in the second place, she has other duties tonight. . . ."

I tried to hold her, but she slipped away and dropped into an armchair. I stood watching her.

Women have told me of men whose glance seems to strip them. I am not one of these, yet I believe that my glance now must have possessed those properties. It was directed and fired by my imagination—and my imagination held before me an image of Marusa as one of that infamous Corps of Pages!

I seemed to see the golden turban tightly knotted about her shapely head. . . : Suddenly, meeting my glance with one which held a challenge:

"What are you thinking?" she demanded.

"I am thinking of Anubis," I replied.

"Anubis!"

She grasped my hand. "Do you mean you have seen him?"

"Certainly."

"How wonderful! Do you know, I have been in this queer place for three months, and I have never set eyes on him yet!"

"What!"

"Truly. He is a sort of nightmare to me. I can't doubt his powers—who could? There's no room for doubt. But sometimes I picture him in one way, and sometimes in another."

Marusa went on talking. But her words came to me as through a mist, dimly perceived.

She had never seen Anubis!

"When you refer to the Chief Chemist," I said, "do you mean Madame Yburg? Because, I know she is your friend. I've seen you with her."

Marusa started. "Have you? I didn't know. But after all it's no more than natural. She is my mother."

"What!"

"Does it seem queer? She has made this thing her life-work, you see. She has lots of degrees—she's clever, far more clever than I shall ever be. My father was killed in the last German attack on Ypres. Yes! He was a Prussian officer. Do you hate me?"

"No. Why should I hate you? How *could* I? It seems very odd, though, that you should have been educated in England."

"Yes, it does," Marusa admitted. "But up to the time of the war it had always been my father's wish and his intention.

SOMETIMES one is called upon to make such rapid mental readjustments that they create a sort of gap in the consciousness. This was what happened to me on learning that Madame Yburg was Marusa's mother. Then, out of the gap, a great joy rose up—a recognition not only of my love for the girl, but of the hideousness of my former suspicions.

Everything pointed to the fact that Madame Yburg, next to Anubis, was the most powerful figure in this strange movement, involving, I could not doubt, every inhabitant of the globe. Marusa was her daughter! Therefore, definitely, she was not one of the Corps of Pages; she was not a laboratory product! She was *real*, as I had first conceived her to be: strong, healthy, beautiful, clean-minded, approaching as nearly as frail flesh can approach to that ideal which every lover builds, a fragile monument, when first he recognizes his idol.

There was an interval which I might be able to recall but which I had no desire to report. There are limits even to the zeal of the professional copy-hunter. . . .

From this phase the first recollection which emerges is an expression of Marusa's:

"If *you* don't want to stay, I can see no reason why *I* should. I have always enjoyed a certain amount of freedom, and now, after all, I shall be twenty next birthday. I think I'm competent to choose my own course."

"What do you mean?"

"Mother says there's no choice in the matter. Until you came, I never doubted her, but Anubis, clever though he is, may nevertheless be wrong."

"Then you mean. . . ?"

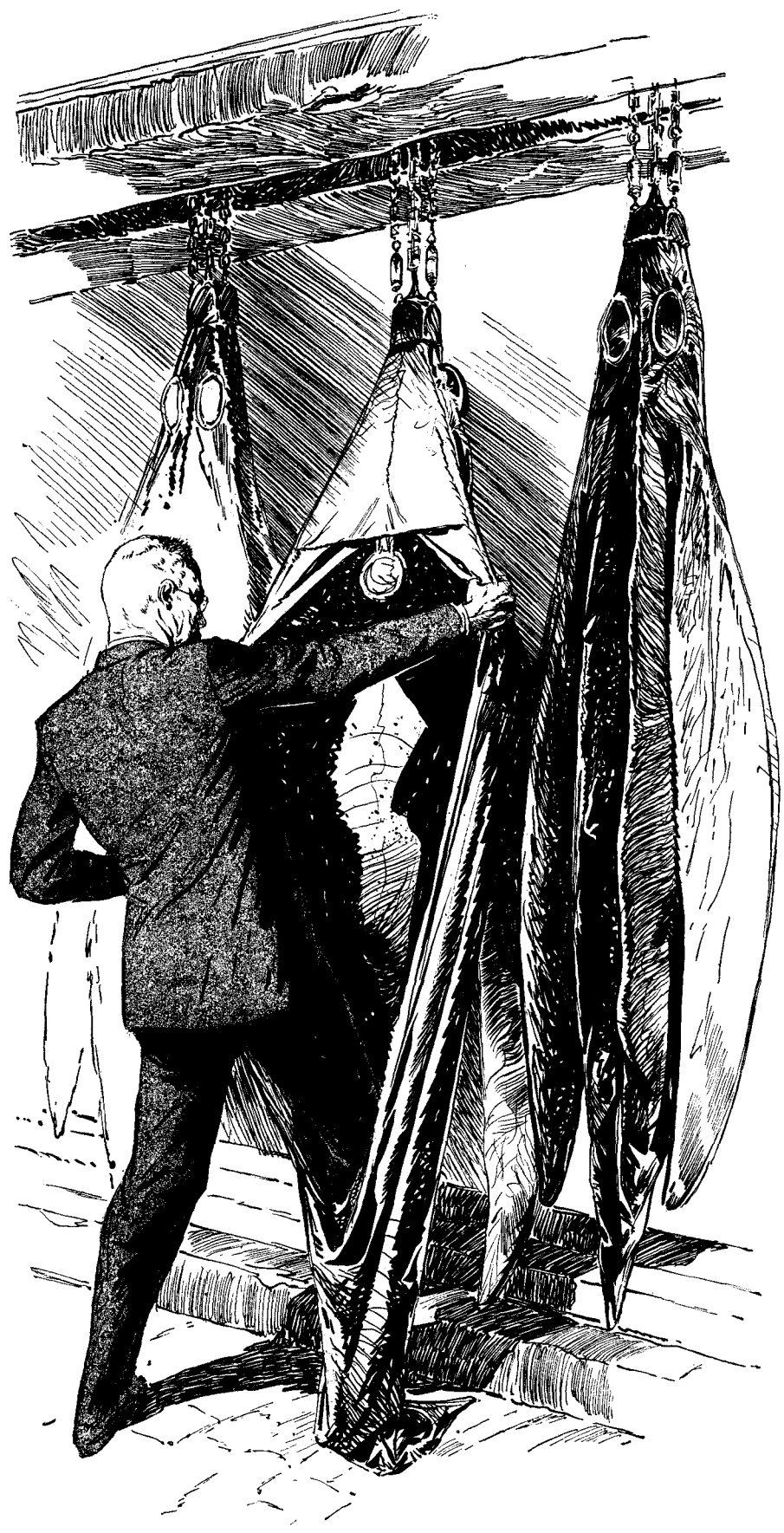
"I don't think I'm entirely clear," Marusa admitted, "as to what I *do* mean. But I had to see you again tonight, as I understand that it's critical, in some way."

"You're right. Certainly a psychological moment is approaching!"

"I know I'm right. Mother doesn't quite realize that I've outgrown childhood—have ideas of my own. I haven't done anything definite—I'm not clever enough to have thought of anything. But your friend Mr. Lonergan is practically free of the place—and he's *very* clever, isn't he? You understand? Do you, or don't you? I mean I've done my uttermost. If, after *all*, you're determined to crash with the mob. . . ."

"Yes?"

"Well. . . . *I* don't particularly want to go on."



"All I should have to do," Richter explained. He dived into the suit

THE silence which followed Marusa's departure bore down upon me with what seemed almost physical pressure. I had learned so much, and even now I knew so little. But my heart sang; for all those horrible doubts of the past were swept away. At least she was human—real—lovable! I had not, as once my dreadful imaginings had suggested, given my heart to a shadow.

But I was a captive—a fly netted in the web! Always underlying my reflections was the dread from moment to moment of the Voice!

Anubis was sleeping! How soundly did he sleep and for how long? At any time, I thought, he might awake. Secondly, what was the purpose of Madame Yburg? I understood at last what I had hitherto failed to fathom—the critical interest which I had detected in the laboratory. I knew now, or I thought I knew, why she had seemed to be weighing me up. . . .

I wondered if egoism spoke. I wondered if I might dare to believe that she approved of my love for Marusa—that she countenanced it—was prepared to further it. But how far? Under what conditions?

Always I had distrusted the elegant MadameYburg, but hitherto my distrust had been based upon frankly childish superstitions. Now, it had firmer foundation. I knew her for what she was: Chief Officer of the blackest menace which had ever threatened the world!

This, Marusa did not know—did not suspect! It was because of my realization of her ignorance that I was wildly happy.

Happy! Much (*Continued on page 50*)

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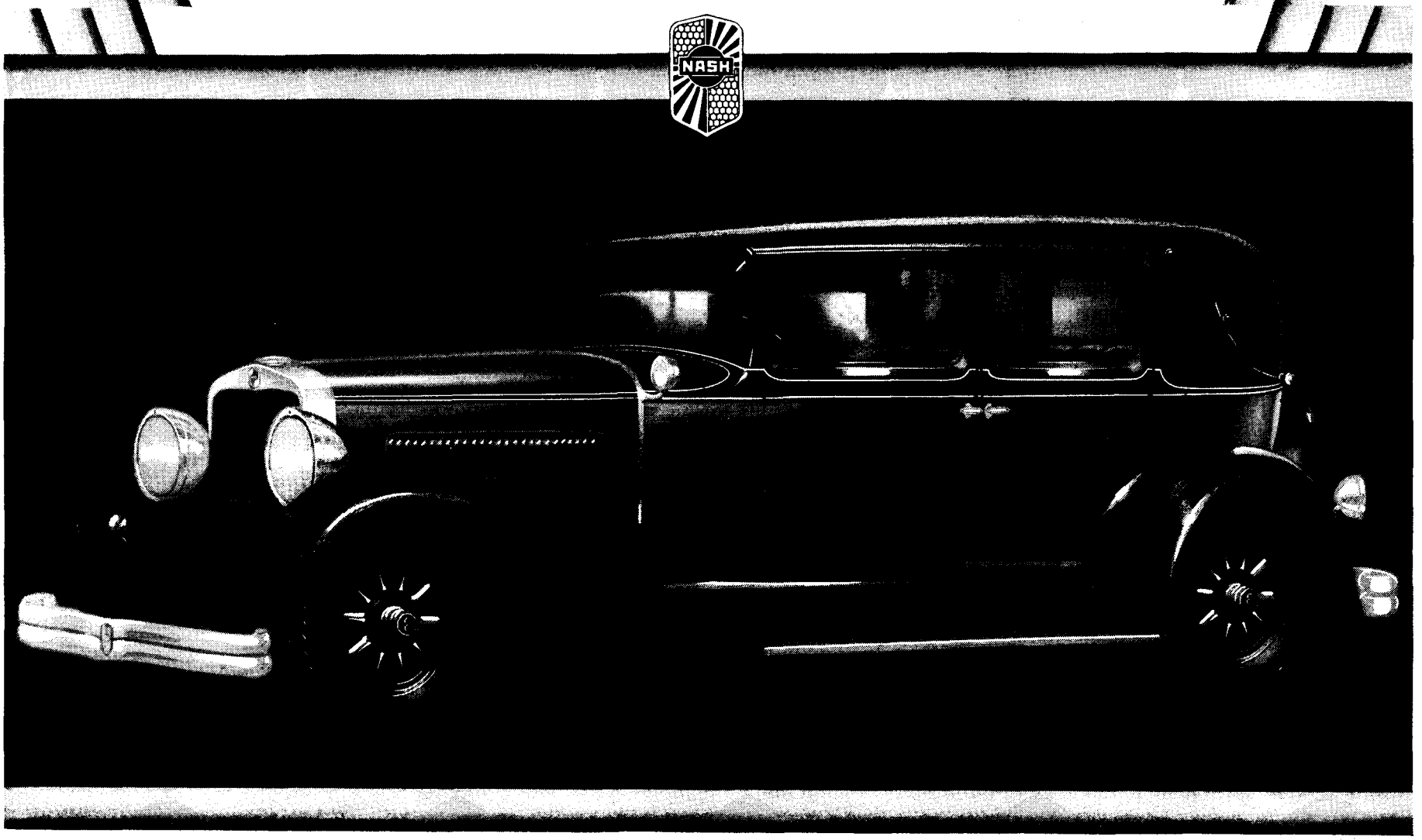
Proof of Nash Engineering Leadership

is found in "400" Performance



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Eve in Action

By Betty Thornley

Sleeveless, stockingless, backless and just a shade more reckless than last summer are the current modes in a season dedicated to heathenish sun-worship

IT USED to be thought that women dressed to please men. The next stage of our mental evolution brought the idea that they dressed to get ahead of other women. But today the eye-level slant is quite out of the picture; we fix our gaze on somebody who is ninety-two millions of miles away and make all our summer fashions to coax his glances on as much of us as possible—His Majesty the Sun.

Lines, colors, materials—the whole mode is predicated on the certainty that we're set on getting a gorgeous, golden, healthful tan—and spotlighting it. The highly advertised "international set" fly around from one beach to the other all year long, tanning all over. The merely rich, who are modified gypsies, start their sunburn *au naturel*, keep it up later in town with sun-ray lamps and go about looking down their perfectly finished noses at the rest of us. We of the rank and file who have nothing but a summer vacation and a series of hectic week-ends to space out the pull of the job may give ourselves a leg up the burning ladder with some one of the host of new sun-tan cosmetics that make us appear to have acquired the color of our dreams overnight.

Uniformed Henchmen of the Sun

But in the main, when we go away for our holidays we enter a world not planned for underdone skins like ours—a world that is sleeveless, all but backless, generally stockingless—a world built around ladies who don't look naked no matter how much they leave off, because the sun has already given them a coat all over.

People who worship this new god of the moderns with every inch of their bodies that the police will permit want to stay outdoors as much as possible. All women at summer resorts this year will wear the current uniform, ever the same in essentials but endlessly diversified in detail.

This uniform, brought down to its basic formula, consists of a brief cool little bit of material that slides over the head all in one piece. It never has sleeves. It always has a moderately low neckline in front. It is usually cut out behind to the same depth as an evening dress. It mustn't be skimpy in the skirt or binding anywhere. Its washability is taken for granted.

Dull silks are the most popular materials for it—silk piqué, shantung, men's shirtings of various sorts, new *toiles de soie* and so on. Cottons, too, are immensely chic—piqué, linen, gabardine and sudanette, that latest arrival which looks so much like silk one can hardly tell them apart.

Variety is a matter of cut—but even more largely a matter of color. All shades should be modified when worn over tan skin. This is why clear, dead white is the most dramatic color of all.

Pattern very seldom appears; plain tones look cooler, younger, less dressed up and more clean-cut in this bare sketch of a dress that Eve in Action wears all day. For golf the whole palette of the moment is available; but white, of course, is the only smart wear for tennis.

And so it comes gloriously about that the current girl on nothing a year can go vacationing just as serenely as the lady with millions up the sleeve she hasn't got. The million-lady will have a greater number of brief little dresses, and they'll doubtless carry greater names on their labels. But the girl on nothing frequently has a better figure on which to put them, and the big popular-priced manufacturers who are on their toes about style have little difficulty in giving her worth-while approximations in line and color.

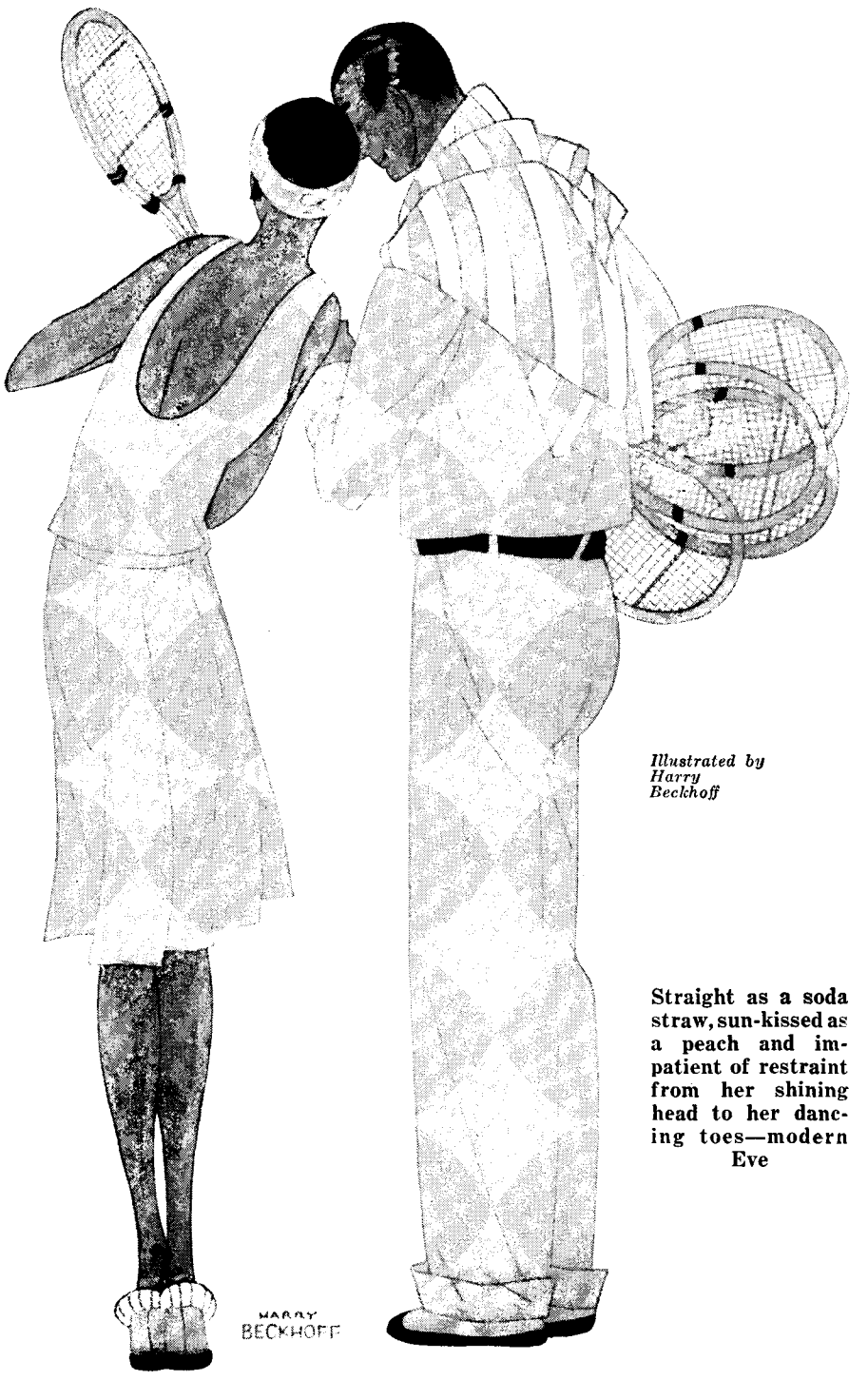
Under the brief little dress she wears even less than her mother would have thought possible—so little, indeed, that her grandmother in heaven and Mussolini thundering about the morals of his New Roman Empire think her primrose path has led her over a precipice. Underwear is reduced to two pieces or even one, cut to eliminate inches up and down, as well as inches round and round and ounces all over.

Such underwear resembles nothing so much as a second skin; a loose skin that permits breathing, wriggling and being vehemently alive all over. Practically no trimming is used, aside from tiny bindings. Boyish models are frequently followed, some of them cut in feather-weight, pastel-toned balbriggan that looks about as masculine as the wearer's own bob.

Stockings began to show the way of all flesh last year. This summer, even fewer of us will wear them, for the sizable brigade that couldn't then go stockingless, because they couldn't also go girdleless, have had their problem solved. Last year's girdles were dependent on garters attached to stockings to keep them down around the equator where they belonged. This year sees a new girdle that stays put without stockings, thanks to a species of elastic bracelet that hugs the top of the leg.

Then there is, of course, the so-called "bare-legged stocking" that matches the tan of the arms. But Eve in Action, straight as a soda-straw, sun-kissed as a peach and impatient of restraint from her shining head to her dancing toes, will flash her slim legs on every beach in the world and go to tea as joyfully stockingless as she jumps out of bed.

Strange to say, the same year that sees the final emancipation of legs sees also their voluntary retirement into trousers. Pyjamas for sleeping, for lolling on the sand, for wearing at home, are no novelty.



Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff

Straight as a soda straw, sun-kissed as a peach and impatient of restraint from her shining head to her dancing toes—modern Eve

But today the sports pyjama has taken on new forms. Some of them have developed a nautical look—sailor-boy trousers full at the bottom and laced at the hips, topped with a tuck-in-blouse and a tailored jacket. These are made not only in silk, but—smarter still—in cotton.

Others again, even newer, have gone frankly farmerette—in the gay cotton overall that women who sponsor innovations are buying by the half-dozen.

Indeed, the overall idea has jumped into such popularity that it has encouraged the appearance of a shorter, slimmer, more retiring partner known as the "overall underall," severely tailored in white crêpe de Chine, boyish to a degree—and frankly unthinkable with "hips."

But it takes the third incarnation of the sport pyjama to make such a woman really realize her birthdays in all their devastating pillowyness, for here is the new tennis costume of the youngest, straightest set—flannel trousers, if you please, with a tuck-in blouse of white men's shirting open at the throat, and nothing but a red suède belt to give any indication that the *tout ensemble* hasn't been devised for the college boy it suggests!

The funny part of this sudden popularity of trousers is the opposition they've already aroused. One might have expected it from the reformers—woman's place is in a skirt, or where is modesty going to? But that isn't the source of the growls at all.

The objectors frankly assert that this new sports mode is too darn' modest—and surely there's something in *that*. The one costume in this same general feeling that puts the performer into trousers and still permits the audience its legs is the exercise suit with pleated shorts, so far reserved for yachting wear.

Jackets and More Jackets

Arms aren't going to be nearly as much in evidence as legs—if that's any news. For the brief little dresses are always sure to have brief little jackets at hand; these are the great-granddaughters of the dear old cardigan. The smartest little sports jacket of the moment is the one in brown silk—unlined, collarless, without fastenings and with comfortably wide sleeves.

This brown jacket looks equally well over white, yellow, beige, pink, blue, green. It matches the second color in our white shoes and frequently echoes the band of our trim medium-brimmed hat in natural straw.

Of course there are other jackets by the dozen that can be added to the elastic wardrobe (*Continued on page 52*)

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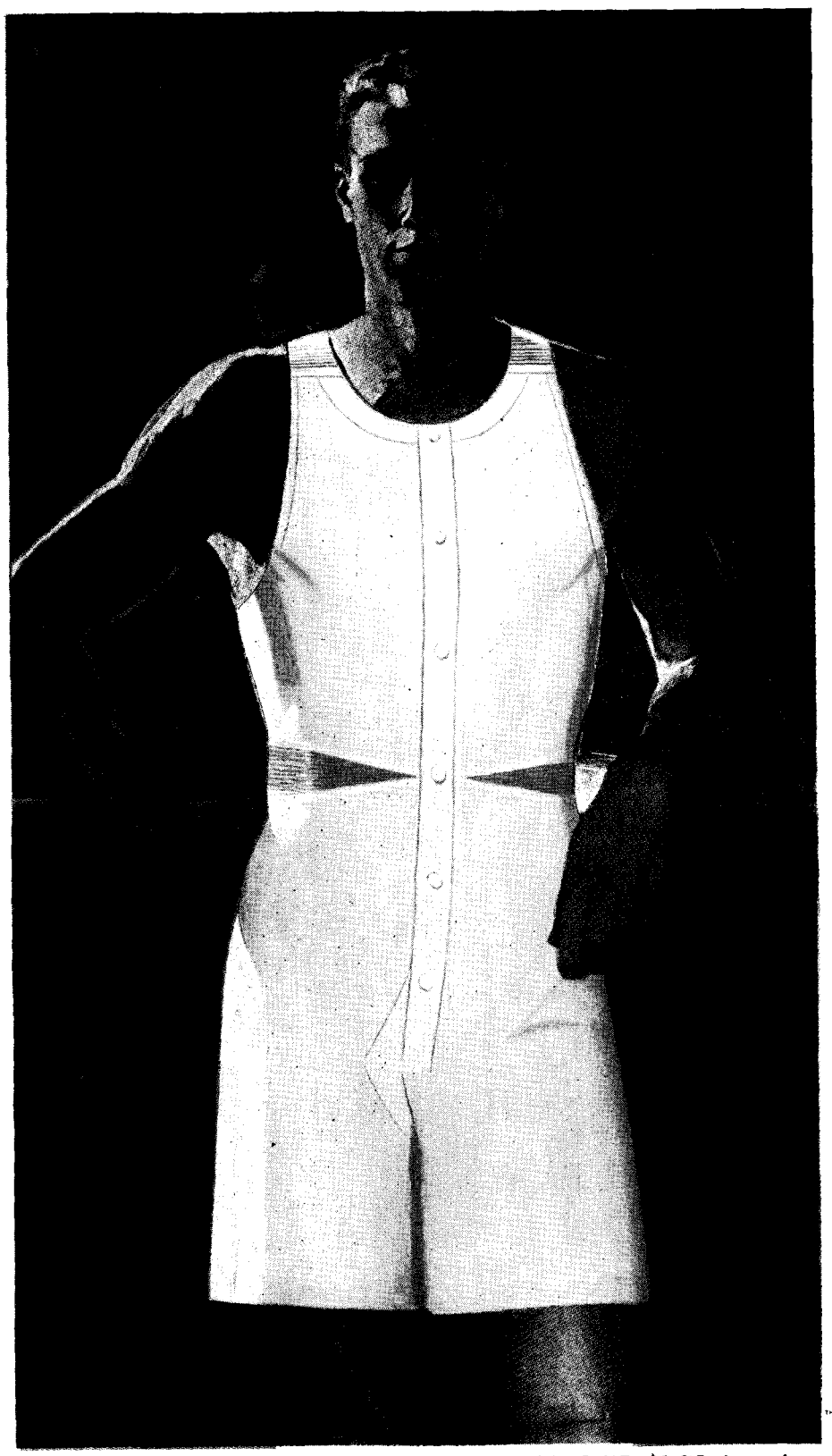

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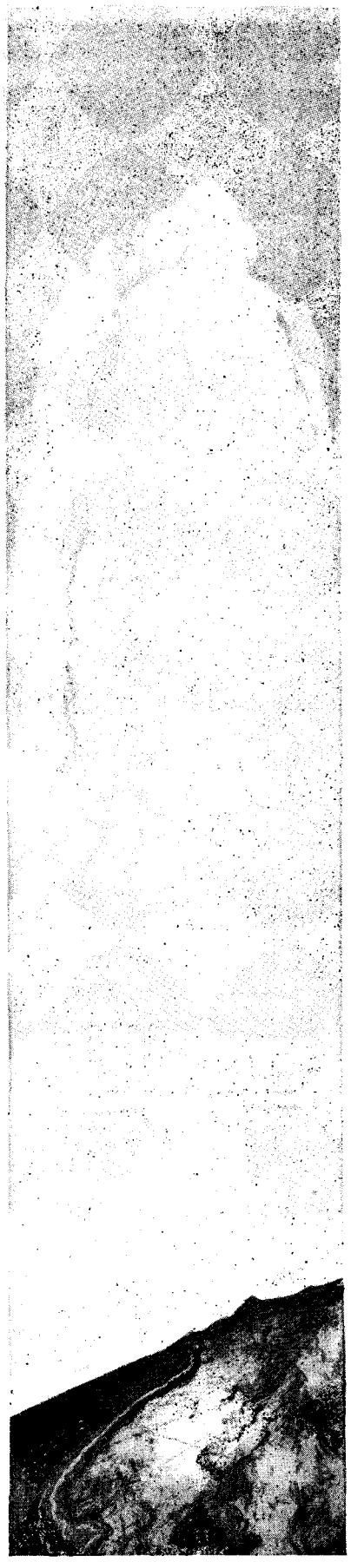

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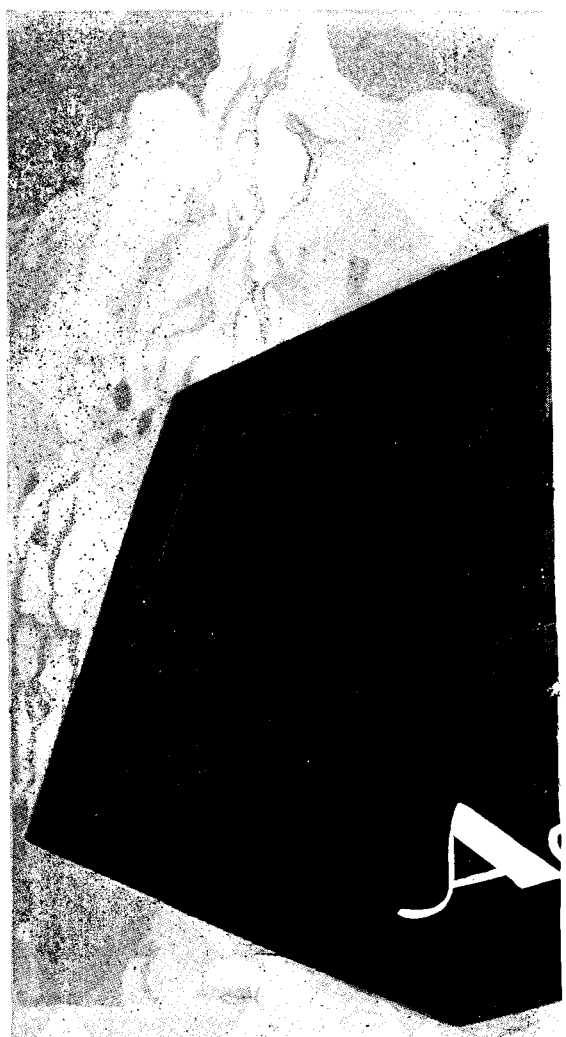
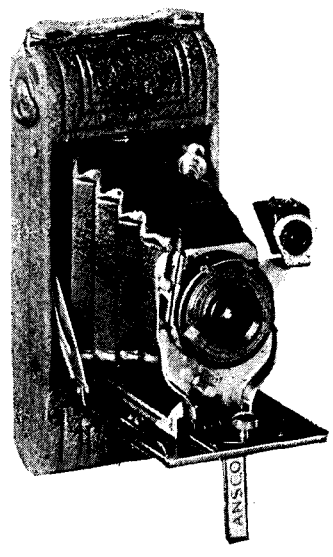


ANSCO Readyset ROYAL



AGFA Film in an Ansco Readyset—there's a combination that means 100% *carefree pictures.* The Readyset *is a folding camera with complications* left out. No focusing. No adjusting.

And for real style, there is nothing to surpass the Readyset Royal. Finished in ostrich-grain leather, with russet bellows, and etched shutter plate, it fully lives up to its title — America's most beautiful camera.

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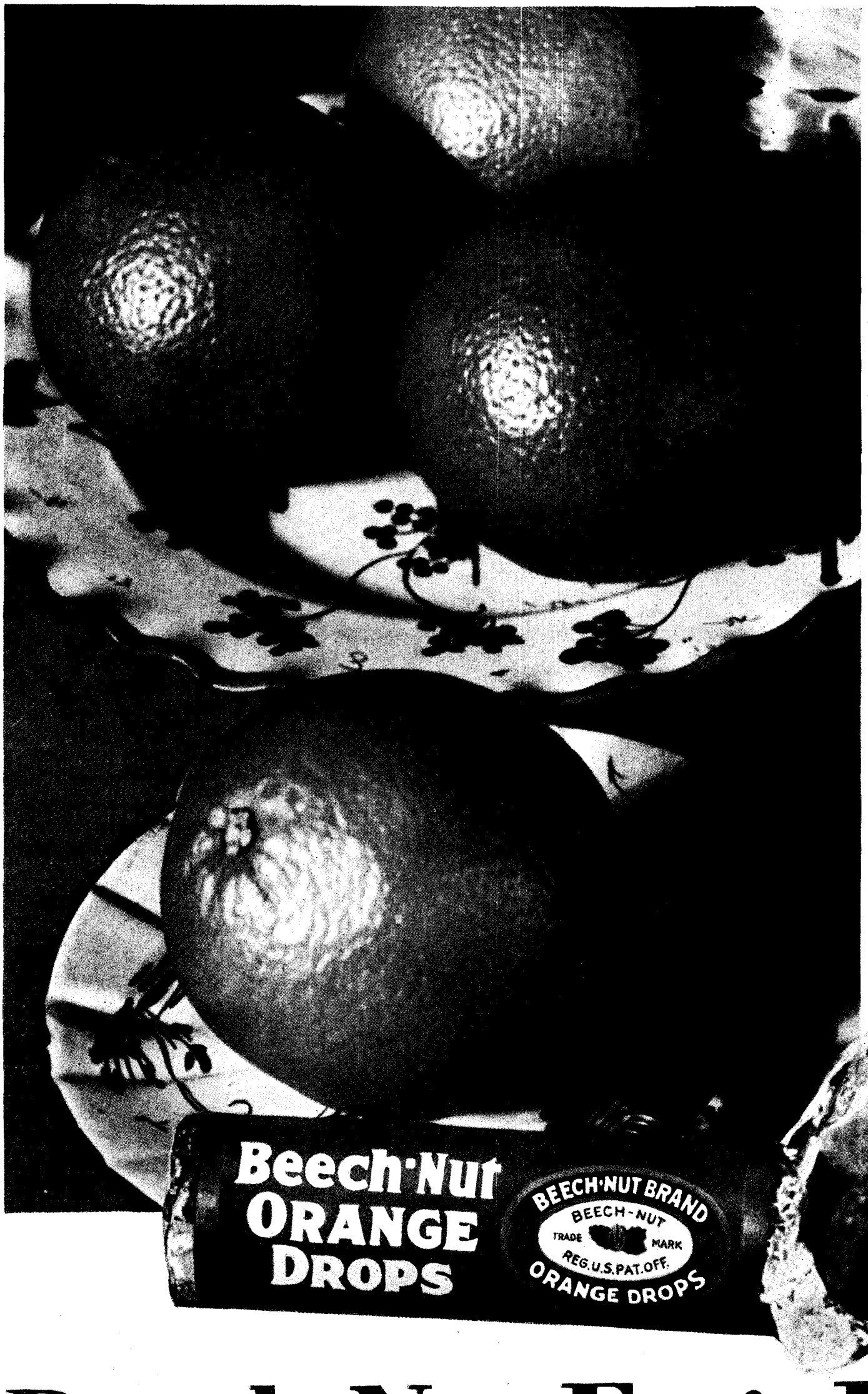

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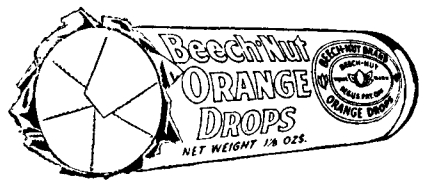
Orange juice — orange flavor! What is more refreshing? And that is why these Beech-Nut Orange Drops are so pleasant on the tongue. They're the very best kind of candy for children. And remember *this* —they're *fresher* than any other kind.



Why they keep fresh

The Beech-Nut package is actually moisture-proof. These Beech-Nut candy drops are first rolled in wax paper, the ends tightly closed, and then re-rolled in foil. Result—absolute freshness. A kind of wrap *exclusively Beech-Nut*. Buy Beech-Nut hard candies always—for their *extra* freshness.

ORANGE
LEMON
LIME
flavors

5¢

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CARS THAT STAY YOUNG

AWAY on motor-wings, going places, doing things... years of miles go by... what of it?

Youth perennial *abides* in cars Timken-equipped. The threat of thrust, speed, shock and torque is safely entrusted to [illegible] ination— Timken tapered

AT

Cars That Stay Young

CROSSES INDICATE "TIMKEN-EQUIPPED" POINTS

MAKE	MODEL	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
Auburn	All	x.	x.	x.	...	x.
Cadillac	All	x.	x.	...	x.	x.
Chrysler	De Soto	x.	x.	x.	...	x.
	Plymouth	x.	x.	x.	...	x.
	65 & 75	x.	x.	x.	...	x.
	Imperial	x.	...	...	...	x.
Cunningham	All	x.	x.	x.	...	x.
Dodge	All	x.	x.	...	...	x.
Durant	40, 60, 66	x.	x.	x.	...	...
	70	x.	x.	x.	...	x.
Elcar	75	x.	x.	x.	...	x.
	95, 96, 120	x.	x.	...	...	x.
Ford	All	x.	...	x.	x.	x.
Franklin	All	x.	x.	x.	x.	x.
Gardner	All	x.	x.	x.	...	x.
Graham-Paige	612	...	x.	x.	x.	x.
	615	...	...	...	...	x.
	621, 827	...	...	...	x.	x.

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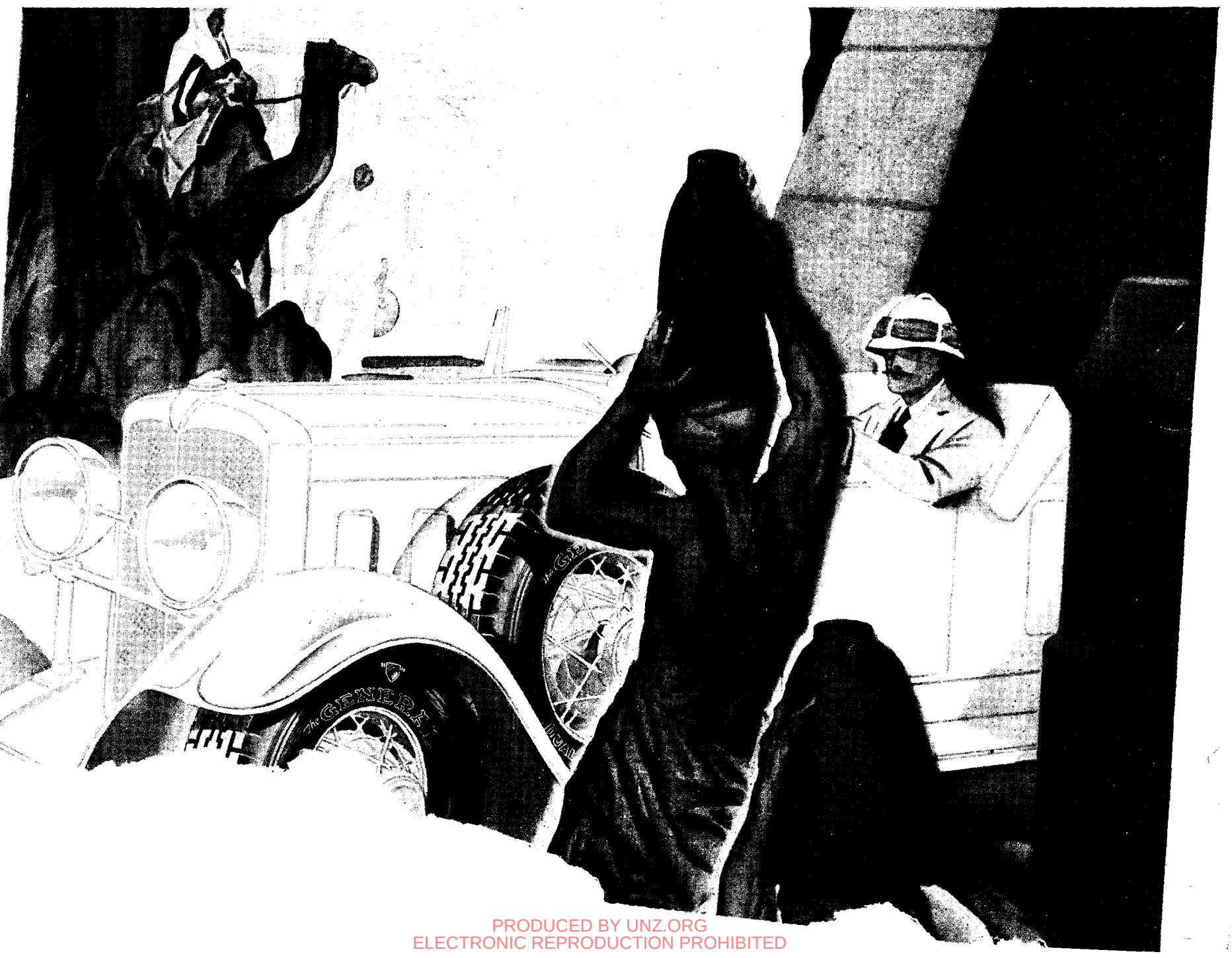
The new General *Dual*-Balloon "8" delivers its surplus of big mileage with luxurious riding comfort—the cradle-like effect of 33⅓% greater deflation than single balloons are able to stand and *without the rebound.* ~ ~ More than a balloon—a *Dual*-Balloon—and an "8" too. Advancing beyond all former balloon-tire standards. Not just an 8-ply tire, but an 8-ply base carcass with three rubber cushion plys. ~ ~ A softer but stronger tire—no slips. More non-skid tread on the road and longer lasting. The rubber plys inside the tire give and let the whole tire grip the road like a cat's paw. The same rubber plys take the road shocks *in* the tire—an amazing difference shown by impact recorder tests. ~ ~ Twenty thousand, forty thousand, sixty thousand miles—surpassing even the great mileage records of former Generals. ~ ~ For the millions who ride on rubber the *Dual*-Balloon "8" is the epitome of progress—confirming the fact that the longest experience with Top-Quality will always lead the way. Built in Akron, Ohio, by The General Tire and Rubber Company.



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Still Waters

By Frederic F. Van de Water

Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr

"Wait," she cried. "You can't. You mustn't." Her voice was sharply beseeching. "They've come to search the place. I heard them speak of it"

The Story Thus Far:

DESIRE MINOT breaks her engagement with Richard York of Aristides, New York, because he drinks.

Returning from New York, Richard meets Ignatius Tucket, known as Dip, who takes him to a speak-easy run by Ehud Meister. Richard has a fight with Clow, chief of police, whose gun he gets and keeps.

Dip and Richard find the summer house on the property of the boy's uncle Adrian filled with cases of liquor. When Richard tells his uncle about this Adrian calls it an alcoholic mirage and laughingly threatens to disinherit Richard, who, in the same tone, threatens to kill him before he can do it.

Richard, going to town to make his peace with Clow, gives two men a lift. Desire Minot hails him, mistaking him for Skeen, her chauffeur. The two men knock Desire and Richard unconscious. Corporal Tarleton, a state trooper, finds them and tells them Adrian has been murdered. They are taken to the Minot residence where Richard is savagely questioned by Chief Clow. He tells of the liquor cache—but the summer house is empty. Lucius, Adrian's chauffeur, testifies that he heard Richard threaten to kill his uncle. When Richard denies firing the chief's gun, it is produced, with one cartridge used.

With the aid of Tucket, Richard escapes from jail. Tucket tells Clow that Rose Michaux, with whom the Chief is infatuated, is with Meister. The Chief in a rage rushes to Rose's home and waits on the porch.

III

ONCE or twice, a plank creaked faintly as Clow stirred. Otherwise his vigil was lowering and silent as the midnight's wet stillness. This was broken at last by the drone of an approaching automobile, the glare of headlights turning into the street. The police chief moved convulsively, gasped and was silent again. He winced as the car drew up before the cottage and a woman laughed, but he made no sound.

Long minutes passed while from within the car came the mumble of a male voice and once, the woman's raised in specious protest. Clow stepped forward, to rear back like a hard-reined horse. Moths swarmed like sparks in the bright shafts of the lamps. The woman laughed again. The car door clicked and he heard Meister's voice say clearly: "I mean it, honey. Will you?"

"I—I guess so," she faltered with a giggle and came up the walk toward the waiting chief. The automobile rolled away. Clow did not speak until she fumbled at the keyhole.

"Rose," he said hoarsely.

The key clattered to the porch. She staggered and caught its railing.

"Oh, my Gawd," she gasped and then with a titter added: "Ooo, you scared me, Stevie."

"I got a mind," he told her—and his throat seemed choked—"to kill you."

For an instant, his threat seemed a blanket enveloping body and voice. Then she giggled again, placatingly, and laid her hand on his arm.

"Stevie," she begged. "You're not going to act foolish."

He pulled away as though he feared her touch would soften resolution.

"You been runnin' with Ehud Meister again," he accused. "Damn him, I'll show him if—"

She moved forward and caught his hands. Her palms were warm, smooth and soft.

"I had," she faltered, "I had to go to the drug store. I had to get some medicine for Momma. That's all. Mr. Meister gave me a lift home."

His groan was like a stricken beast's. He caught her hands and crushed them till she whimpered, yet the pain seemed to draw her closer to him. Perfume was in his nostrils. Her body was yielding against his and now his arms drew her nearer still. He caught the reek of liquor on her breath, but he only said, miserably:

"YOU was down in the garden again tonight, Rose. You lie to me alla time."

"Only just a minute, Stevie," she crooned, smoothing his face with her silken hand. "Only a minute while Mr. Meister got his car out. That was all, Stevie. Rose is your girl, dearie."

"Rose," he growled helplessly, "you're gonna play fair with me, if I have to kill—somebody. I ain't gonna stand you runnin' around with other men. I've warned you before, Rose."

"I can't help it," she plead, "if other men chase me, Stevie." She kissed his chin and tittered. "A girl's not to blame if men like her, is she?"

She lifted her face toward his. He bent and kissed her. They stood a long minute, contorted, passionate in the shadow, while he felt resolution ebb away and she knew, with satisfaction, that it was failing. They relaxed and she gave a little satisfied laugh.

"Rose," he implored. "Promise me you'll stay away from Meister. Promise me, girlie."

"Sure," she said. "Was he a jealous old thing?"

"You promised before an' double-crossed me," he protested helplessly and added with an air of bewilderment: "Rose, if you don't, I'll—I'll—something'll happen. God, you'll drive me to—"

"I promise, Stevie," she returned as one who repeats an oft-used phrase.

"An' you'll marry me, soon as you get your divorce?" he insisted.

"Aw," she snuggled closer to him. "You know that, Stevie."

A half hour later, he rolled slowly back to the municipal building. He cursed as he drove, not Meister, not Rose Michaux, but Stephen Clow, as though furious defamation might renew his self-respect.

His glower as he entered masked sudden dismay. Wilgus still sat behind the desk and Tucket lounged with his chair tipped back against the wall, but before the latter sat the assistant district attorney and beside him stood the gray, straight figure of Corporal Tarleton.

"Well?" Clow grunted uncordially.

"Find him?" Andrus demanded, half rising.

"No," the chief retorted, uneasy eyes shifting from his questioner to Tucket. "Not a trace, anywhere. Got away, clean."

TARLETON observed him an instant and shot a glance at the battered police captain.

"You boys are lucky," he offered. "He might have kidnaped you, too."

"Yeh," Clow snorted. "Who invited you?"

"I did," Andrus interposed. "I'm not at all satisfied with your handling of this, Chief. It's best to be frank, I take it? The corporal and I have been questioning this gentleman. You hadn't thought of doing that, had you?"

"I hadn't had time yet," the big man replied, and his eyes now fixed on Dip held an unspoken query. Tucket gave the trace of a smile. Andrus turned his

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back upon Clow and picked up the thread of his inquiry.

"You say," he resumed, "you got off at Aristides on York's invitation and drank with him until morning. Then you walked out to his home with him."

"Right," Tucket returned. "And it was some walk."

"See any liquor on the way out?" Tarleton queried as the assistant district attorney paused. "Stop at a summer house on the York property and see a load of hooch hidden there?"

Clow held his breath, as Tucket hesitated. "Gents," he confessed at last, "I didn't. I wouldn't of cared for any, anyhow. I'd had enough to last me a month."

His face, lifted momentarily to the attentive chief's, held a secret trace of amusement. Unprompted by question, he continued:

"The old man, the guy that's dead, came back about noon and chased me out. His coon drove me back to town. I registered at the Eagle House. Tonight I see this York piling down a street with throttle wide. I followed him, and bring up against a fence but the guy has gone over it. Then along comes this cheese of police and sticks me in the hoosegow. And that's all I know."

"Why are you staying in Aristides?" Andrus shot at him. Tucket's reply was glib:

"Cigar salesman. I was goin' on to Buffalo. Since I got off here, been tryin' to make expenses openin' up new territory."

He fumbled in his pocket. "My cards," he apologized, "are back to the hotel, with my sample case."

Andrus turned upon the stolidly observant police chief and his voice was icily polite.

"This gentleman," he said, "is your prisoner. I can't quite see why, but his disposition is up to you."

"Suspicious character," Clow mumbled. "I'm satisfied, if you are. You can go, Tucket. But listen," he added as Dip rose briskly. "You better stop in to see me tomorrow, before you leave."

"Absolutely," the prisoner promised and left with a jaunty all-inclusive salute. The corporal's eyes followed him reflectively to the door. When it had slammed, he turned to the police chief.

"I've phoned barracks," he reported. "We've got the roads covered and headquarters is sending out a description to all troops. You're watching the railroad station, I suppose?"

"I am," Clow retorted disagreeably. "What do you think I've been a cop all these years for?"

"I've wondered," Tarleton returned dreamily.

THE rain-swollen stream into which York had dropped caught him in its impatient current and bore him away. He struck out for the farther shore, floated past the dark outline of a building upon its bank and swam downstream, until with a thrill of satisfaction he passed beneath a narrow shadowy gridiron spanning the sky. It was the railroad bridge. At last, he knew certainly where he was. He paddled shoreward again until his outstretched arm struck mud. He cautiously drew himself up on the bank and finally stood shivering as the slow moving air of midnight smote him. Drops thudded from dripping clothes. He thought of the furious thwarted face of Clow and Wilgus, the flabbily fat police captain, flying spread-eagled through the air, and a chuckle forced its way through his chattering teeth. Dire as was his situation, it had compensations.

He turned his back to the river and walked away through the meadow to the road he knew skirted it.

Now, with concrete beneath his feet and the kindly secretive night about him, he found resolution.

HE WOULD surrender. It was his only possible recourse. Not to the police but to Andrus. He would reach the assistant district attorney, how he was not quite sure, and explain to him the reason for his flight. Andrus at least had not been prejudiced against him. There was some satisfaction in the knowledge that Minot was away. The district attorney had never liked him and York's recent engagement to his only child had fanned that dislike almost to hatred.

Richard thought suddenly of Desire as he plodded, almost aimlessly, along the road—Desire, and her look when he admitted he had been drunk the night before his uncle's murder.

Liquor had been the foundation of the quarrel between them; liquor and her father's dislike of him. It was fortunate for her that she already had severed her engagement to him. And yet if she had not, Adrian would still be alive. He shook his head stubbornly. That was not quite just either. If he had not got drunk in a spirit half defiant, half overwrought, Adrian—

He halted, panting from the exertion of his walk, yet quaking with cold.

It was not more than a mile or so from here to his uncle's home, where were his own possessions, warm dry clothes, perhaps even a hot bath. He discarded his thought, recalling Lucius, who had, by overhearing a jest, fixed guilt upon him. Yet Lucius might not be there. Trust a darkey to protest against spending a night in a dwelling haunted by murder. The police would scarcely be watching Adrian's home. No one would ever consider that his escaped slayer would go back there. It was worth the chance, at all events. He collected his failing strength and fought off the chill that threatened him by breaking into a wobbling trot.

The dwelling stood before him, white pillars gleaming, the rest black, as though it had assumed crepe for its owner. York rested on the porch steps, his overtaxed body mutinous, his mind too exhausted for coherent thought. At length, as a chill shook him desperately, he felt in his breeches for his latchkey. The pocket was empty and he recalled suddenly that Clow had searched him and abstracted all his belongings at headquarters.

The thought spurred him from the apathy of exhaustion. He rose and hobbled as carefully as he might, keeping to the border of the driveway lest crunching gravel betray him, around to the rear of the house.

THE window, just above the kitchen door, belonged, he knew, to Lucius' bedroom. He gathered pebbles, thrust himself into the shrubbery and tossed them. They clinked sharply against the pane. York waited, holding his breath. No light or movement came from behind the black oblong. Lucius, if he slumbered there, slept soundly. The fugitive picked up a larger rock, advanced and smashed the kitchen window. The crash and the rain of shattered glass were like a shellburst. Again he scuttered to his hiding place and waited until, assured that the dwelling was deserted, he advanced, unlatched the window through the jagged hole and hoisted himself with a final mighty effort into the kitchen.

York quietly went up the stairs as so often when (*Continued on page 36*)

"This watch," Corporal Tarleton replied, "stopped at four minutes after five o'clock. Adrian York was alive for hours after that"

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THERE'S AN EXTRA QUART IN EVERY GALLON
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THOUSANDS of automobile dealers are attaching this tag to the new cars they sell. It is their way of saying to each new customer... "I have filled your crankcase with Quaker State Motor Oil. I have seen to it that your motor gets the finest lubrication that money can buy, to carry it through the critical breaking-in period. And I advise you to continue using Quaker State."

And *why* do so many dealers do this? Because their interest in a car does not end when the sale is made. Because they are interested in the continued *performance* of the cars they sell... Because they know the kind of lubrication Quaker State gives!... Because they know *this difference* between Quaker State and ordinary motor oil!....

Ordinary refining leaves in every gallon of oil, a quart or more of material that has little or no value in lubricating an automobile motor... a quart of waste as far as lubrication is concerned.

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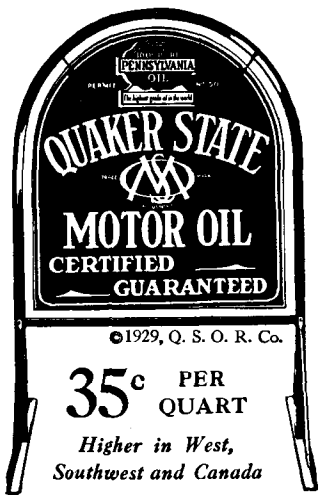
That's why the Quaker State tag is worth looking for on the new car you buy—and why you should make the green and white Quaker State service station sign your permanent guide to the sweetest lubrication that ever went into a crankcase!



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THE PERFECT COUPLE WHO WENT THROUGH FIRE, FLOOD, FAMINE, SHIPWRECK, PESTILENCE AND POVERTY TOGETHER WITH SMILES ON THEIR FACES AND THEN BECAME BRIDGE ADDICTS.
Asenjosen

How would You play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North	*East*
S. J-7-6-4	S. Q-10-9
H. K-10-9	H. 7-6-5-2
D. A-K-5	D. 6-3
C. A-7-3	C. J-10-5-2
South	*West*
S. A-K-5-3-2	S. 8
H. A-Q-J	H. 8-4-3
D. 9-8-2	D. Q-J-10-7-4
C. K-8	C. Q-9-6-4

THE above hand was given in last week's Collier's; the description follows:

The bidding at Auction Bridge would be: South one Spade, followed by three passes. The only possible variation would be that North might jump South's bid. But with this type of holding a jump is unnecessary and adverse bidding is to be courted, not shunned.

In Contract Bridge (the game in which I saw the hand played) the bidding was: South two Spades, West pass, North five Spades, East pass, South six Spades, which held the contract.

South's two Spades was thoroughly sound as a Contract bid. He counted on two high-card tricks and two probable low-card tricks in Spades and on two high-card tricks in Hearts, which gave him a total of four high-card and two low-card—a better combination than the minimum of six probable tricks of which three are high-card. In addition to his highly probable six tricks, he had the King of Clubs as an added attraction.

Considering North's jump to five, we must appreciate that South has bid two so North would jump to three with a count of 8, to four with a count of 12; but North's count is so far in excess of 12 that he naturally thinks of slam possibilities.

After North's slam suggestion, South's bid of six was sound because his hand is much stronger than the minimum for an initial two-bid.

The Play

Whether played at one Spade at Auction or six Spades at Contract, the initial lead would be the same, viz., the Queen of Diamonds. Dummy would win the trick, and the first thought of the Declarer would be to exhaust the adverse trumps. If able to do so in two rounds (i. e., if the adverse trumps are divided 2-2), it is obvious that his small slam will be made because he will lose only one Diamond. If he fail to drop the adverse trumps in two rounds it would look as if he must lose one trump and one Diamond, and be defeated.

There being no finesse to consider, he must lead a small Spade from dummy to trick 2, winning in closed hand; and to trick 3 lead a second winning Spade. When the adverse Queen does not fall, the situation becomes serious. There is no way in which Declarer can discard a losing Diamond from either of his hands upon any card that he can lead from the other hand, except by exhausting all the trumps, and on the fifth round discarding a Diamond from dummy; but in that event dummy would not have a trump left to ruff closed hand's last Diamond. The situation is a trying one for the Declarer.

In this case the Declarer has a showdown for eleven tricks—five-odd—but how can he get the twelfth? He must lose to the adverse Queen of trumps and at first glance there does not seem to be a way to discard his Diamond. The Declarer I saw play the hand, however, arose to the emergency. He did not know how the adverse Diamonds were divided. There was every chance, in view of the rather even distribution of Declarer's hands, that the East and West Diamond division would prove to be 4-3. If so, game for Declarer was impossible; but it might be West 5—East 2, and in that event Declarer had a good chance to fulfill his contract. Consequently to trick 4 Declarer led his King of Clubs, and to trick 5 a second Club, winning in dummy with the Ace. Trick 6 was a small Club ruffed in closed hand. Declarer (trick 7-9) led three rounds of Hearts, and then a Diamond won by dummy's Ace. East accommodatingly followed to all tricks as was to be expected; the Declarer then (trick 11) led a losing trump, putting East in the lead. East was left with two cards. If one of them was a Diamond, Declarer's brilliant scheming must go for naught; but if East held only two Diamonds originally (as was the case) and consequently was left with one Club and one Heart or with two Clubs, Declarer must make his game.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North	*East*
S. J-10-9	S. 7-4
H. 8-7-6	H. 10-4-3-2
D. A-Q-J-3	D. 10-9
C. 7-5-4	C. K-8-6-3-2
South	*West*
S. A-K-Q-8-6-3	S. 5-2
H. A-Q-9	H. K-J-5
D. 7-4-2	D. K-8-6-5
C. A	C. Q-J-10-9

Still Waters

Continued from page 34

a lad he had climbed after Adrian's good night.

He recalled that on the table at the head of his uncle's bed an electric torch always lay. He found it, paused a moment, passed a caressing hand over the pillow and stole down the hall. The torch's beam showed Lucius' room empty and disordered by the haste of the Negro's departure. He entered the bathroom, found that the water still ran hot, filled the tub and lowered himself into it.

The heat melted the soreness from strained muscles, numbness from his extremities, consciousness from his mind. He might have slumbered hours longer had he not in turning slightly immersed his head and sat up wheezing to find the white-tiled chamber blue gray with the dawn.

He rubbed down, cast his soaked clothing into a hamper, shaved, and, crossing the hall, dressed swiftly in dry garments. Through a gap in the drawn window curtains, he observed the outside world. The wind had passed, the lawn and the lake beyond lay dreamlike in a mist that was quickened by the wide, aloof light of the daybreak.

York resumed his dressing, smiling slightly to think of the panic that had gripped him when he entered this house. Something, he felt obscurely, had changed him in his sleep. The driving impulse to flight was gone. The subconscious, unreasoning terror had been erased. His mind, which had turned abjectly from the vain hope of escape to the prospect of inert surrender, had stabilized and with the returning flow of physical energy had come mental activity. Adrian was dead. Someone had killed him. Someone.

Was this unknown someone remorse-smitten? Was he stricken that his guilt, by a sardonic interlocking of circumstances, was borne by the dead man's nephew? No one, York thought, as he drew open a drawer and rummaged among his neckties, had ever innocently faced a more grimly implicating situation. His plight was complete. The overheard mock-quarrel and the chief's pistol, with its accusatory empty chamber, neatly clothed the theory that he was Adrian's murderer. Almost too neatly. The murderer might not be conscience-tortured at York's arrest. He might be relieved by it. He might, in fact, have helped arrange it.

THE thought suspended physical activity for an instant. He was aware that his hands rested on cold metal. He drew forth from the rear of the drawer, a curved, heavy flask of silver. It was full. He remembered that he had poured therein the remaining half of a bottle of brandy, the smuggled gift of a friend returning from France; stout heartening liquor that would wipe the vestiges of fatigue from his body, comfort an empty stomach, quicken thought. He unscrewed the cap and the ripe fragrance invaded his nose. He raised the flask halfway to his lips and checked himself.

"Yorks and alcohol are a poor combination." It was as though the silent house had spoken. Yet it was not his uncle's face he saw now, but the arrogant head of Desire Minot, the hand at her throat, the hurt, scornful eyes. He had lost her. He had lost Adrian. He had been ravished of his good name, his liberty. "Yorks and alcohol are a poor combination." They were indeed. Directly or indirectly, their association had accomplished all this.

In the flask as he turned it, the brandy gurgled invitation. He lingered an instant longer, walked to the bathroom and emptied the liquor into the bowl.

"All right, old scout," he said aloud, as though acknowledging an inaudible request, and grinned with a half-shamed pride at his mirrored reflection as he knotted his tie and buttoned his jacket with a decided jerk. He ran downstairs, opened the front door and strode through knee-deep mist that was the hue of the lighting sky, toward the summer house.

He walked thoughtfully and his pace slackened as his mind was accelerated. This was the way Adrian had come barely ten hours before. Suddenly to York, the presence of the old man seemed an almost tangible thing, so real that an eerie shiver trickled down his spine. The path lay blank, washed clear of footprints by the night's downpour and yet the conviction unwillingly grew that Adrian walked before him.

YORK skirted underbrush that spattered him with wet and, looking up, saw the outline of the battered summer house, leaden against a gray sky and in the ghostly vista of mist-blurred trees, a figure, a human shape, dim but indubitable, standing motionless above where Adrian's body must have lain.

Breathless, rigid, York stared at the barely outlined form. A breath of wind troubled the treetops and drops pattered dully on the sodden earth. The man fought an unreasoning terror that rose, ebbed and was replaced by mounting suspicion. What need had he to fear a specter? Yet returning sanity made him only the more wary.

Through the shifting mists the form had moved. Could it be that a policeman stood guard here? Could it be that Adrian's slayer—

It was not a man but a girl. Unwillingly he responded to the faint beginnings of recognition. The girl stepped forward and in the colorless dawn flashed the bright sheen of her hair. She saw him now, gave a little cry and stepped back.

"Good morning," he heard himself say.

"Oh," was her only reply. She wore a blue slicker but her head was bare. Dew glinted on her hair. The gray of fright left her and color stirred in her cheeks. Voiceless, she turned toward him her chiseled face, saved from austerity by the red passionate mouth, and her eyes were the hue of a wind-swept channel.

"The murderer," he announced, "returns to the scene of the crime."

Her slender hands caught the lapels of her oilskin so tightly that her knuckles gleamed white.

"I didn't know," she said at length, "that they'd—discharged you. I'm glad."

"So should I be," York replied with dry bitterness. "They didn't. I'm an escaped prisoner."

"I'm sorry," she said, obviously ignoring an ill-cast jest, "that you found me here. I'll go now."

"May I ask why you came?"

Her lips twitched. Emotion clouded in her clear voice.

"Oh, because I'm a fool. I woke two hours ago and somehow—I can't explain—I felt that—perhaps if I came here—and searched, I might find something that might explain this hideous thing. I felt—oh, well, I am a fool."

"I think," he said slowly, "that you came because—I was calling for you, Desire. I—"

(*Continued on page 38*)

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SPARKLING MOMENTS *in the* HISTORY OF BOTTLED CARBONATED BEVERAGES

"Let her burn!" *said Nero,*

as he dropped the fiddle and grabbed the bottle

"Rome was not built in a day," droned the Philosopher.

"No; but I set fire to it in about half-a-minute!" bragged Nero.

"Which proves," droned the Philosopher, "that the forces of Destruction are exactly 976 times faster than those of Construction."

"Razzberries!" interrupted Nero. "The only figures that interest me are those of the Dancing Dollies chorus. Send 'em in. As for you," pointing to the Philosopher, "you can go to blazes!"

* * *

"No use talking," said Nero, settling himself for a pleasant afternoon as the third fire alarm rang out, "there's just one way to keep cool on a hot day . . . Boy, bring a few more bottles of carbonated beverages. Those zippy drinks go right to the thirsty spot!"

Free! Write today for a copy of this new recipe book. Frozen salads, delicious punches, dainty desserts. American Bottlers of Carbonated Beverages, 726 Bond Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Bottled beverages *Carbonated*

AMERICAN BOTTLERS —OF— CARBONATED BEVERAGES

THERE'S A BOTTLER IN YOUR TOWN

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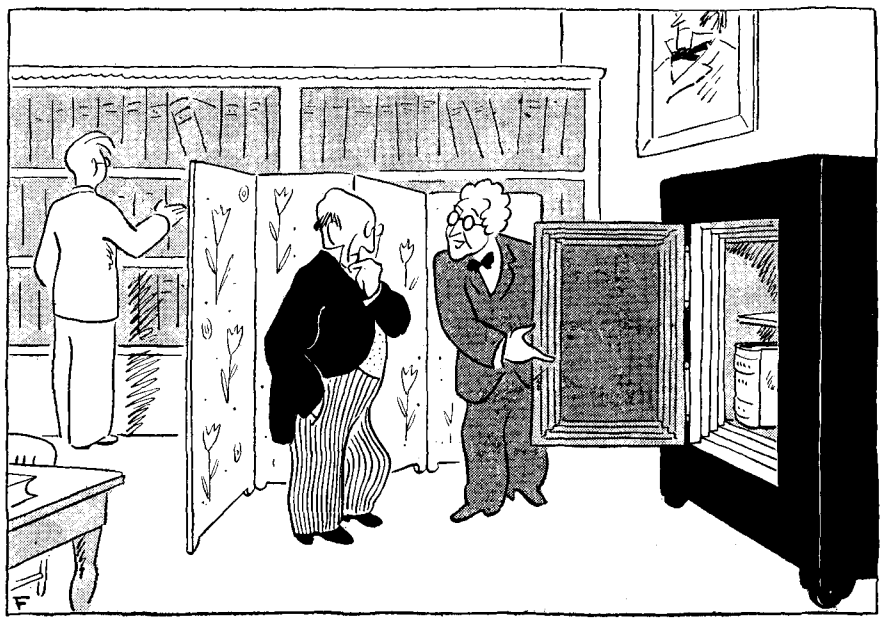


Food for Thought

By Edwin E. Slosson

Director Science Service

HOW many books does a college need? Authorities differ. One says 100,000. Another says 75,000. A third says 50,000. The American Council on Education puts the minimum at a more modest figure, 8,000. But it stipulates that they should be "well distributed, professionally administered and bearing specifically upon the subjects taught." For, when closely inspected, many colleges are found not to have the equipment required for the courses they profess to teach.

Dr. David A. Robertson of the Council has not been content with taking the figures reported in the catalogs. He has in many cases looked over the shelves to see what the books were. Sometimes they were largely "Pub. Docs.," obtainable free from congressmen, or castaway and antiquated books, chiefly sermons. In one university where the English department offered two courses in Shakespeare and three on the novel, the departmental library consisted of a few shelves over the teacher's desk, lacking most of the essential books for the study of the English novel, and the only book on Shakespeare was a single volume of his collected plays.

In another college offering thirteen courses in French, there were only thirty-two books in the Romance Department. When Dr. Robertson asked the librarian if that was all he had, he admitted that he had other French books, but had hidden them away. Dr. Robertson insisted on seeing the sequestrated volumes, but there was only one, an English translation of Rabelais.

One college, which boasts a million-dollar recreation building with three gymnasiums, swimming pool, squash courts, etc., has only 7,500 volumes of any sort. Seven colleges admitted to the approved lists of the regional associations have fewer than the 8,000 volumes stipulated as the lowest limit. From that they range up to Oberlin, which stands highest among the independent colleges with 274,200 volumes, and to Harvard, which stands highest among the universities with 2,497,200.

A good test of whether a library is alive or not is its periodical list, for scientific research comes out mostly in the journals, and no student can get a modern education unless he has access to the latest knowledge and discussion in his field. In the report on American Colleges and Universities, issued by the American Council on Education, five colleges (which perhaps I had better not advertise here) report that they take only ten, eighteen, twenty-four and twenty-five periodicals, respectively. At the other extreme is the University of California, which takes 11,774.

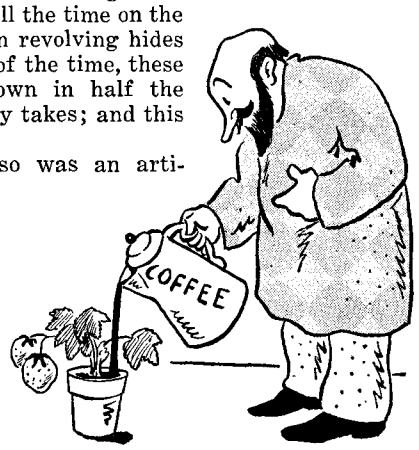
Juice makes the Berries

THE members of the French Academy of Science had a rare treat recently. They were served with strawberries that had never seen the sunlight. Yet the fruit was quite as red and ripe and the leaves quite as green and gay as if the plants had grown in the old-fashioned manner. Two revolving electric lights had taken the place of the revolving sun, and since the lights in revolving were throwing their beams all the time on the plants, while the sun in revolving hides behind the world half of the time, these strawberries were grown in half the period that it ordinarily takes; and this in Paris in midwinter!

The fertilization also was an artificial process, for the savants played the part of the insects and carried the pollen from the stamens to the pistil.

This interesting experiment in electroculture was performed by Messrs. Truffaut and Thurneyssen. Light was given by two tungsten filament lamps consuming twenty-four amperes of current under fifty volts. These were fixed with reflectors at the ends of a horizontal bar rotated at the rate of fourteen turns a minute four feet above the pots containing the plants.

The French experimenters have also been successful in growing beans, tobacco and oats by electric light alone. In the United States very extensive researches have been made in controlling growth by varying the length, intensity and composition of light.



But no reduction in the price of strawberries is to be expected from this scheme unless the price of kilowatts takes a decided drop.

Still Waters

Continued from page 36

Her gesture interrupted him.

"I thought," she explained carefully, "that those idiotic police had kept you—a prisoner. I'm going now. My car is down the woodroad, as close as I dared drive it. I'm—I'm glad you're free. Good-by."

The appeal in his voice checked her.

"Then you don't believe," he blurted, "that I—did it."

She faced him with a swift rasp of her oilskin, scorn on her face.

"Believe," she retorted. "I know you didn't, of course."

"You are the only person beside me with that knowledge," he said gravely. "The others don't matter."

She searched his face and came, unconsciously, a step nearer. Hostility, embarrassment had left her suddenly.

"What is it?" she asked. "Tell me."

"I've told you already," he said, keeping self-control, "I'm an escaped prisoner. I got away last night." Then, because her face grew white and a little sound, half indignation, half pity escaped her, he recited quickly, yet quietly, what had happened since last she had seen him, obscurely comforted by her rapt attention and the quick play of emotion about her lips and eyes.

"And now?" she prompted gently when at length he paused. He shrugged and forced his voice to lightness.

"I start all over again," he told her. "I'm going to try and dodge cops addicted to assault and battery until I've seen Andrus. I don't care to have Clow and his flabby friend get me again."

"I see," she murmured. He went on in a slightly unsteady voice:

"I thought I came this way to see if perhaps I could find something here, read something into the place where my uncle was killed that might help explain this nightmare."

"I know," she interposed with eager nod. "I've been searching for it. But there's nothing here, not even a track. Only mud and rain-beaten grass. That was why I came, too."

"No," he denied. "I made you come and you made me, Desire. I know that now."

HE PAUSED and his blue eyes tested her calm face. He shrugged.

"Strike that off the record," he amended. "After all there is an appropriate time for everything. Thank you for coming through and—good-by."

The mist-muffled distance was troubled by something, half shudder, half sound.

"Good-by," he said again and turned. She spoke quickly:

"Where are you going?"

"To the house," he told her. "To get a hat and see if there's anything in the ice box. I haven't had food since—"

"Wait," she cried. "You can't. You mustn't. Listen."

The distant tremor had grown into the steady purr of a car. Her voice was sharply beseeching, her face quick with fright.

"You can't," she exclaimed. "They've come to search the place again. I heard them speak of it last night. This way, oh please, quickly."

She caught his hand and pulled him along the way she had come. He followed. Far down the dim, tree-arched lane, she relinquished her clasp and turned to face him. Her smile was almost gay.

"I've thought it all out," she said quickly. "I'll drive you to my house. You can lie in the tonneau and no one will see you. No one will think of looking for you in our garage and Skeen has gone. He told me when I took the car this morning that he had a better job. I can get your breakfast, and by then father will be back."

"Father," he repeated. His dubious voice affronted her a little. She spoke more sharply:

"They wired him last night. I'll talk to him first and you can surrender to him."

He hesitated with a faintly sardonic expression.

"Your father," he commented dryly, "will be pleased."

"My father," she flared, "is—"

"Your father," he completed with a silencing finality. "All right. I'm your prisoner."

ALONE in the little bedroom above the Minot garage, York wolfed with surreptitious haste the breakfast Desire had brought him. Her face had been vivid with excitement, her voice quick and imperative. Minot had returned a bare ten minutes before, she had confided. She had had no moment with him alone, for Clow and Andrus had been waiting when he arrived and the two state troopers had just ridden in. York was to stay until she appeared again, not stirring from the room.

He set down his cup now and half rose as feet sounded on the stair and the door was thrust open. For an instant he and Skeen stared blankly at each other. Neither spoke until York after an instant of indecision had dropped back into his chair. He drained the cup and offered with faint defiance:

"Well?"

Skeen's feet shuffled upon the doorsill. His pale face, wrinkle-laced as though beneath the parched skin his skull bones had shrunk, showed no flicker of alarm. Shabby, lank, faintly woebegone, he rubbed his twitching nose and mumbled: "H'lo, Mr. York."

"I'm waiting here for Mr. Minot," the other replied desperately. Skeen seemed barely to hear his explanation and to take no interest whatever therein.

"Uh-huh," he acknowledged, and his hungry eyes strayed about the room. "Left so suddenly this morning," he explained elaborately, "that I forgot something. Mind if I come in?"

His was the indifference of ignorance, York decided, or else a masterly pretense. At his nodded permission Skeen crossed the room with haste and rummaged in the top drawer of the battered bureau. A grunt of relief escaped him as he drew out a flat metal packet and dropped it into his pocket.

"Medicine," he said to York as though explanation had been demanded. "For my stomach. I suffer a deal from indigestion and when I went this morning, I forgot them."

He went toward the door, the hand that had thrust the packet away, still in his pocket. Delaying words were on York's lips when the man stopped and peered out of the dusty front window.

"Trooper ridin' his cycle into the yard," he reported. "Rather not see him, maybe?"

"Yes," York admitted dazedly, incredulous of the shabby man's manifest indifference. Still peering, Skeen mused aloud: "Young-looking lad. Must be a rookie. I'll get rid of him for you, Mr. York."

He had clumped away downstairs before the other could find reply. Tiptoeing to the half-open door, York, in the movement to close it, was halted by conversation directly below him.

(*Continued on page 40*)

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"...BUT YOU WOULDN'T *dare* PRINT THAT!..."

A manufacturer wanted to sell more goods.

He selected advertising as a means to that end. He made a definite dollars and cents appropriation that ran into six figures. And when the advertising was run, it was called "smart" and "original."

But . . . it didn't satisfy the manufacturer, because he couldn't measure the results. He had built a business that could be measured in facts and figures. And he wanted to know . . . in facts and figures . . . just what his advertising effort had accomplished. He didn't know. He couldn't find out. He was disappointed.

A visitor to the editorial offices of NATION'S BUSINESS told the story and ended with,

"Interesting, isn't it? Tells a tale that thousands of your readers might want to profit by. But, of course, *you wouldn't dare print that!*"

And the answer was,

"Wouldn't dare? Why not? NATION'S BUSINESS prints anything authoritative that tends to speed up the machinery of industry, that gives information where information is needed . . . particularly, when it has a man and a reason behind it. Business needs to know more about advertising . . . and it is just possible that advertising needs to know more about itself. Let's get the story. Of course, we'll print it."

Result:

"*Wanted—A Yardstick for Advertising*" was the leading article in an early issue of NATION'S BUSINESS. The manufacturer who wanted to sell more goods . . . C. D. Garretson, President of the Electric Hose and Rubber Company, Wilmington, Delaware . . . was the author. Mr. Garretson had other things to say and other articles by him followed. "*Fool Selling that Kills Profits,*" "*The Wholesaler as I See Him,*" "*The Lone Retailer,*" "*Do We Executives Earn Our Salaries?*" ★

These articles were read by the 300,000 regular subscribers to NATION'S BUSINESS. They were widely quoted. On request, 48,000 reprints were made and distributed. Business men in all branches of industry profited from the business experience of the Delaware manufacturer.

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And its cost to you is the same as it is to Charles M. Schwab, Chairman of the Board, Bethlehem Steel Company, who says,

"*I read* NATION'S BUSINESS *because it is furnishing me every month with the important facts of all branches of business, commerce and government.*"

. . . $7.50 for three years. Or, buy an introductory copy at the newsstands today for 25 cents.

★ *The five articles which Mr. Garretson has written for NATION'S BUSINESS have been printed in a single booklet. This booklet will be sent to you upon request . . . Send 10 cents in stamps.*

NATION'S BUSINESS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT WASHINGTON BY THE UNITED STATES CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

More than 300,000 circulation

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ MERLE THORPE, *Editor* ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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Writing

a source of income that many people neglect

MANY people who *should* be writing never even try it because they just can't picture themselves making "big money." They are so awe-struck by the fabulous stories about millionaire authors that they overlook the fact that $25, $50 and $100 or more can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on home or business management, sports, travels, recipes, etc.—things that can be easily and naturally written, in spare time.

Mrs. Theodora R. Ellsworth, 1492 Locust St., Dubuque, Iowa, is but one of many men and women trained by the Newspaper Institute of America to make their gift for writing pay prompt dividends. She writes:

"May I step out of the routine of the course long enough to tell you that I received today a cheque from the American Magazine for an article written for their Interesting People Department. The article was written in interview form. This will be my first entrance into the big-time monthlies."

Another of our student members who tried is Mr. Arthur S. Pettit, 3683/4 So. Burlington Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. He writes:

"You may be interested to know that since enrolling with the N. I. A. I have written several articles for health publications that have been accepted. I am now engaged in the preparation of some articles on church music and on business. Again I want to assure you that I am well satisfied that I decided to learn to write by your copy-desk method."

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Send me your free *Writing Aptitude Test* and further information on writing for profit, as promised in Collier's—July 6th.

Mr.
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Still Waters

Continued from page 38

"Morning," hailed a cheery voice he knew must belong to Conway, Corporal Tarleton's partner. "Got an offset wrench handy I could use for a minute, Buddy?"

"Yeh," Skeen acquiesced and his tone was obscurely brisker and more confident. "How's that?"

Metal clinked and Conway replied: "Good. That'll tighten her." York heard him grunt and say at last with satisfaction, "Now, b'gee you'll pull better. Thanks, old-timer."

"Sure," Skeen's voice returned with dismissing brevity, but the trooper showed inclination to linger.

"Hear about this guy York trimming the police force and getting away last night?"

"Yeh," the other acknowledged.

"Some baby," Conway acclaimed. "And some police force."

No answer came from the Minots' erstwhile gardener-chauffeur. After a moment Conway's voice rose again in determined friendliness:

"Say, isn't your name Skeen?"

"Yeh."

"Used to be a Skeen in my outfit, Troop H, couple years before I joined up. Top sergeant. Corporal Tarleton, my buddy, knew him. Any kin of yours?"

"No," Skeen replied drearily. "All my folks have been respectable."

Silence fell again. Presently Conway laughed uncertainly and said: "Well, so long." Gravel crunched as he turned his cycle and its engine puttered from the yard. York, from the window, followed him out of sight. Then, surrendering to irresistible curiosity, he left the room and crept halfway down the stair to the garage.

SKEEN lingered beside the propped-open door. York saw him straighten and heard his dry chuckle. He spoke as the man moved to leave:

"Skeen."

"Yeh, Mr. York," the other responded. His bout with Conway had freshened his lately dead voice. His face too had been transformed. Slack muscles seemed tauter, faint color had invaded the leaden pallor, and his dark eyes glittered as he confronted York who, still bewildered and at a loss to fathom the impulse behind this unasked protection, only said inadequately:

"Thank you.

The other replied with an abrupt, suddenly checked gesture.

"If it's of any interest to you," York went on, "I'm surrendering to Mr. Minot shortly. I'd rather, though, that I did it under my own steam instead of with a state trooper's hand on my collar—if he could keep it there. I don't think much more of that outfit than you do."

The derogatory edge to his speech seemed to bite into Skeen. He flushed as though insult had been offered and spoke with more energy than York had ever seen him display:

"That's fool's talk. If they'd got you last night you wouldn't have got away and don't forget it. They're cops, those boys. The best outfit in the world, even if—"

He caught himself, gave an unsteady laugh as though ashamed of his vehemence and took an uncertain step toward the door. Astonished, faintly abashed, York uttered the first words that occurred to him:

"If you're so strong for them, why didn't you turn me in to that lad just now?"

The other hesitated a moment, his hand on the door jamb, surveying with luminous eyes the man who stood on the stair.

"I'll tell you, Mr. York," he replied with the precipitance of sudden resolution. "Because you hadn't anything to do with the old gentleman's murder. That's why."

He fled with panic swiftness before the man on the stair could recover his speech.

"Skeen!" York called at last, leaping down the remaining steps and reaching the open door. The yard was empty. He wavered on the threshold, pulled one way by caution, the other by the impulse to pursue, and at length went thoughtfully upstairs to the untidy little bedroom.

IN MINOT'S study, Andrus, sitting opposite his chief, passed across the desk into the district attorney's hand a watch with its rim dented, its crystal smashed. Minot, dangling it between thumb and forefinger, frowned so that his grizzled brows met above sharp ambitious eyes.

KATHLEEN NORRIS

has written a new romantic novel which will add many thousands to her great army of admirers

April Escapade

Begins

IN COLLIER'S FOR JULY 20

"R. Y.," he reflected, surveying the battered watch case. "His, eh?"

Clow, filling a leather armchair, mumbled assent. Andrus pursued:

"After we'd made certain he wasn't in the house but had changed his clothes and gone, the chief and I went over the scene of the murder again. The storm had washed everything clean. Except that, half buried in wet sawdust by the basement door to the summer house, I found this watch. It's damning, I think."

"Unnecessarily so," the district attorney granted, setting horn-rimmed glasses more firmly astride his rapacious nose. "Gentlemen, I've been glad to go over this with you, but the conference has not been necessary. There's no question in this case; no other possible theory. York is on his way to the death house, now, wherever he is."

Tarleton asked with an air of indifference: "Where was York at five o'clock last night?"

"What possible difference does that make?" Minot demanded.

"Only that this watch," the corporal replied, "stopped at four minutes past five o'clock. Adrian York was alive for hours after that."

From where he sat he could see color fade from the thick neck of the chief, but Clow did not stir or speak. Andrus offered:

"It was before five when we reached the York house this morning. One of us may have stepped on it and stopped it."

"Right," Tarleton acknowledged unwillingly, and turned toward the window at the sound of an approaching car. It halted before the house, close behind the chief's parked automobile.

Ehud Meister bent forward, cut off the switch and turned his colorless face again to the ripe young woman who sat beside him. His voice was softly persuasive. In his pale eyes shone acquisitive light.

"Paris, sweetie," he resumed. "'At's a town. You wasn't made for a hick dump like this. Whaddya say?"

"You're a great kidder, ain'tcha?" she giggled, but a covert eagerness encouraged him.

"Listen," he urged. "I mean it. We'll drive to Humphreyburg tonight and take the limited, so nobody'll see us go. We'll spend a week in New York and then light out for Paris. The grand gowns I'll get you, like you oughta wear! The sparklers you'll have! The swell people you'll meet! It's your chance, sweetie—"

"Oh, my Gawd," she said suddenly. He mistook it for an exclamation of surrender.

"You and me in Paris—" he began again, but she reached for the door latch. He placed his hand over it.

"Lemme out," the woman stammered. "Lemme—"

"Not till you promise," he said with a stealthy smile.

"Look," she begged desperately. "Looka that car, there. It's Stevie's. He's here. If he sees me—lemme out."

"Hell with Stevie," he flared, his dead face twitching. "Are you mine or his? Tell me that first."

"Yours," she whimpered, rouge lurid on her pallid cheeks. "Only lemme out now. I'll—I'll come down this afternoon, Ehud. Honest. We can talk then."

"Promise?" he delayed.

"I promise," the woman gasped, her apprehensive eyes on the house. He lifted his hand from the latch and laid it on her arm. "Listen," he purred. "Nobody's to know I—we're leavin' tonight. Get me?"

"Yes, oh yes. I know," she almost sobbed and stepped from the car.

The district attorney stared at Police Chief Clow with annoyance that quickened into concern.

"Is anything the matter, Chief?" Minot asked with asperity. Clow blinked, gasped and turned from the window, past which a woman in a red hat had hurried toward the kitchen door.

"Uh! What? Oh no," he replied in a forced voice.

"I ASKED," the district attorney's tone was acid, "if you'd taken all possible steps to apprehend York."

"Yeh. Yes, indeed. Sure," Clow answered, abstraction in voice and face.

"Very good," the other returned. "Corporal, your department is coöperating, I suppose?"

Clow heaved himself upright.

"'Scuse me a minute," he said in a thick voice. "Be right back," and left the room.

Desire Minot, responding to the knock, opened the kitchen door and faced Rose Michaux.

"What's the matter?" she asked instinctively, for the woman's pretty face

(*Continued on page 42*)

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CHICAGO MILWAUKEE ST. PAUL AND PACIFIC

America's Longest Electrified Railroad

On its transcontinental line between Chicago and Puget Sound, The Milwaukee Road operates, by electricity, 440 miles between Harlowton, Montana, and Avery, Idaho, and 216 miles between Othello, Washington, and Seattle. These 656 miles constitute approximately forty per cent of the Nation's total electrified railroad mileage—by far America's Longest Electrified Railroad.

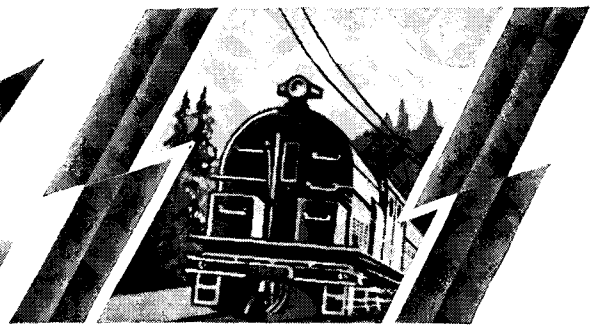
Tumbling mountain streams in the Belt, Rocky, Bitter Root and Cascade ranges originate the power for the mighty electric locomotives. Heavy trains are moved over the Continental Divide and the grades of the Cascades swiftly, smoothly and surely. Travelers marvel at this scientific accomplishment, said by Thomas A. Edison to be "the very latest word in transportation."

The Milwaukee Road is the shortest route and the only railroad operating over its own rails all the way between Chicago and Seattle. Its fast, newly-inaugurated schedule is saving travelers between these cities practically a business day.

For your copy of "Key Notes," containing information on electrification and other subjects concerning this railroad, write The Milwaukee Road, Room 867J, Union Station, Chicago.

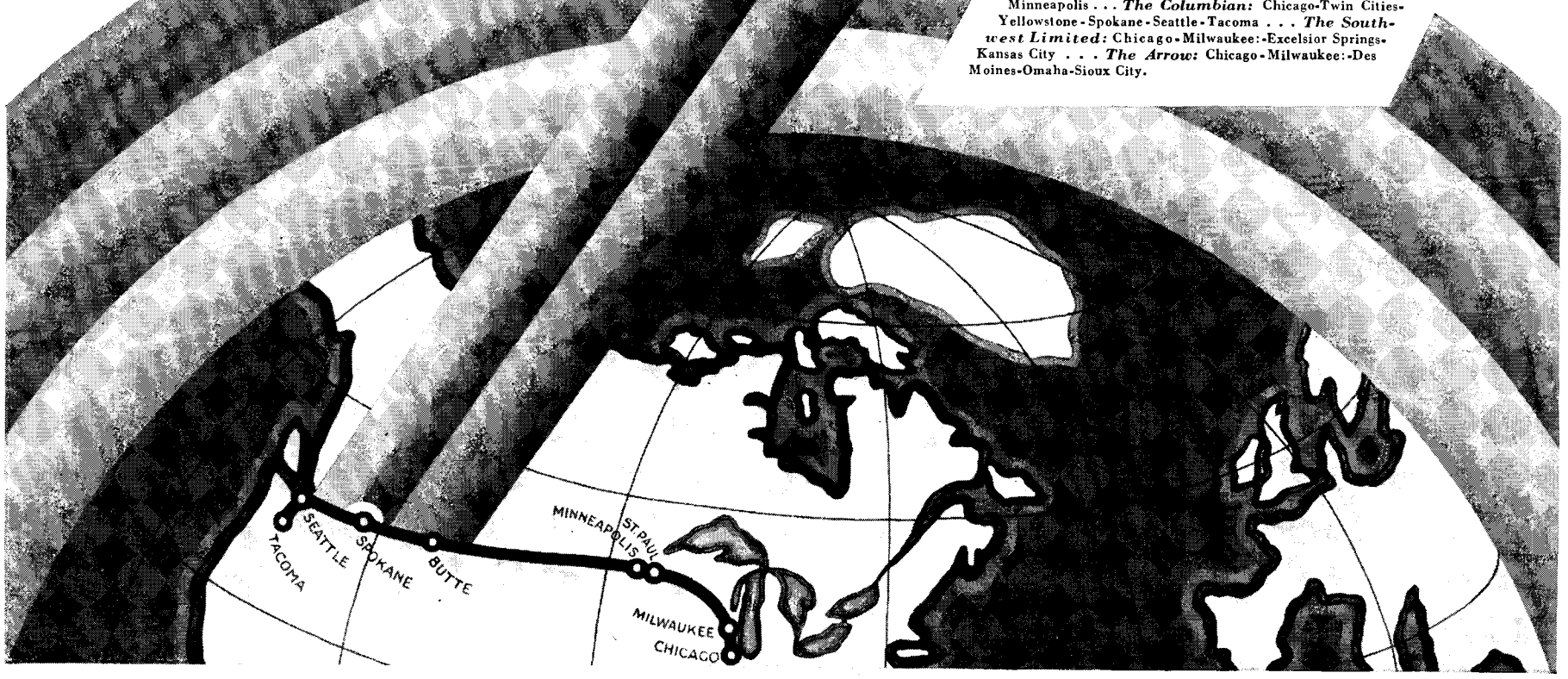
The MILWAUKEE ROAD

ELECTRIFIED OVER THE ROCKIES TO THE SEA



FAMOUS TRAINS

The Olympian: Chicago - Yellowstone-Spokane-Seattle-Tacoma . . . ***The Pioneer Limited:*** Chicago-St. Paul-Minneapolis . . . ***The Columbian:*** Chicago-Twin Cities-Yellowstone-Spokane-Seattle-Tacoma . . . ***The Southwest Limited:*** Chicago-Milwaukee:-Excelsior Springs-Kansas City . . . ***The Arrow:*** Chicago-Milwaukee:-Des Moines-Omaha-Sioux City.



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Well Filled Tables

Will you Serve Them?

BUSY factories in Piedmont Carolinas are making payrolls that buy groceries. This section stands high in the value of its agricultural products, yet the Carolinas yearly import $335,000,000 worth of foods and feedstuffs!

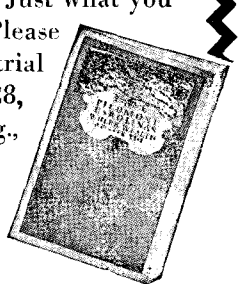
And the *quality* is high. One maker of bulk and packaged goods reports that his ratio of sales of the higher priced package line in Piedmont Carolinas runs 42% *above* his national average.

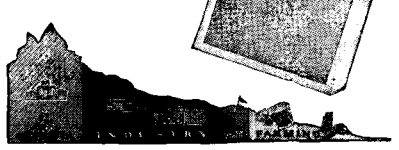
For four years in succession Piedmont Carolinas has set a record in the sale of electric ranges. Housewives here are interested in good cooking and good foods.

The opportunities for millers of flour and meal, cereal millers, meat packers, canners, preservers, creameries, ice cream makers, confectioners and other processers of foods, are unusually favorable.

Experience of those who have located here during the last few years is an index of what can be done.

Send for the facts. *Piedmont Carolinas, Where Wealth Awaits You,* is filled with figures and data. Just what you want to know. Please address Industrial Dept., Room 328, Mercantile Bldg., Charlotte, N. C.





DUKE POWER COMPANY

SOUTHERN PUBLIC UTILITIES COMPANY AND OTHER ALLIED INTERESTS

Still Waters

Continued from page 40

was haggard and she breathed fast. A sigh of relief escaped her as she entered.

"Nothing," she replied. "Nothing, Miss Minot. Momma's rheumatism is bad today an' she ast me if just as a favor I wouldn't come over an' straighten up for you. I don't," she explained carefully, "usually do housework, but you been so good to Momma, I thought I'd try to repay you, Miss Minot."

"That's very kind of you," Desire acknowledged. "Mrs.—"

"Oh, just Miss Michaux," Rose told her. The rigor of fright or haste had left her. She tittered as she removed and hung up her hat. "I used," she explained, "to be Mrs. Greenhut, but I've taken my maiden name again now I'm divorced—practically."

"I SEE," the other replied, gave brief directions, and went through the pantry into the dining-room. Clow entered by one portal as she by the other. His contorted face startled her. Before she could speak he had brushed past, apparently unaware of her, and had burst through the swinging door of the pantry into the kitchen. Fright at thought of York paralyzed Desire for an instant. The baleful, furious haste of the chief could mean only one thing. Impulsively, she turned to follow him and was halted by the clash of voices beyond.

"Shut up," she heard Rose implore. "Everybody'll hear you."

Clow's voice sank to a guttural snarl, so desperate, so passionate that the eavesdropper caught her breath. It was from this hulking savage that York had fled. She could understand more thoroughly now the reason for his flight, and sympathy akin to pride stirred as she thought of the fugitive outwitting and overthrowing the furious giant.

"Him or me," Clow was growling. "You don't believe what I tell you, eh? Him or me. And if it's him, by God, I'll kill him. Drives you out here, does he? Damn him—"

"Hush," the woman begged. "Stevie, you act like a crazy man. Listen—"

Her voice subsided into a mutter. Now and then, the hoarse mumblings of the chief broke in upon it, but Desire could learn no more. Presently, from the window of her own room, she saw Clow storm out of the house and drive away. For a moment she hesitated, mobilizing arguments, placing facts in order, summoning courage. Then, holding her head high, she went down to her father's study. The door stood ajar. She thrust it open and entered.

Tarleton and the district attorney rose as she appeared. The corporal's presence made resolution fail sickeningly. She had entered, steeled to her plea for York. Disappointed, baffled, she looked from the trooper to her father.

"I'm sorry," she faltered and would have withdrawn but Tarleton checked her.

"No," he said, his pleasant brown face smiling. "I'm just going, myself, Miss Minot," and turned to the district attorney with insistence in his voice:

"Bootlegging isn't just law-breaking any more, Mr. Minot. It's an industry. We're not bucking crooks who take a chance; we're up against organization and money and power. The liquor trade is something all officials say is terrible, and maybe one in a hundred has the guts to fight."

"Don't," the district attorney commented, a vertical scowl between twitching gray brows, "get the idea that I'm afraid of this combine you talk about; only—"

"If I didn't think," the corporal interrupted quietly, "that you were the one in a hundred, I wouldn't be talking to you. Everyone concedes that Gowanda County is sopping with rum, but try and find out why or how. I've tried."

Minot stirred impatiently and there was faint disparagement on his face.

"There's always more or less illicit liquor about, everywhere," he offered. Tarleton nodded quickly.

"There is; you're right. But there's more here than elsewhere. And more trouble. The rum-running business is like your stomach. You never know it's there till something goes wrong with it. Normally, it observes all the laws but one and pays an operating fee to the police instead of to the government."

"Is that an indirect accusation of the Aristides police?" Minot snapped. The corporal shook his head.

"I said 'normally,'" he shrugged. "From what the department had learned and I've been able to dig out, there's darned little normalcy in Gowanda County. There's a rum war on and we get echoes of it. Someone has thrown a large custard pie into the industry's electric fan. I don't know who. I haven't been able to find out yet."

He hesitated and then included Desire in his confidence with a friendly glance.

"But I do know," he went on in a lower voice, "that Izzy McGrogan and his racketeers are somewhere in this region. We get that straight from New York City. And they're fighting against some other gang for the trade. That's not good bootlegging; it's not the way the syndicate, the men who run it, do business. Liquor is one industry that doesn't want advertising. Something or someone's got out of hand and has a leg over the trace. I'm looking for McGrogan's hang-out. When we get him, Gowanda County will be drier and more peaceful."

"Well," Minot invited caustically, "go get him. I'll be pleased to have him indicted."

TARLETON gave his pleasant grin. "I'm telling you all this," he said in semi-apology, "because a lot of things'll probably clear up when we round up McGrogan." His eyes strayed from the father to daughter and he offered his next assertion almost diffidently.

"Maybe," he ventured, "even this York murder'll look different when we get McGrogan."

"And maybe," Minot retorted, with scornful harshness, "you'll find the Holy Grail in McGrogan's valise."

Tarleton laughed. The district attorney gave a gesture of dismissal. "Keep me in touch," he instructed. "You'll do best to coöperate with Clow. He's an able man."

"Yes, sir," the corporal replied carefully, ducked his head to Desire, and withdrew. Her father sighed and leaned back in his desk chair, a covert satisfaction on his bleak face.

"Daughter," he said slowly, "what a fortunate girl you were to come to your senses in time! How much better it would have been, though, if you had taken my counsel in the first place."

His almost gloating manner wilted her. She moistened her lips before she asked in a hesitant voice:

"Then you believe he—really did it?"

"Don't be deluded," he said impatiently, "by what that state trooper said, just now. There's always friction between state and local police departments. They'll discredit each other when they can."

"But, Father," she hesitated, the clear line of attack she had planned broken and scattered by his hostile certainty. He interrupted her with another shake of his head.

"Unfortunately," he went on, coldly gleeful that his dislike of York had thus been vindicated, "there are no 'buts.' I knew the man was bad—a waster, a good-for-nothing. I put my prejudices aside when you thought you loved him. I'm only glad you saw the light before this happened. A murderer who kills an old man in a drunken fury—"

"But," she defended, her slender hands clutching each other, "but, Father, he wasn't drunk. He—"

She checked herself. Too late she appreciated the folly of contesting with him. Justified in the most lasting of their rare crossings of wills, Minot was not likely to forego his triumph.

"Drunkenness is immaterial," he pursued. "That might have been at least an excuse. If anything more were needed to convict him, there is his flight. He adds jail-breaking to the other crime."

UNDER the denunciation she rallied herself. The thought of York facing this astringent, implacable voice in a courtroom drove her to speak.

"Mightn't," she faltered, "mightn't the police have hurt him—or tried to? I've heard of the 'third degree.' He may have resisted and got away."

He snorted and then regarded her dubiously. His voice was more quiet when he asked:

"Daughter, you don't still—care for him?"

Her eyes fell before his supicious stare. Her throat throbbed before she answered, "How could I?" and stared miserably through the window.

"Then why," her father demanded, "do you try to fight the knowledge of how wholly sensible you were to send him away? You're overwrought, Desire. The idea of Clow threatening an already hopelessly implicated man is fantastic. Steve is straight as a rule. A thoroughly good and able policeman, even if he did bungle in letting York escape. Where's your mind, child? If he weren't guilty, why should he run away? The case is incontestible."

"If—if he were to surrender now," she ventured, "if he were to come to you and give himself up—"

"I should take great pleasure in sending him to the chair as quickly as possible," he returned, his mouth merciless.

"Oh," Desire ventured, and in her exclamation was a shrill note of pain. He reached into his desk drawer and held up the broken watch.

"As though there weren't enough to damn him," her father pursued, "this comes to light now." He told her with a faintly affronting relish of Andrus' discovery and its significance. He watched her vigilantly, and when he had concluded dropped the watch back, closed the drawer, and shot at her in a voice abruptly like an echo of the slam:

"Do you know where York is?"

His eyes shone greenly beneath lowering brows. The forward thrust of his head, with its sparse ruff of reddish-gray hair, and the curve of his nose were like a stooping hawk's. Panic caught at her for an instant, yet her gaze was candid when it met his and the serenity of her lovely imperious face carried conviction to Minot before she spoke.

"No," she said. "I do not."

(*To be continued next week*)

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"For to *Admire* and for to *See*"

If anyone near you is showing the whole Sea Sled Fleet you'll give yourself a good time by seeing it, whether you think you want a boat or not.

Model 26—Speed from 42 miles an hour down, carries ten with safe luxurious comfort, the last word in streamline design **Price $4995**

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Model 18—Outboard Express Cruiser. Adjustable cabin, kitchenette and toilet, sleeps two—20-28 M.P.H. **Price $875**

All Sea Sleds

are all mahogany, double planked bottoms—copper clinched every 2½ inches—bronze bound chines. All are given the finest finish, and fittings are the best obtainable solid nickel silver. It costs more to build a Sea Sled than the ordinary fast boat of equal length.

Alert dealers who began with a single little Model 13 and now show the whole line, are finding that the exhibit attracts more attention, brings in more people, makes more talk—in fact acts as a profitable advertisement for everything in the place.

Model 16—Fast Outboard Runabout, double cockpits, forward controls. 25-33 M. P. H. **Price $495**

Model 13—the ablest open craft afloat. Speed 20-30 M. P. H. **Price $229**

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They make a sumptuous and unusual show. The combination of elegance and luxury with the excess factor of safety which distinguishes Sea Sleds is stimulating to the imagination. Whether you are boat wise or not you will see a lot here to admire.

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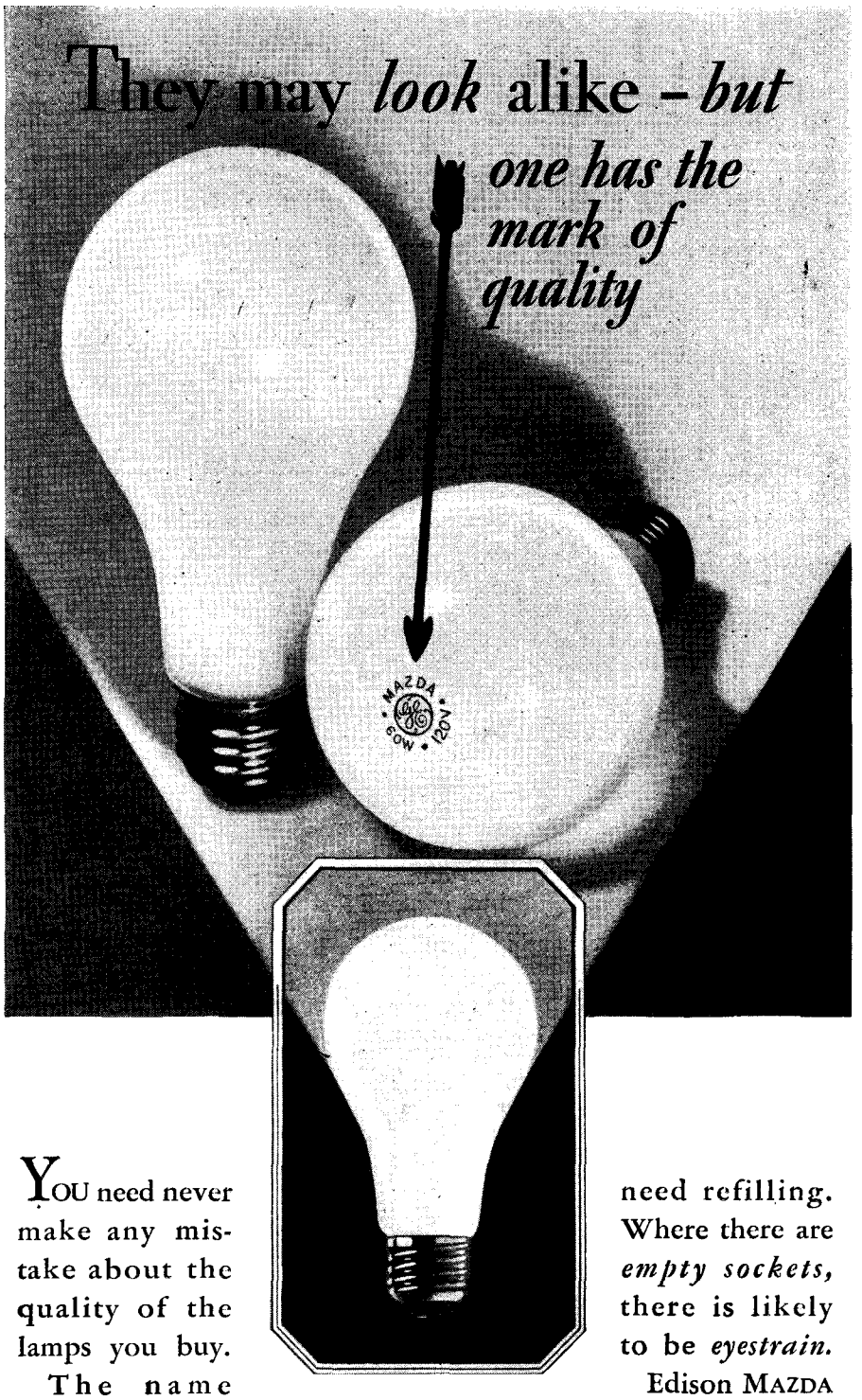

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The name MAZDA on the bulb means *tested quality. It assures you the full value of the current consumed.*

For your convenience Edison MAZDA Lamps are safely packed in cartons of six . . . to prevent breakage and to assure you an extra supply on the shelf whenever sockets need refilling. Where there are *empty sockets,* there is likely to be *eyestrain.*

Edison MAZDA Lamps represent the latest achievements of MAZDA* Service, through which the benefits of world-wide research and experiment in the Laboratories of General Electric are given exclusively to lamp manufacturers entitled to use the name MAZDA.

*MAZDA—*the mark of a research service*

EDISON
MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Picked out of the Air

By Jack Binns

IS TELEVISION necessary to the successful development of radio drama? Those whose fortunes are tied up in the perfection of visual transmission by radio will unequivocally state that it is, and they will point to the rapid development of talking movies in confirmation of their belief, upon the ground that Vision alone is no more sufficient to portray the action of a story than is speech without vision.

It is interesting speculation. To my mind the argument above is unsound. In the first place "movies" without speech have for years successfully portrayed the action of stories, with the simple addition of occasional explanatory subtitles. They cannot be classified as failures, no matter what their limitations may have been. There is no reason why radio drama—wherein the action is carried along entirely by means of conversation among the performers (or radiotors and radiotresses)—should not be equally successful.

One of the oldest forms of story-telling is the bound book wherein nothing but words paint the picture that is created in the reader's mind. Why presume that words issuing from a loud-speaker cannot conjure up equally satisfying pictures in the listener's mind? The development of radio drama is a test of human skill, and the plaudits of the listening audience will go to the studio manager who uses the greatest ingenuity in his presentation and casting of voices so that an adequate picture is created in the listening minds. Many voices that can achieve this object successfully might have the illusion they now create destroyed if television were added to the broadcast.

Stirring Up the Mess

Some influence seems to be at work on the Federal Radio Commission to induce it to add chaos to the confusion that already confounds the air. Instead of adopting a vigorous and relentless policy that should lead to the elimination of all the unwanted and unnecessary broadcast stations in the United States, it continues to send us insidious propaganda and "enlightening" statements designed to "educate" the public to the point of tolerating more new stations in the already overcrowded ether.

Ever since the commission began to function, its acts have been characterized by weakness and vacillation. Its one brave effort last November, viewed nationally, is a failure that may become a total loss through adverse court decisions. This may account for the proposed regulations recommended by Captain Guy Hill, broadcast engineer of the commission, wherein every station is warned to keep within fifty cycles of any other station operating on the same frequency.

Here is the significant part of the proposed regulation: "*All new stations authorized by the commission* and all stations whose power may be increased will be required to comply with this order before license to broadcast will be issued." The newspaper story printed with this statement begins: "Broadcasting service on regional channels will be practically doubled if stations are able to abide by a new regulation under consideration by the Federal Radio Commission." The common-sense reply to this is that that cannot be done in the light of our present knowledge. In fact, the commission should be governed by this slogan: "Clean up first, expand only when practical."

And Tonsils Too

A noted actor who was about to wed his art to Talking Movies desired first to secure a divorce from his adenoids. It is reported his manager refused to permit this separation on the ground that said adenoids were part of the aforesaid noted actor's appeal to his public, and, consequently, he must continue to support them for better or for worse.

After listening to a great many talkies I can appreciate this managerial decision, for certainly screen performers without the accompaniment of adenoidal tone to their voices would seem strangely out of place.

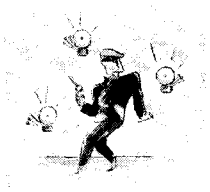
Costly Carelessness

Here is a little advice to those who like to play with the tubes in their electrically operated radio sets. Look at the code number on the base of the tube and be sure it corresponds with the number on the socket in which you are about to insert it. Then make sure the radio set is actually turned off before you put the tube in. Here are the reasons for these precautions:

In checking over the cause of the premature burning-out of tubes returned to manufacturers for replacement, it has been found that they are, for the most part, due to two forms of carelessness on the part of the radio listeners themselves. The most frequent of these is placing a tube in the wrong socket. The other form of carelessness is failure to turn off the radio set before putting the tubes in their sockets, which causes destruction of emission even though the filament may still light up.

Taking More Joy from Us

The light sensitive cell, one of the developments of modern research, which may ultimately enable us to see distant events as they are taking place through the medium of radio movies, is being used in a very novel manner as a burglar alarm in a London store. A beam of invisible infra-red rays plays on the cell. Anyone passing in front of this beam shuts it off from the light cell and an alarm rings immediately.



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It must be the Climate

Continued from page 9

non-resistance or to woo back health that the treacherous climates beyond the Rockies plundered.

The country abounds in cults and emergency religions. Most of them are well-known and established philosophies —Yega, Vedanta, Eclecticism, Pantheism, Transcendentalism and so on—but more naïve preaching draws its thousands. And many of them seek no roof under which to gather. Not a mile from Keep A-Goin' Canyon we came upon a flock of more than a hundred elderly men and women listening raptly to a younger woman in a white surplice. On a flowered arch above her head was the legend: The Glad Church—God Smiles—Smile Back at God.

A Country of Service

And there are the Nearer to God congregations which gather on Sunday mornings to listen to preaching from only senile and infantile lips. No one between the ages of ten and eighty may occupy the pulpit, the theory being that a child less than ten and a man or woman who has passed the eightieth year is so close to the throne that they must of necessity echo the words and bear the thoughts of the Creator.

It is a country of service—service as defined by Kiwanis and Rotary secretaries. Run your car into one of Southern California's highly sculptured filling stations, and at least three brisk young men leap to serve. One begins vigorously to polish the windshield, headlights and radiator nickel. The second whisks off the radiator cap and gives the engine water. The third cheerily bids you good day and asks, "How many?" They are all clean of face, hands and smocks (the state is full of smocked workers from bootblacks up and down) and to cap the serviceful incident they take no tips. At sixteen filling stations I met only one attendant who would accept a tip.

Naturally with so many tourists invading this golden land and the Middle-American habit of retiring to California to bask out one's declining years being so well established, the real-estate business can hardly help achieving the stature of a racket now and then. Invariably, however, the industry is saved from truly meriting the designation by the quality of the land you eventually buy. Even the California desert has its virtues.

A sizable tract of parched sand supporting nothing but the hardiest of cacti and a few brave joshua trees was purchased by a moving-picture comedian and a scenario writer who enjoyed in common a desire for remoteness.

On it they built a shack. They rejoiced in observing that their block of desert was so inhospitable that even the lizards and rattlesnakes had abandoned it. But California is treacherous.

One evening as they were reveling in their isolation a pair of engineers invaded their retreat.

"Say," said one of the engineers, "do you fellows mind if we look around this God-forsaken hide-out of yours?"

"Yes, we do," replied the actor. "We'll give you ham and eggs and get you drunk and put you to bed if you say the word, but we don't want anybody poking around our place. We came down here to be quiet."

"Right," said the scenario man. "We know what you guys are looking for. It's oil. Well, there isn't any oil here and if there was we wouldn't want it disturbed. Sit down and behave yourselves like poor folks."

Two weeks later the engineers came again, and again they were rebuffed.

"Listen," said the actor. "Once and for all the answer is no. Bill and I have to go back up to Hollywood to work for a few weeks and we don't want you boys fooling with our land. The first thing we'd know we'd have to find another hunk of desert to be peaceful on. No!"

But the engineers persisted, promising to disturb nothing and pleading that they were in danger of getting in bad with their employers if balked. Whereat the solitude-seekers gave in.

They were still in Hollywood when news arrived that evidences of an apparently limitless gusher had been located not a hundred feet from their shack.

The oil company offered them $60,000 apiece for their land (it had cost them $1,500) and barrel royalties.

"That," complained the scenario writer to the actor, "is what we get for being nice to engineers. Now we got to find another hide-out."

Therefore their remarkable advertisement in the Los Angeles Examiner:

> WANTED: Fifty acres of desert guaranteed to have no oil under them.

You can buy chicken ranches already stocked with two hundred fowls. More, the promoters will promise you that as long as you occupy the ranch they will see to it that you never have fewer than two hundred. Take the land now and immediately the profits accruing from the eggs are yours (minus the cost of feed and care and a ten per cent commission for service) if you don't care to move in forthwith. To add further glamour, the moment you step into the company's bus to be carried to the ranch sites you receive a policy insuring your life for one thousand dollars. Later you read the policy and discover that your heirs and assigns get the thousand provided you die of a disease contracted from the chickens.

"You Wouldn't Do This"

The southern towns and cities are heavily studded with apartments to which you have to bring nothing but your family. For a moderate price you can rent a room-group consisting of a dinette, a kitchenette, a librette, a livette and a bathette. I take the names from the advertisements. The place is completely furnished even to rugs on the floor, pictures (of California sunrises) on the wall and a radio receiver on a tabourette in the librette. There will even be booklets in the casette. You push buttons or twist handles on the walls and things like beds, lavatories and electric refrigerators pop out at you.

The general procedure when taking one of these apartments (they don't call them flatettes) is to pay rent for the first and the last months of your agreed-upon occupancy.

"Of course," says the agent in an undertone, "you wouldn't do this but we have heard of people slipping out without paying the last month's rent. You see, in furnished apartments like this, all one has to do to move is to put on one's hat."

There are drive-in markets where in a series of stalls or booths you can buy everything from artichokes and crown-roasts to dustpans and cigarettes. That you may not be bored while shop-

(*Continued on page 46*)

FILM
discolors teeth and then destroys them. You can remove it now in 30 seconds.

Remove Film

Thus combat serious tooth and gum disorders at the source

Dull lustreless teeth — frequent tooth and gum disturbances — both now are traced to dangerous film. Remove it this special way.

(Send coupon for free 10-day supply)

HERE is advice from the dental profession as a body: *keep teeth white and sparkling — see your dentist twice a year.* That is the scientific way to combat the danger of tooth and gum disorders.

Extensive research has brought to light the fact that the source of dull, dingy teeth is likewise the source of decay and pyorrhea—a dingy film that forms on teeth and breeds germs of many kinds. Brushing alone fails to remove this film successfully. Thus a new film-removing dentifrice is urged, Pepsodent.

As teeth grow white and dazzling from its use you know film is being removed. For white teeth are your best assurance of protection. Please accept a free 10 days' supply of Pepsodent to try.

Film—where trouble starts

You can feel this film on your teeth with your tongue—a slippery, slimy coating that is most noticeable after eating.

This film absorbs discolorations and makes white teeth dull and dingy.

Film clings to teeth *too stubbornly* for usual ways of cleansing to combat successfully. It gets into crevices and stays. It is an ever-forming, ever-present menace in your mouth, say authorities, who have spent years in studying how it acts.

Germs breed and multiply in film. The acids of decay are invited. Film hardens into tartar. And germs, with tartar, are a definitely proved cause of pyorrhea.

Now film removed new way

Film cannot resist brushing the way it did before this way was discovered. The new-found agents in Pepsodent curdle and loosen film so that light brushing takes it off.

Thus, Pepsodent answers fully the requirements of the dental profession of today. It is the greatest step made in a half century's study of tooth care.

Give Pepsodent free 10-day test

If teeth are dull, "off color," that is film. If you are prone to tooth and gum disorders, that may be film also. Remove film daily for ten days, see teeth lighten.

Get a large tube of Pepsodent wherever dentifrices are sold. Or send free coupon below to nearest address.

Pepsodent
The Special Film-Removing Dentifrice

FREE—10-DAY TUBE
Mail coupon to
The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 537, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co.,
191 George St. . . . . **Toronto** 2, Ont., Can.
42 Southwark Bridge Road . **London**, S. E. 1, Eng.
(Australia) Ltd., 72 Wentworth Av., **Sydney**, N.S.W.
Only one tube to a family 3185

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MORE Distance No Vibration

With Burke Clubs,* TRUE TEMPER SHAFTED, *Your Power Goes Into The Ball

Get the most out of every shot

The new Burke Clubs True Temper Shafted, have two purposes: (1) To permit you to get best results from every shot, good or bad, (2) To penalize you the least after lurching, swaying, pressing, or other faulty stroking.

The "reduction offset rings" absorb vibration—let the power go into the ball, giving more distance, under control.

***Let results tell!* Golfers by the thousands are reducing their scores from four to seven strokes a round with these new Burkes.**

If you are one of the great army of golfers who despair of ever getting any better, just try one round with them ...and we'll wager our reputation as specialists in golf equipment, that you'll never give them up!

Your Pro or Sporting Goods Store has these remarkable clubs in woods and irons. "Swing them" today.

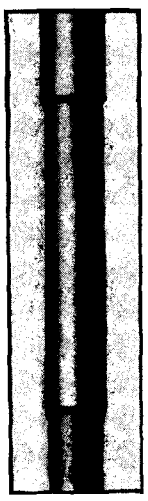

***Illustration at left:* Showing "reduction offset rings" on Burke True Temper shaft.**

Burke

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FREE on request. A handy booklet "Golf As She Ought to be Played", presenting in clear, easily-understood language, the real rules and penalties of the game. If you have ever waded through the confusing rule book, you'll welcome this. *Write for it.*

THE BURKE GOLF COMPANY
Dept. B-5 Newark, Ohio

(*Continued from page 45*)

ping, a radio lifts your feet with jazz or elevates your soul with preaching. A few go even further and regale the customer with singing by the attendants as they weigh coffee or measure off a new clothesline. As we drove out of one drive-in a smiling Japanese presented the ladies with roses.

The lure of the movies and the eternal hope of meeting the stars irresistibly draws the tourist to Hollywood. The luncheon hour on Wednesdays at Montmartre in Hollywood Boulevard is hectic but an opening at Sid Grauman's is a front-page riot. The police reserves are necessary to order at both.

On Wednesdays the movie stars gather for lunch. The furious combination of tourists fighting for vantage places from which to view the Olympians in the quivering flesh and the stars lingering in the streets that they may be admired at length from all angles gives birth to a traffic problem that has but one solution. The police simply rope off the street and hope that nothing more serious than sunstroke ensues.

In the Spotlight

But an opening at Grauman's Chinese Theater puts a dozen blocks of Hollywood Boulevard out of bounds for all cars not equipped with special cards issued to ticket holders. It's really much worse than that. The picture about to be shown for the first time may be just another seven thousand feet of film; the audience is the show. Hearts are broken, reputations ruined and long friendships severed at these openings. The common herd—the ticketless tourists—are held at bay by the police a half a block from the theater entrance. The evening for these people of no importance is a succession of emotions.

A car draws up to the curb. The footman bounces off and in a twinkling he is holding open the door. With languid elegance two shining examples of male and female beauty step forth. He pauses to give the chauffeur a few well-chosen orders, to chaff democratically with the former Russian general who is the Grauman doorman, to regard the evening sky with approval, to remove his silk hat with a neat French flourish and to pass a gentle hand over his shining hair.

She too pauses. She powders her nose, pausing frequently to wave brightly to friends and the public. She smiles, frowns petulantly, stamps her foot and regards it solicitously, then rushes impetuously at a fellow artist and kisses a select few.

This is fine and the public fires salvos of approval; but it is also conducive to widespread disorder and complete demoralization of the privileged traffic. Other proud cars bearing beauty and brains, finding themselves denied access to the terrific spotlight which glorifies the curb in front of the theater, set up hoarse bellows of protest and clarion cries for recognition.

So the order went forth that there should be no loitering on the pavement; that guests must enter and take their allotted seats immediately upon arrival. Of course this didn't work at all. What happened to one of the most famous of movie actresses fell to the lot of several others, and then the rebellion became general.

This celebrated lady arrived a quarter of an hour early and reluctantly obeyed the usher who firmly insisted that she enter and be seated. She walked into an almost empty house and thus deprived of her bounden right to make an entrance she grew irritable.

Five minutes before the picture began its march across the screen, her fellow artists began pouring in at flood. Here, decided she, was her opportunity. She would slip out and, a moment before the picture started, she would reënter the house to be viewed by people who mattered.

But the getting out was difficult; bucking the incoming phalanx consumed time and did filmy garments no good. Yet she did gain the lobby—just in time to see the lights go out.

Giving Mr. Grauman her frank opinion of the whole procedure she departed, shy several yards of tulle and all of her aplomb.

Not that the movie colony—in particular the Beverly Hills set—doesn't give a thought to privacy now and then. There is much talk of a walled city within which the more sensitive of the stars may elude the pryings of the devastating hordes of tourists. This desire for privacy may become so insistent that it is conceivable that eventually some of the more eager will remove their names or monograms from the gates and stone walls around their estates. Or at least reduce the size of the letters.

Nothing is sacred to the average Hollywood tourist. Closed gates cause them to hesitate, but only long enough to pry them open. If it weren't that Mr. Fairbanks and Miss Pickford employ durable and incorruptible guards it is entirely likely that there would be more initials carved in the front door of Pickfair than ever decorated the wooden sides of a country bridge and that the souvenir hunters would have long since walked off with the garage.

A thriving business was done for a while by a young fellow who worked the sight-seeing cars.

He sold photographs of the famous stars and then, drawing his customers aside, whispered to them that he would be very glad, for two dollars, to have the artists autograph them. And no mere signature either. For the two dollars he would see to it that the star wrote intimately: "To my very good friend Amelia Vanderslice—with the warmest regards of Gloria Swanson" or: "Greetings Amelia—Harold Lloyd." The victim got two dollars' worth of experience.

The autograph hunters will stop at nothing short of gun-play. A favorite plan of the signature collector involves the use of small children. It's a bit tough on the child but an autograph is an autograph. . . .

Fellow Sufferers

Charlie Chaplin was huddled in a chair in a far corner of a popular night restaurant. A woman with an autograph album under her arm and dragging by the hand a child dazed with weariness entered the place looking eagerly up and down the rows of tables. It was past midnight.

The lady spied Chaplin and the light of battle kindled in her eyes. Yanking the collapsing child into protesting wakefulness she strode to Chaplin's table. She shook the infant sharply.

"Darling, darling," she cried. "Shake hands with Mr. Chaplin, darling. Shake hands nice, darling, and make Mr. Chaplin a bow."

The child, lifting her tired white face, smiled stupidly at the comedian who gently patted her hand.

"I know Mr. Chaplin will be glad to sign your little book if you ask him kindly, darling," said the mother. She thrust the book and a fountain pen into the child's hand. "Thank Mr. Chaplin, kindly, darling."

The child was too fatigued to hear, much less obey, but giving the woman a brief, contemptuous look, Chaplin took the book and wrote:

"I'm tired of it too, my dear—Charlie Chaplin."

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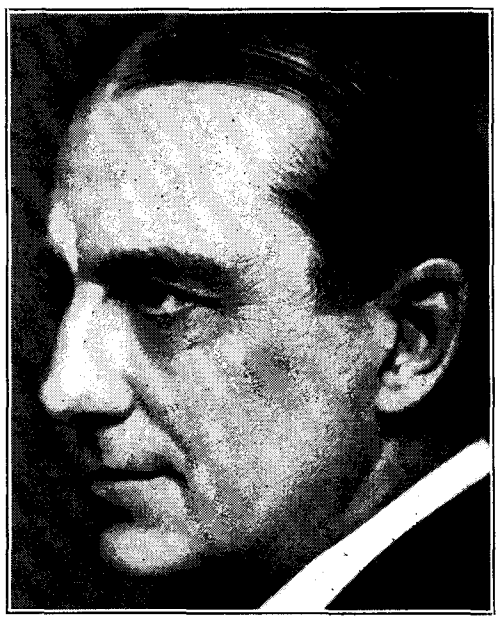

Young Timber

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

I WAS talking the other day with a distinguished Democrat about the recent German reparations conference in which Owen D. Young played so important a part, and he said, "Do you know, I have been for Owen Young for President ever since 1920."

So far as I can recall he is the first head of a great corporation to be seriously mentioned as a possible nominee for the Presidency. He would have been a distinct possibility if Governor Smith had not been chosen last year. He is a very obvious possibility for 1932.

Governor Roosevelt, the only other important national Democratic figure, is overshadowed in Albany as the successor of the very popular and colorful Al Smith, and there is, of course, a chance that he will not be reëlected governor of New York in 1930. So it is natural enough that Democratic eyes should turn toward Mr. Young.

Owen Young is the chairman of the Board of Directors of the General Electric Company, and it was he who organized the Radio Corporation of America. The story of the origin of the great air combination has, I think, never been told.

During the Peace Conference at Paris Premier Lloyd George of Great Britain gave a luncheon party. There were present at it, among others, Signor Marconi, the inventor of the wireless, and Admiral Grayson, President Wilson's physician. Signor Marconi in the course of the luncheon mentioned plans then under way for a combination that would give Great Britain control of the air.

After the luncheon was over Admiral Grayson, in the presence of Bernard M. Baruch and several other Americans, told of this British project. Mr. Baruch at once said, "Why, we should have that for the United States."

Child of the Future

The matter was taken up with President Wilson and it was agreed that the combination should be American. So a cablegram was dispatched to Mr. Young suggesting that he get busy about organizing a radio combination. So the Radio Corporation came into being.

The Democratic party took a step in the way of reconciling itself with big business last year when it made John J. Raskob, chairman of the Finance Committee of the General Motors Company—the biggest corporation in this country—chairman of its National Committee.

It is not easy for it to take the further step and choose a great industrialist as its candidate for President. But if any head of a great corporation can be nominated for the Presidency that man is Owen D. Young.

The gods have been extraordinarily good to Mr. Young. Most men who rise to prominence in the business world are not quite human. They compensate for their overdevelopment in the direction which has made them successful by their atrophy in other directions. Men to them may be little more than robots.

Mr. Young is a child of another business age, let us say, hopefully, of the future. He has an undistorted vision of life as it is today.

He Might Have Been Governor

One of the greatest business men of the day, he would be likely in politics to be a true progressive, not for the sake of winning votes but because that is the direction in which his sympathies lie. Of how many other men equally highly placed in the world of industry may this be said?

He has been all along a close friend of Governor Smith, and I think that is a point in his favor as a man; and it is certainly a point in his favor as a Democratic possibility in 1932. Associated with the private development of water power, he could see beyond his own class and personal interests so far as to support Governor Smith's program of state development of water power in New York.

Did he do this for political ambition? No, for he might easily have been nominated for governor of New York last year. But he declined to have his name considered. He has always insisted that he has had no proper training for office, saying, "To administer public affairs requires political knowledge and political experience."

One may perceive his social conscience in his speeches: "Low wages do not necessarily mean high profits for capital." "Unemployment is the greatest blot on our capitalistic system." "Business has been quick to seize advantages of group action and slow to assume group responsibility."

He is a handsome man, of singularly attractive personality, much loved by all who come in contact with him. He has the air of doing great things easily, always an engaging quality. He has shown his diplomacy in two difficult reparations conferences. And he isn't a candidate for the Presidency, which is the best way of getting it.

JOHN HENRY MEARS tells *Jim Henry*

JOHN HENRY MEARS, *who holds the round-the-world record of 23 days, 15 hours, 18 minutes,—photographed showing Jim Henry, Mennen salesman, the route of his new globe-circling dash.*

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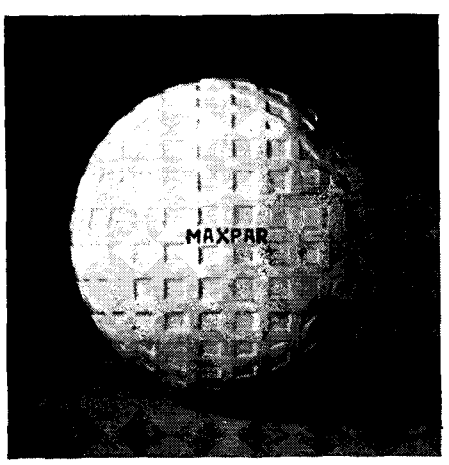


Fast Company

Continued from page 15

interested in Lonnie and less and less interested in Bubber.

Bubber himself invited Lonnie to come around with him to see Virgie the first time. He had formed the habit of dropping into the pressing shop each evening after the train left. He admired Lonnie immensely. He liked to hear him tell about the way they did things up in Baton Rouge, and he wanted to learn to handle a hot iron over a pressing table.

"I might start me a pressin' shop down hyar, some times," he explained. He wished he had the nerve to do something like that! Live right squarely in Bayou Sara, and work there too! But he knew he never would get the nerve.

Lonnie taught him how to fold trousers to press them, how to place a coat over the buckboard and bolster out the shoulders with the little pillows, how to remove "slicks" where a hot iron had remained too long on the blue serge suits, and a hundred other tricks of the trade.

"You doin' good, Bubber," Lonnie encouraged. "You mighty nigh kin press as good as me. Hyar, press dis suit all by yo'self whilst I steps down de street a minute."

Bubber was proud of himself when he finished the suit. But Lonnie had not returned. His "minute" stretched into a half hour which Bubber waited out with patience. Then into another half hour which was passed less patiently. Finally Bubber closed the shop himself and went to Virgie's house.

Virgie was not at home!

"Her and Lonnie went up de hill," Virgie's mama explained.

Bubber climbed the hill sadly that night, and went to his room over the stable at the Judge's.

The next day he trimmed the boxbush along the sidewalk, but Virgie did not come by for the customary exchange of remarks.

He did not quite understand it; it was too complicated. But he did know that it gave him a "weary on de mind."

THAT evening, as usual, he "drapped in" at the pressing shop. He planned to gather up Lonnie and go with him to Virgie's. He had no intention of trying to keep them separated, but he did not like the idea of not being in on the party, himself. But it did not happen like that.

"Yeah, Bubber," greeted Lonnie. "You's de ve'y man I'm huntin' for. Hit's a drummer up at de ho-tel layin' in bed whilst I presses dis suit er his'n. You take hit to him and collect four bits. And does he tip you, you kin have de tip."

Bubber took the suit. The drummer did not tip, but he paid the fifty cents, and Bubber returned to the shop post haste.

The shop was closed! Lonnie was gone!

Bubber pondered the situation a minute. "Maybe he round to Virgie's," he reasoned, and he hurried around to see.

Lonnie was there, all right. It was good dark, but Bubber could make out the people on the front porch. Virgie, her mama, two aunts, and a few miscellaneous children rollicking and fighting on the porch and in the yard. And in the center of it all was Lonnie, reared back in the very big rocking chair which always had been reserved for Bubber! He was leading the conversation, bragging and big-talking the women as big as you please!

"Hy-dy, fo'ks," Bubber greeted. "Hy, Lonnie. And you, Virgie?"

Uninterested grunts came from the older women and Virgie did not even grunt. But Lonnie spoke:

"Did de man git dat suit I sent him by you?" he asked.

"Un-hunh—"

"Did he paid you?" Lonnie was very much to the point.

"Yeah, but—"

"Did he tip you?"

"Naw, but—"

"Well, you jest keep dem four bits, son," he said magnanimously. "I don't need hit." And before Bubber could get in a word, Lonnie picked up the thread of a story he was relating to the interested women-folks: "So I tole dis old gal, I say, 'Baby,' I say, 'I travels wid you long as you treats me right. But now you done got tired er my grass. So jest change yo' pasture. 'Cause I won't moan and groan and make no fuss over no woman.'"

"Aw, you didn't tole her dat, I bet," giggled Virgie. "Dat's de way wid y'all mens. Jest vexes a gal so she can't see, and den up and quits her."

BUBBER eased up and sat on the edge of the porch, unnoticed. He hoped to break into the conversation and bring it around to something more interesting to him. But he did not have a chance.

Things got worse and worse. Bubber would "drap by" to see Lonnie and Lonnie would put him to work, almost every evening. Virgie never came by during the day, and when he was fortunate enough to see her at night she was too busy listening to Lonnie talk to pay Bubber any mind.

Bubber's appetite was affected. So was his work. Some way or other, with Virgie acting like she was, he lost interest in keeping the Bermuda grass out of the flowers, and a boxbush with six-inch shoots on it looked as well to him now as did a freshly clipped one.

Of course the Judge noticed the difference in the appearance of his lawn and he reprimanded Bubber frequently and severely. But it did no good.

Cotton-picking time approached. Word from the country was that a few bolls already were splitting. Bubber found small comfort in the idea that soon he would leave the Judge's lawn, which had gotten out of hand, for the Doctor's, which was as trim and immaculate as a wedding-gown. For he was scheduled to marry Virgie when he moved to the Doctor's and that was the center of all his worries.

Finally an idea came to him. It probably was not the best idea in the world but it was the best one Bubber could concoct and he welcomed it after weeks and weeks of weary doubt and worry. It was the middle of the afternoon and he was digging listlessly at some recalcitrant grass when the idea struck him. He immediately dropped his hoe and struck out for the Doctor's to find Virgie.

He found her on the front lawn, playing with the children, and he came directly to the point.

"You ain't likin' me good like you used to, Virgie." It was a statement of simple fact.

"Humm," avoided Virgie.

"You likin' wid Lonnie, hunh?"

"Sorter," admitted Virgie.

"Sorter?" That was not specific enough for Bubber.

Virgie hesitated a minute. "Good, Bubber," she amplified. "More good—den I likes you, hit seem like."

"Dat's what I figgered," said Bubber, as if satisfied with the situation.

"But I likes you good too, Bubber," Virgie blurted out.

"Nawp," ruled Bubber. "You got to like me or else you got to like Lonnie. Ef'n I'm gonter marry wid you purty soon I got to know how I stand. Now, is you likin' me or is you likin' Lonnie?"

Virgie squirmed at facing the issue. "I might like Lonnie de goodest," she said, "but I—"

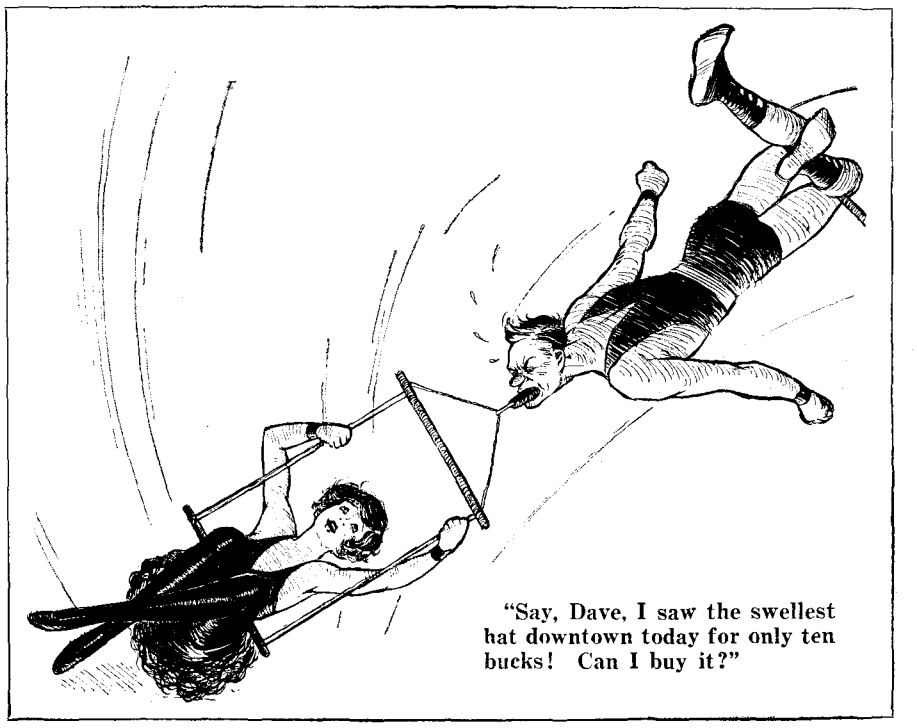
THAT was exactly what Bubber expected to hear, so he sprang his idea. "Well, you marry wid Lonnie purty soon instid er wid I."

That was the idea. It was not altogether satisfactory, because Bubber really wanted to marry Virgie. Still, there was always the possibility that he had attempted the impossible in trying to marry her, and once he got her married to another man, she would be off his mind.

"He ain't ax me to marry him," Virgie said, simply.

But that did not stump Bubber. "Whyn't you ax him?"

"I did," said Virgie, "but he say naw. He say he tired er gittin' married wid women. He say he done made up he mind he ain't gonter git no more. He say de last time he git married wid a



"Say, Dave, I saw the swellest hat downtown today for only ten bucks! Can I buy it?"

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woman she gave him trouble. He say dat's how come he down hyar, layin' low instid er bein' in Baton Rouge. He say he married a gal and her old husband come back home on him and started raisin' sand so Lonnie hit him wid a razor and now he got to lay low to somethin' happen. He say he done quit gittin' married f'm now on."

Bubber was crushed. His idea had crashed. He was back where he started when it came—back, knee-deep in Bermuda grass. But before he could grasp the situation thoroughly, the Doctor came up the sidewalk and spied him.

"Hey, you boy!" shouted the Doctor. "Skin out! You can't hang around my house! Git!"

"But Cap'm, suh," said Bubber, "I's aimin' to be you' yard boy—"

"Not on your life, you worthless scamp!" announced the Doctor. "You're the same trifling scoundrel that let the Judge's lawn run wild. I know you, and I won't put up with your hanging about my house. Now git!—Virgie, take the children to the house. I want a word with you, too!"

BUBBER left. The Doctor's words rather stunned him, and he did not hear them all. But out of them he gathered that, whatever might or might not happen, his plan to be yard boy for the Doctor was all wrong.

"He crazy," Bubber told himself. "All dis stuff is crazy." And without actually thinking it out he realized the best thing for him to do was get back to the Judge's and get that grass whipped out of the garden before the hedge got any tougher.

He quickened his pace, absorbed in the immediate task that lay before him, and went straight to the garden. But before he could pick up his hoe the Judge roared at him from the front porch:

"You, boy! Where've you been? I've put up with your trifling ways all I'm going to! You've let my lawn go to the devil, and now you won't even stay around the house! Come here and get your wages and clear out!"

The Judge meant it, too. Bubber collected his belongings and gravitated aimlessly down the hill. In his pocket were a ten-dollar bill and four silver dollars. He had no idea where he was going, or why. Probably to Lonnie's shop. He didn't know and he didn't care.

When he got to the railroad crossing a sudden desire to put a lot of distance between him and all the crazy stuff that had been happening to him came to the surface. And, on the spur of the moment, he turned up the track toward the depot.

"Cap'm," he said to the agent, "how far do Number Eight go up twarge whar she go at?"

"Woodville, Mississippi. Why?"

"How much do hit cost?"

"Ninety-six cents."

Bubber passed a dollar to the ticket man. "Gimme," he said, briefly. The agent handed him four pennies and a little white piece of pasteboard which stated the bearer was entitled to "one first-class ride from St. Francisville, La., to Woodville, Miss., on the Yazoo and Mississippi Valley Railroad, on the date stamped on the back hereof."

He stuck the ticket into his hatband and stood about aimlessly for a few minutes. Finally, for the want of something else to do, he decided to go over to see Lonnie.

When he got back to the crossing he saw Virgie coming down the road, crying. He waited for her.

"What de matter, gal?" he asked, more out of politeness than interest.

"I got fired," she said, bitterly. "De doctor say I ain't got my mind on de chillun. He say I been mopin' about de place and lettin' de chillun run wild, he say I got my mind on you."

They walked a few steps.

"But hit was Lonnie you had yo' mind on," Bubber corrected.

"Nawp, hit was you, Bubber," Virgie insisted. "Lonnie, he's fast company, but you—"

"You better git yo' mind off'n me, gal," Bubber said.

"How come off'n you, Bubber?"

"'Cause you see what I got in my hat?" He turned so she could see the ticket in his hatband, and a little swagger crept into his voice—the first time he felt like swaggering in weeks and weeks. "A ticket to ride Number Eight to she runs out'n steam. I'm ridin' de plush up to Woodville, Miss'ippi, tonight, and I ain't never comin' back no more!"

"Aw, Bubber," protested Virgie. "Don't go do me like dat."

They were almost in front of Lonnie's shop, and Bubber started in the door. As he did, a man, a stranger, slid past him and walked hurriedly off toward the river. Lonnie came to the door, clearly worried.

"Well, Bubber!" he exclaimed with relief. "I was jest fixin' to hunt you up. I got business wid you, son."

"Well, make hit fast, Lonnie," said Bubber. "'Cause Number Eight is jue hyar purty soon, and I'm ridin' de plush out on Number Eight tonight. Plum up to Miss'ippi."

"What?" demanded Lonnie.

"Yeah," stated Bubber. "Got my ticket and ev'ything right hyar in my hat."

Lonnie saw the ticket and, without a word, reached for it.

"I'm ridin' on dis ticket, son," he announced. "Dat's what I wanted you to do; I wanted you to git me a ticket to Miss'ippi. I got word jest now, and I got to git on up de line to lay low in Miss'ippi before de Law git hyar. You kin have dis pressin' shop 'cause I ain't never comin' back hyar no more. So long."

With that he turned and hurried toward the depot. He had ignored Virgie entirely.

BUBBER and Virgie looked at each other for two full minutes before either of them spoke. In Bubber's mind a dream was coming true—a dream that some day he would get up courage enough to live in the wild Bayou Sara town where people like Virgie lived; where they didn't stop and figure out everything in advance and then follow their plans; where they acted crazy half the time and didn't care who liked it. For Virgie it meant that Bubber was going to stay and Lonnie was going to leave.

"I'm glad, Bubber," she said, finally. "'Cause he gone and you kin quit yo' job and run dis pressin' shop and live close to home."

"I done quit my job on de hill," Bubber explained. "De Judge quitted me, too. Me and you, us ain't got no jobs, but us got dis pressin' shop, down hyar."

"Dat's a heap," said Virgie.

"And you don't got to mind nobody's chilluns, exceptin' maybe, we's own. How you like dat, hunh?"

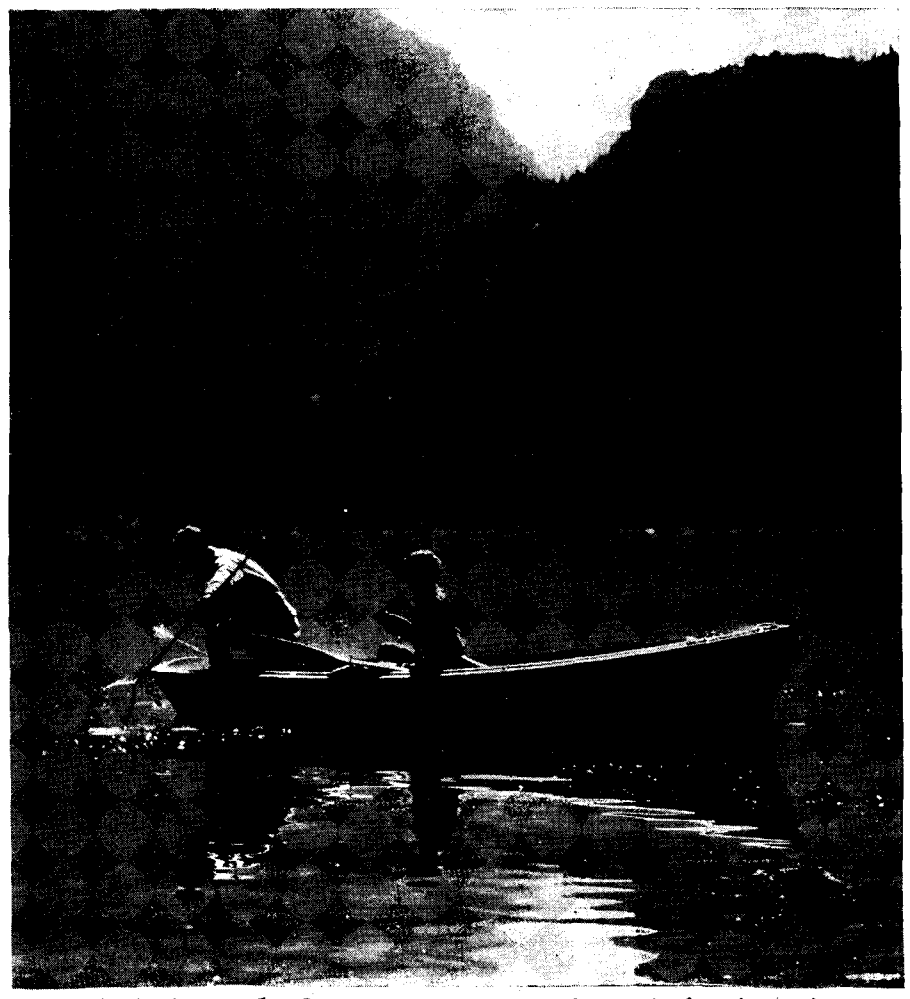
"Aw, Bubber, you pyore vexes me—"

"Well,"—everything was lovely now, but St. Francisville breeding had to have its little inning—"I sho will be glad when cotton-pickin' time git hyar so us kin git married up."

But Virgie was on her home grounds. "Yonder de preacher's house," she said. "Us don't got to wait for nothin'. Come on, le's git."

Bubber started, and then stopped. "Number Eight is jue hyar in a minute," he said. "Le's go watch her come foamin' in, fust. Den us gits."

RODS THAT WILL BE YOUR PRIDE



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THE HORTON MANUFACTURING COMPANY

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The Day the World Ended

Continued from page 26

had I to be happy about! What a fool I was—a vain fool—selfish fool! Myself, if I could believe the preposterous project of Anubis, I was safe enough. Life and love were in my grasp. But my charge, my duty—my sacred duty to the public—what of these? To what extent was Lonergan's freedom real?

That it had been secured with the consent of Madame Yburg, the Chief Chemist, I found myself unable to doubt. But was she merely humoring Marusa? Was Lonergan actually under close surveillance—a mouse on a wheel?

Above all, where *was* he? I had left him with Herr Richter. He had not rejoined me . . . I looked at the little gold disk, resembling a very flat dress-watch, which Marusa had left with me. I recalled her parting words. . . .

Excepting Marusa, I could trust no one, believe no one, in Felsenweir!

All was mirage—illusion—unreality!

I DROPPED into an armchair and sank my head. Lives hung in the balance—mine—Lonergan's—Max's. Further, the world, or a great part of it, was threatened by a more colossal criminal than society had ever visualized.

Yet my heart sang!

But my brain spoke urgently; raising queries—doubts—rebukes.

Where was Lonergan? To what extent could I count upon him?

Gaston Max lay in a crystal coffin. Myself, where did I stand?

"My God!"

I sprang up, fists clenched. They were buying me! *Buying* me! I, Brian Woodville, was compromising with my conscience! I had a commission to execute. This, frankly, I had forgotten! But, vastly more important, I had a duty to the world. This—I despised myself—I had been prepared to forget! For what? For a woman . . . meaning, for my own selfish gratification!

With my soul in torment I paced up and down that narrow room. I wrestled with my lower nature. And—thank Heaven! I can say it with a clean conscience—I conquered.

Facing facts, I realized I was helpless.

It was at the moment that this recognition forced me down again, so that I sat, head clutched in hands, that I heard the whine of an approaching elevator.

I stood up, watching. . . .

The panel opened.

Dr. Nestor stepped out!

The panel reclosed behind him.

Dr. Nestor bowed.

"I have been unduly nervous," he declared. "My art is greater than my courage."

I clenched my hands—unclenched them, then:

"Max!" I whispered. *"Max!"*

"Quick!" His manner was urgent. "Bring me up to date. We are, I believe, unobserved. Anubis is sleeping. You understand?"

"I *know*."

"Ah!—you *know?* Better still."

He threw his arms about my shoulders and hugged me in Gallic fashion.

"Be brief," he implored. "Condense your story. I, also, have much to tell. We both have much to *do*."

Conquering my amazement, I told him what I had to tell, nor did I withhold one single fact. No sound disturbed my story. We were not interrupted. But at its conclusion:

"I am in a flat spin!" Gaston Max declared. "When I have explained, you will understand. Then it must be up to the two of us to determine upon some move. Because, my friend—well! . . . you shall judge! I will tell you what happened."

Here is Max's story, exactly as he told it to me:

IT WAS fast work, my friend, and faster thinking. But I take no credit. God has been good to me. The moment I lost sight of you, out there upon the road, an irresistible force seized me. My face was covered by what seemed to be a giant hand—the hand of an ogre. . . . I was lifted, I stifled, I kicked, struggled. I could not cry out—a complete blank came.

When I fought my way back to life, I found myself seated upon a square, wooden chair, in a big laboratory. Facing me upon another such chair, his legs tucked up beneath him and his hands resting on his knees, was the dwarf who calls himself Anubis.

There was no one else in this laboratory.

"You imagine," said the dwarf—whilst I remained stupefied by my new environment—"that by a sudden exercise of your agility you could perhaps succeed in strangling me? Dismiss, M. Max, this possibility. Your blow could never reach my chin, your hands never clutch my throat."

And as he spoke I knew that it was so.

I glanced about me, noting many unknown implements, realizing that I was in the stronghold of Felsenweir, in the headquarters of the most formidable criminal with whom my profession so far had brought me in contact. This dwarf, with his great head and tiger eyes, was, then, a genius! His operations were world-wide. Physical violence became out of the question. Only a child could have attempted it. He was right. I bowed.

"I agree with you entirely, monsieur," I said. "You appear to be familiar with my name and so you have an advantage over me."

"I am known," the dwarf replied, "for purposes of my own, as Anubis. This is sufficient for a Brotherhood numbering many thousands; it must be sufficient for you, M. Max."

He proceeded to talk to me as one intelligent man talks to another. His statements would have seemed monstrous—the babblings of a lunatic—to one who had not held my information. But when he spoke of the sound wave which can destroy, and instanced the tragedy in the Pyrénées, I realized that the powers to which he laid claim he truly controlled.

YOU may recall that the only survivors of the mysterious electrical storm which destroyed the inhabitants of that little township were a very old cow in an ancient stone byre, three deaf-mutes, an aged man who lived in a cellar, a woman in childbirth and her child?

These mysteries Anubis explained to me. And it was his explanation which restored my courage. You do not understand, perhaps? It was that I recognized how even that giant brain had its limitations! In short, my friend, there were things he could not explain—powers over which he had not yet obtained control!

To make my meaning more clear: The ancient byre and the walls of that old cellar—so Anubis had learned—both were constructed of a form of gneiss today unobtainable for building purposes. This stone, he had realized, was a non-conductor of his wave!

The three deaf men call for no explanation. The wave operates through the eardrum. Absence of an eardrum renders one immune. The woman in childbirth and the newly born infant, Anubis was unable to account for.

"This is a law, M. Max," he said, "which so far I have failed to grasp, although otherwise the result of my experiment in the Pyrénées—conducted from this laboratory—has enriched my knowledge immeasurably. I can only conclude that that urgent lust of reproduction, to which I have opposed myself in its immediate manifestation, is stronger than my science. In short, plan how I may, the world after that day which I have fixed for its depopulation, must contain a number of females unaccounted for in my records and at least an equal number of newly arrived young."

One moment of triumph I knew! The Voice operated outside Felsenweir—through a delicate mechanism which could be contained, imperceptibly, in a watch! This he told me.

"YOU may suppose, M. Max," said he, "that, with all our precautions and our influential friends, we are vulnerable from one point? In the event of open warfare, you imagine that aircraft could destroy us? . . . You are wrong!"

Can you conceive it, Woodville! Bombs dropped on Felsenweir would explode *a mile above the castle!* Planes flying lower would be lost. Their pilots would reach the sound-zones!

It was a question of mine—yes! We were on a footing most amicable—respecting Madame Yburg which brought up this point. . . .

There is what Anubis terms an "energy wave." This wave it is which renders air-bombing ineffective. It is sent out at a sympathetic elevation of one mile above ground level. The "bats"—those bats, my friend, which turned our hearts cold—are *flyingsuits!*

The purpose of Madame Yburg's visit to America was to learn if these energy-waves functioned in the atmosphere of that continent. Her experiments, conducted from Hartford, Connecticut, proved that beyond cutting-in on radio, the waves were powerless. A scientific mystery. . . .

There is capital, Woodville, colossal, criminal capital, behind this monster! And he is the greatest evil genius the good God has ever allowed upon earth. Like Satan before him he disputes the power of Heaven. . . .

"Energy has a limited range," he said to me. "One station is insufficient. Unlike *sound*. Sound can be transmitted from this laboratory all round the world. *And sound can kill.* . . ."

He showed me—he *showed* me, my friend! . . . From the spot he calls "the control tower," those death waves may be sent in uniting circles! There is a great model of the terrestrial globe. . . . Anubis can cover all its surface with his waves of sound. He can focus them—or deflect them. It is for him a matter of choice, only. Where he wishes to spare—he spares!

Do you understand? What have you reasoned out? In only one respect is this Anubis vulnerable . . . . Artillery, I think, could destroy the "control-tower!"

This monster was then so good as to give me particulars of his system of automatic hypnosis. Lonergan, he informed me, knew it well! You see how much I have learned?

It was through the *ear* that the sound-wave struck—through the eye that mental paralysis came!

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Rexall DRUG STORE

There is one near you. You will recognize it by this sign. Liggett's are also Rexall Stores.

I saw that I had two hopes. First, this small piece of knowledge; second, the vanity of Anubis! You follow me? Like all scientists, of whom he is undoubtedly the greatest, he counts any type of brain, other than the purely scientific, as negligible!

Presently, in response to some signal which I failed to detect, a third person entered the laboratory.

Astounded, I stared at him. We were introduced, the new arrival and I. His name was Nestor and his nationality Græco-American. He wore a black mustache. In one glance I had realized, that deprived of this mustache, M. Nestor and myself might have passed for twin brothers!

He was, I learned, the Second Chemist. We exchanged some amiable conversation, which later was to be profitable—to *me*. He withdrew, this unhappy one, when his part was played. Some secrets of that great laboratory he had explained . . . and I had realized that the dwarf—conscious of his deformity—remained always seated. *Bien*. . . .

TWO damsels entered. Name of a name! What exquisite perfection! One was of that yellow of old ivory, a perfectly molded Chinese maiden; the other a red-brown daughter of the Sioux, with black, tragic eyes. They brought light refreshments. . . .

Instantly, I scented danger!

As those beautifuls placed a tray of refreshments between Anubis and myself, I determined upon direct action.

"Since I cannot believe, M. Anubis," I said, "that your great intelligence could stoop to so common a device as that of drugging me, I shall be honored to take wine with you."

The effect of this speech was electrical. Anubis forced himself upright in the chair, pressing tiny skeleton hands upon those slender knees. He spoke, gutturally; the handmaidens disappeared. The glare of his eyes was dreadful to sustain. His white anger, which I had so deliberately provoked, was more horrible than I could have anticipated.

"You insult me, Gaston Max!" he said.

"I have no reason to trust your hospitality," I explained, "since I am at this moment your unwilling guest . . . where then is the insult?"

He continued to glare at me in a manner which I cannot describe. There was a fire behind those wild-animal eyes. But, as I watched him, and it was a monstrous effort, slowly he sank back again to his former pose.

"I am not angry," he replied, "because you distrust me! I had looked upon you as a clever man. If I had thought you to be a fool, you would not be here now. But if you will consider your position it must become apparent, I think, that secret drugging is quite unnecessary. Whatever I may desire of you—your life or your death—I could accomplish by a movement of the hand. You forget that you are utterly at my mercy. You forget your American friend, Mr. John Lonergan, whom I did not find it necessary to drug. . . ."

His emphasis on the last word started a fresh line of reflection in my brain.

I drank wine with Anubis.

He was good enough to explain that in my own province he regarded me as unique. He thought there might be work for my type of intelligence in that New World which he planned to erect upon the ashes of the Old. He assured me that you, my friend, had appreciated his aims and had decided to join the crew of this Ark which alone was destined to survive the catastrophe.

The dimensions of this catastrophe I was at first unable to accept. But shall I say that Anubis convinced me completely?

I realized there might be flaws in his monstrous project. But also I realized that he intended to loose upon the world a blast of sound, a thing invisible, above the conception of any other living scientist, which—I remembered the Pyrénées—could not fail to mean death to thousands, hundreds of thousands, millions perhaps!

It was then that he definitely invited me to join the Brotherhood.

I hesitated, watching him; whereupon:

"Explanation," he said, and his voice was very soft, "is never so convincing as demonstration."

M. Nestor returned, carrying a small ebony box. This he placed upon the table between Anubis and myself, and withdrew.

When we were alone together:

"I shall ask you, Gaston Max," said my appalling host, "to open this box for me. Be good enough to raise the lid."

I am trained to quick action. It is only because of my power to act quickly that I am alive today. Now, I thought swiftly. If he meant to attack me through my ears, I was helpless—I must die! If through my eyes—the automatic hypnosis—I might act, I might malinger!

Standing up, I bowed to Anubis. . . . And in the act of bowing I opened the lid of the box—at the same time closing my eyes!

That a bright light shone out I could detect even through lowered lids. I looked down fixedly at the legs of the table on which this box was set.

A blue light shone up from it so that it must have touched the crown of my head. . . .

"You will note, Gaston Max," said Anubis, "that your brain is now powerless to control your body. As you stand, so you would remain until death came and you fell forward—unless I willed otherwise."

It was my cue! I remained as I found myself.

"This is the fate which befell your American friend. It has now befallen you. I must approach your conversion, Gaston Max, from a new and a different angle. Stand upright!"

I stood straight up!

"Your body is now dead," Anubis continued; "only your brain lives. You are rigid as the dead are rigid."

IT WAS sufficient! I knew I must remain stiff as a mummy. Again the Greek gentleman, who was so strangely like my brother, entered that laboratory. There was a short conversation in what I suppose was modern Greek—it sounded like it, but I was unfamiliar with the language.

I stood motionless, staring straight before me. As M. Nestor went out, Anubis, I realized, was watching me. There was an interval—a dreadful interval—M. Nestor returned with another man, carrying a stretcher! This I divined, for I could not glance aside or downwards—only straight before me. I never blinked. I congratulate myself on one of the supreme achievements of my career.

A few words were spoken by Anubis. My clothes were stripped from my rigid body, Nestor using surgical scissors to cut the garments. I was laid upon the stretcher.

"Gaston Max," said Anubis, "fold your arms upon your breast."

I obeyed mechanically. A word of command was added in Greek and I was carried from the laboratory! . . .

Staring up at the ceiling with eyes which I tried to make appear to be sightless, I was brought to a smaller room on the same floor. I was lifted into a sort of crystal shell. A crystal lid was placed over me, and clamped down. I was imprisoned—in a coffin!

(*To be continued next week*)

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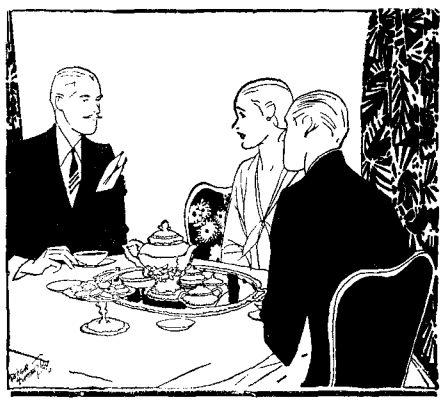
No one needs to give up friendly coffee



So MANY people enjoy to the fullest their breakfast coffee—and yet strictly deny themselves its flavor and cheer at the evening meal. And all because ordinary coffee contains a drug that often upsets sleep.

If they only knew it—how unnecessary! For there's a coffee, today, that lets you sleep. A coffee with 97% of this drug caffeine removed.

Kaffee Hag Coffee is not a substitute. In fact, there's no purer, more satisfying coffee on the market. It's a blend of several of the world's choicest coffees. Mellow, full-strength, heartening.

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KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

The coffee that lets you sleep

Eve in Action

Continued from page 28

that doesn't have to be watched along the perforated line that divides the stub from the check. There are jackets in jersey, in quilted silk, in polka dots, in gay, brilliant cottons, even in India prints—all designed to slip over sleeveless dresses.

There are also jacket suits in endless profusion, each with its skirt to match—the suit of light wool for cool days; the printed silk suit, ideal for traveling; the simple suit in rough or dull-finished silk that is merely a two-piece version of the one-piece sport-dress formula; the suit of gingham, crisp as its own checks and so smartly inexpensive that one really ought to stretch a point and have it.

However, if the vacationist can afford a single jacket and no more, she should turn her sun-kissed back firmly on the rest of them and buy the jacket of brown silk.

We're still feminine enough to contradict ourselves, even if we do wear trousers. For, you see, when we said "one jacket" we hadn't begun to get around to sunset and the rise of chiffons. Unless we're attending a formal lunch or an important bridge, we can wear our dull silks or our smart cottons for all those strenuous daytime hours. But we couldn't conceivably dine in such forthright clothes. Here is where we go fluffy again and cleverly lay aside our boyish rôle for at least twelve hours.

Most of the chiffons this year are flowered. If they haven't ruffles, kerchiefs or little capes around the neck to cover the tops of the arms, then they have jackets of their own material to hide their sleevelessness till the time comes to play it up. The cape-completed chiffons are, of course, less formal; they're charmingly little-girlish afternoon dresses that may also be worn for dinner at resorts where people don't dress.

For Smarter Resorts

The chiffons with jackets, on the contrary, are evening dresses that may do afternoon duty until, jackets off, they declare themselves ready to dine and dance. While the day dresses of dull silks and cottons are very little longer than their sisters of last year, the chiffons are never as short at their shortest point as we felt they might be in 1928—and at their longest in the jacketed evening version they may almost touch the floor.

So far, we've been considering resorts in general and the clothes that all feminine vacationists need. But some of us will be going to those smarter colonies where evening dresses of the more important type are needed, and then we'll think of the pastel satins, slightly molded and with full skirts—the crêpes de Chine that so marvelously light up the luster of a truly challenging tan—the so-called "stiff dresses" in faille, taffeta or tulle.

For the young girl in search of such a frock, nothing could be smarter than colored tulle, done in the new tailored manner. For the woman who is old enough to put chic above becomingness, black tulle is ideal, especially if only one such dress is to be included in the wardrobe. Pale blues, the nasturtium shades, pale greens, tea rose—these are good at the moment. But of course white in all its *nuances* is the totally triumphant thing to wear.

Expensive? Yes, but worth it, if yours is the sort of tan that rises perfectly from perfect contrast. Evening wraps, by the way, have shrunk to a mere gesture.

For those who go to beaches where real swimming is the order of the day, the low-backed jersey suit in some form is as necessary as the rubber cap and shoes. The trouser part of these suits is now cut full, to look like a shirt whether the suit itself is in one piece, or in two with tuck-in blouse. The best beach robes are either of gay Turkish toweling, on full boyish lines as Mary Nowitzky does them, or of jersey in the cardigan tradition, made to match the suit.

Important Trifles

Beach hats of natural-colored roughish straw vary from those with fairly large brims that flop and dangle long, thin, woolen tassels, to those so big and drooping that the small person below resembles the stem of a mushroom under its spreading cap.

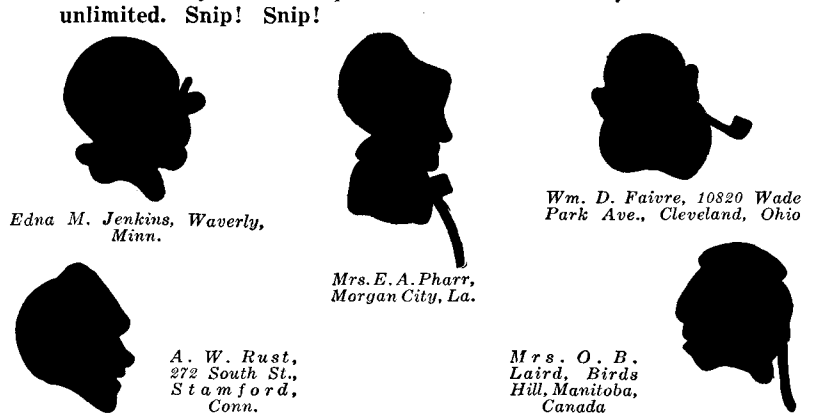
Let's run over some of the attractive novelties that may be tucked into the corner of a suitcase and brought out to freshen a slender wardrobe around the beginning of the second week.

Among such first-class temptations may be listed the big new batiste handkerchiefs in lovely plain colors, the little stitched hats in silk turned down like the cloche, or turned up as the gob prefers them; sleeveless sweaters in endless variety, many of them descendants of the famous balbriggan Antibes shirt; pleated skirts of sudanette with Vionnet blouses in handkerchief linen; sports berets in jersey straw; new scarfs of Chanel or Reboux inspiration; a bag of white calfskin or natural pigskin; two short strands of medium-sized graduated pearls as worn on the Riviera; new evening handkerchiefs; an evening bag of satin or crêpe de Chine to match one's newest slippers. . . .

Trousers, you see, are no threat to femininity of the rising, buying generation if they fall for trifles like these.

Black Spots before the Eyes

THEY may not mean indigestion after all. Perhaps you merely are repressing that Colliergraph urge. Get out your scissors and cut yourself a set of spots and go to it. Your artistic gifts will astound you and the possibilities of those tricky curves are unlimited. Snip! Snip!



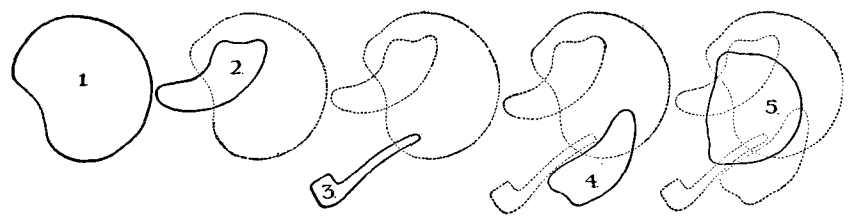
Edna M. Jenkins, Waverly, Minn.

Mrs. E. A. Pharr, Morgan City, La.

Wm. D. Faivre, 10820 Wade Park Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

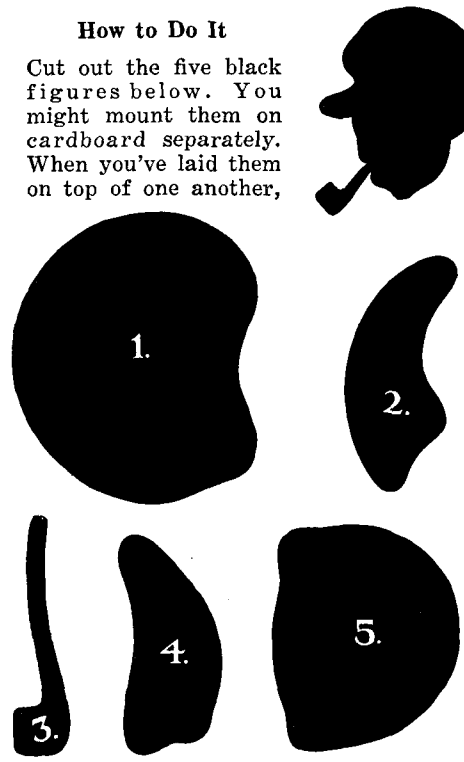
A. W. Rust, 272 South St., Stamford, Conn.

Mrs. O. B. Laird, Birds Hill, Manitoba, Canada



How to Do It

Cut out the five black figures below. You might mount them on cardboard separately. When you've laid them on top of one another, shift them about until you have a portrait. Hold them down and with a pencil trace the outline. Then remove pieces and fill in the silhouette.



Here are the pieces—cut them out

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Remember you must send in the separate pieces actually pasted to a sheet of paper. No Colliergraphs can be returned.

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Bud was not satisfied with a bicycle but has won many other prizes such as a beautiful watch and roller skates. He also earns enough cash for his spending money.

The Crowell Publishing Company needs a boy in your neighborhood to deliver these well-known magazines to their many regular readers. What Bud Brown did you too can do if you ACT NOW! Fill in your name on the coupon, mail it *today*, and you will be the boy selected.

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The Crowell Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: I would like to make money and win prizes. Please start me off as a salesman.

My Name.....

Address.....

Town..... State.....

Open to Argument

Continued from page 12

maneuvering for seats as far back as possible, the building seemed less full than it had been when the lamplight fell only on Grover Larkin.

He eked out his salary by taking orders for those clothing concerns whose advertisements infest the lowest form of farm journal. Grover wore a sample suit always. And nearly always it was of the same purple blue as this one which had made him seem such a multitude as he sat alone tonight.

But Grover knew his people. When the back five rows of benches were filled, and the leading citizens and their families had formed resolute islands out in the emptiness between there and the platform, the schoolmaster advanced to the front of the low stage.

"Ladies and gentlemen and friends:" The master was sure of himself. "While we're waiting for the crowd to come, I'm going to ask Brother Ruben Winters to kindly lead us in prayer.

Brother Winters did.

"REMAIN standing!" shouted the schoolmaster after Brother Winters, having thrice repeated the major needs of his community and race, had breathed a welcome "Amen." "I'm going to ask you to stay standing and sing Yes, We'll Gather at the River. I'm going to ask you to sing out loud. Ain't nobody going to hurt you."

"So God can hear you, brothers an' sisters!" yelled Brother Winters.

"That's right!" Larkin echoed. "Out loud!"

Loud it was, and as they sang the song through verse after verse the house gradually filled.

They sang several hymns. Now the house was packed. When the schoolteacher called the five judges upon the platform, the tension of the gathering perceptibly increased.

"—and besides these other points," Grover Larkin concluded his instructions, "the applause of the audience is to guide you in deciding. I want to ask you all to be as quiet and orderly as you can. We got for subject, Resolved: That Iron is a More Useful Material Than Wood. The affirmative side is ably supported by Aunt Hettie Minor and Mr. Gimble Sprolls. Mr. Hodge Wayland was to assist Mr. Sprolls on the Iron Side, but he's sick, and Aunt Hettie has kindly said she'd take his place—"

"I was asked to, Grover Larkin," Aunt Hettie called pointedly from the back of the room. "You an' Ward Savage said if I didn't take his place the debate would fall through this month."

"That's what I meant to say," Larkin soothed. "If Aunt Hettie hadn't said she'd help out on the Iron Side, we'd all a-been disappointed. Now I want to ask Gimble Sprolls and Aunt Hettie to come up and take their rightful places on the stage." Grover squinted hard at a blank sheet of paper as the affirmative team wormed their way through the crowd which jammed the single aisle between the rows of benches. "The other side of this question—the negative—"

"You mean the Wood Side?" somebody called.

"That's what I meant to say," Grover assented. "The Wood Side is very ably defended by Mr. Joel Harper and Miss Verina Moore. I'm going to ask that Joel and Verina come right up here and sit in these chairs. Now there ain't—isn't—"

A seven-foot man stood up in the back row, shoved his tobacco into the other cheek and hailed Larkin: "Say, schoolteacher! Is all bets off 'count uv the change in the I'on Side?"

A peal of understanding laughter beat around the questioner like ripples at the base of a lighthouse. "Well," temporized Mr. Larkin, "I didn't know we was s'posed to bet. This is an educational debate."

"It will be when Aunt Het's through with 'em!" Ward Savage bawled. "Set down!"

"I jess wanted to *know*," persisted the giant.

"Brother Winters," suggested the stalemated dominie, "s'pose you—?"

"Bettin'," opined Reverend Ruben Winters, rising slowly, "is ungodly any time, but especially when it's all mixed up with anything educational like this, that opens with a prayer. The only thing worse is callin' off honest-made bets after they been placed in good faith."

For the first time that evening the room rang with applause.

"I'm going to ask you to kindly come to order," pleaded Grover Larkin. "I'm going to ask you to give your best attention while Mr. Joel Harper makes the first talk on the Wood Side. And I want to say there ain't—isn't—I mean—no time limit. Or as I should have said, *any* time limit."

In having the negative open, Larkin sacrificed whatever knowledge of parliamentary rules he may or may not have had to the love of showmanship and local precedent. Whenever Aunt Hettie Minor debated she was given last say, for the audience always stayed and manifested interest so long as she was yet to be heard from.

It was mercifully remembered of Joel Harper even while he talked that he was a good squirrel shot, and that he made a fair living for his third wife and his fourteen children. Joel cleared his throat persistently, but betweenwhiles pointed out that trees were made out of wood, and that if this were not true there could be no lumber because lumber was made out of trees. Plow beams too, he insisted, were made of wood; so were well buckets—not the iron ones—and cotton baskets.

"Wood," Joel concluded, "is used to make many usefuler articles than iron is. My pardner, Miss 'Rina Moore, will also talk to you on the Wood Side."

The applause did not rock the building; but Joel hadn't expected it to.

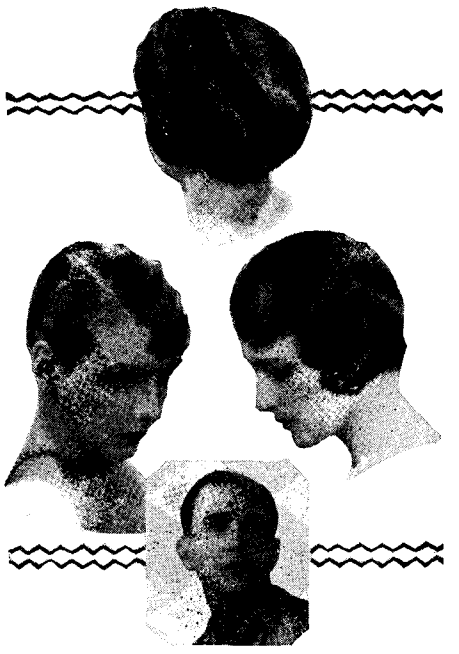
ALLIANCE with indomitable Aunt Hettie inspired Sprolls, Lincoln faced farmer from across Hurricane Ridge, who led off for the Iron Side. He saw more uses for metal than he had believed existed, even when he had been practicing his presentation behind the plow. Men turned to one another in surprise as he reeled off the table of iron's uses and benisons to the race.

They gave him rousing applause. Aunt Het would win anyway, so why not pile it up for her side?

Verina Moore followed for the Wood Side. Verina was no debater, but her capacity for repeating "That's about all I got to say" reflected patience and endurance. Her performance, to all but Tip, far back in a back row, merely emphasized the hazardousness of selecting debating teams by lots drawn from Grover Larkin's hat. "I reckon that's about all I got to say," she concluded—and this time proved it by sitting down.

"Wait!" shrilled a voice of desperation from far back. "Hold on! You done forgot all them things I told you!"

(*Continued on page 54*)



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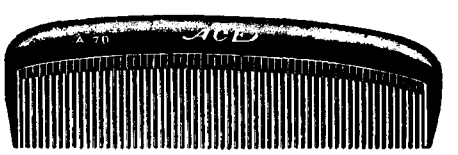

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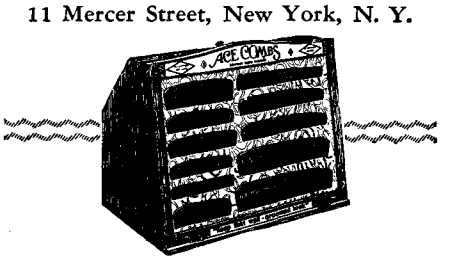

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(*Continued from page 53*)

Tip was on his feet, his face tnrust out of the dimness toward his sweetheart. "Don't you recollect all that about timbers an' stuff?"

"She's through her talk!" yelled Ward Savage vindictively. Ward relied on Aunt Het's magic for security of his bet. But he mistrusted male judges.

"Aw, let her talk some more!" protested Ras Hamilton. He too was betting against the Wood Side, but he was a sportsman.

"How about it, Larkin?" Savage demanded sourly of the chair.

"Well," began the diplomatic schoolmaster. Aunt Hettie interrupted:

"Let her talk, Grover Larkin. All of us forgets now an' then."

Immediately the audience took up Aunt Het's words: "Let her talk! Let her talk!"

Verina got back upon her feet. Her eyes sought Tip's across the upturned, dimly lighted faces. "I recollect it now," she nodded toward the boy; Tip sat down. He had worked hard for his lady love and statistical research was not his forte. Verina rewarded his pains by giving his effort to the audience essentially as he had repeated it innumerable times to her:

"Wood is used to make planks, beams, sills, joists, scantlings, sheathing, and ship-lap. Wood is used to make one-by-one-inch boards, two-by-two-inch boards, four-by-four boards, two-by-fours, eight-by-eights, twelve-by-twelves, bridge timbers, laths, shingles, and rafters. Wood is used to make floors, ceilings, walls, crossties, fence rails and toothpicks." Verina paused for breath. Then she called off every known, conjectured, or guessed dimension of every plank, beam, timber and piling ever cut, hewed, or sawed by man, mill, or machine. It was impressive. When she sat down three quarters of an hour later the house went wild.

BUT Aunt Hettie was sure of herself, and her backers were sure. When she stood up one could hear only Dutt Fowler's asthma sawing an obbligato to the whine of a disconsolate 'possum hound outside. She did better than usual tonight, and she always did well. She told of the happiness of children fed with the crops from plowed lands; with her they saw great hollow ships rushing through curling seas, laden with mysterious precious things from far away. And the good, tough steel of the woodsman's ax became the spirit of pioneer America.

All of this she gave them in simple words, in the simple words of an ignorant, isolated hill woman whose mortal eyes had never seen the wonders which she painted for them. She had within her all that they had of experience as it comes to poor folks who lead hard lives. And she had besides something which they too had, but in far less degree. Therefore she commanded their understanding and could lead them further than they could believe themselves capable of going.

When Aunt Hettie finished, there was an ovation.

"Hold on, folks! Somethin' else I got to say to you!" A smaller woman would have taken full measure of applause first. They quieted under her outspread hands.

"Folks," said Aunt Hettie slowly, "I've lived amongst you all child, girl, maid, wife, an' widder nigh onto sixty years. I've been as mean as the meanest of you an' that's pretty middlin' mean. I get mad, an' I got a tongue. One thing I ain't done, an' that is to speak or act against my convictions.

"I was asked to speak on the Iron Side by Grover Larkin an' Ward Savage. Grover he didn't want the debate to fall through, an' Ward, I guess maybe he didn't want the bets to fall through.

"I've done my best for my side. But my convictions ain't all at rest an' easy. Wood's got some mighty good points in its favor. I told you how the great ships plow the ocean all made out of iron. But the first ships that carried the bravest men an' women, an' brought 'em to this shore for the makin' of our country, them ships was made out of wood. An' if there hadn't a-been any wood, how would we have started the fires to melt iron? Then I told you about the guns our forefathers carried when they fit for our Declaration of Independence. But the drums that sounded the charge was beat with wooden sticks, an' the stocks of guns to this day is wood.

"If you take a hoe off the handle an' try to chop with it, how far will you get? If you try to fell a tree with a ax blade by itself, how long will it take you? I told you about the trains that run on iron rails pulled by a steam engine made all of iron; but the crossties under them rails that keeps 'em from spreadin' was hewed right here in our own Arkansas hills by our brothers an' sons an' husbands an' fathers an' sweethearts.

"You was all born inside wood walls, with a wood floor under you an' a wood ceilin' over you. An' when time comes for Brother Ruben Winters or some other middlin' sorry preacher to say 'Man That is Born of Woman' over you—for a good chicken dinner an' five dollars—it's goin' to be wood you'll be dressed in, tip to toe.

"IRON'S strong, an' it's needed; or the good Lord wouldn't have took the trouble to teach as dumb critters as humans its uses. But back of it is wood, any way you turn. Iron is man, an' wood is woman. Any talk about which is most importanter is silly, 'cause we all know one ain't much good without the other. Take away all iron, an' us folks right here tonight would be set

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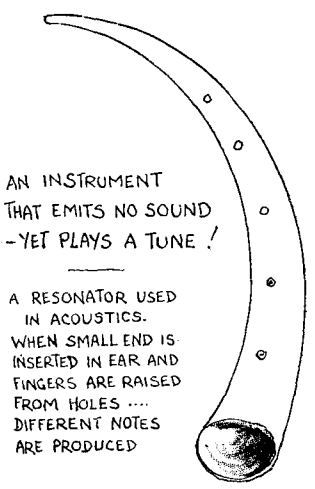

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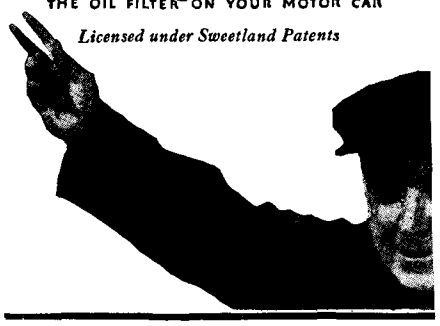

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"Now I've done settled with my convictions, an' you folks an' the judges 'll have to settle with yours, an' decide this debate."

She sat down, as the house sprang upon benches, stamped, yelled and roared cheer after cheer for her, and for the Wood Side. "Wood Side! Wood Side! Wood Side!" They made of it a crashing refrain: "Wood Side! Wood Side! Wood Side! Hooraw for Aunt Het!"

"AUNT HETTIE, seems like milk ain't this good anywheres else." Tip spoke with the compressed breath of recent swallowing and turned his glowing face to the girl beside him. "Ain't it good, 'Rina?"

"I been likin' it an' comin' here to beg it for twenty-two years," Verina assented, smiling shyly at Aunt Het.

"I thought you said you was *twenty?*" Tip lowered his glass and stared in frank amazement at his sweetheart.

"Didn't I say twenty?" asked Verina innocently.

"You just said—"

"Shoo!" interposed Aunt Het. "Drink some more milk, an' quit actin' so much like a pair of human beings. When you two aim to get married? I got a start of hens to give you, Verina; an' a quiltin' frame that my old granny passed on to me. It ain't no good, but I ain't got a daughter of my own to work it off onto." Aunt Hettie sighed as she stooped to dip up another cupful of milk from the crocks which floated in the spring.

"Aunt Hettie," Tip began, "we came up here to—"

"Drink cool milk?" supplied his hostess. "Every child in five miles of here been doin' that for thirty years. You know you're welcome, Tip. What you pullin' a horse face about? Didn't Ward Savage pay you that bet?"

"Yessum! Else we couldn't be gettin' married tomorrow. We just want to thank you for winnin' that for us, Aunt Hettie. I want to kinda own up I—we'd kinda planned to ask you to take Verina's place, an' let her get sick, so's you'd—"

"I know that, Tip. Glad you had better sense an' more decency to tell me about it in words. I knew what you came for time you got in sight that morning. Don't thank me. I acted an' spoke with my convictions."

"Well, if you knew what I came to ask, how would my not tellin' you in words make any never-mind?" Tip demanded querulously.

Aunt Hettie threw back her grizzled head and laughed, her ample body shaking with the abandon of it. "Lord, Lord, there's hope for us miserable worms, I guess, after all! The race ain't played out yet. Here the bride gets herself caught lyin' about her age, an' two minutes after the groom wants to know what difference knowin' the truth an' hearin' the truth makes to a woman! Go 'long! Both of you!—if you've had all the milk you want."

Why we have Left Hands

Continued from page 13

out to his position he is saying to himself, "I must think! I must think!"

Next thing you know he is trying to stop a ground ball with his brains and two more runners cross the plate. The only cure for this condition is to buy the youngster a copy of Larry Lajoie's biography, wherein it is recited that Larry annually batted a scant .400, played second base better than anybody knew how, and was ready to sue for false arrest if accused of harboring a thought.

Shortstops are dying like flies, of insomnia, induced by lack of exercise. If Mr. McGror (as the speakers called him at a recent banquet in his honor) and other managers would arrange to have their shortstops get there early in the morning, mow the lawn, sweep the peanuts and pop bottles out of the stands, wind the clock, tie down the bases and start the coffee, why maybe by nightfall they could doze off without the use of narcotics and come to work next day with brisk step and unclouded eye.

Third base was a position of honor until some newspaper man christened it "the hot corner" and observed that it took a brave man to play it. Since then the third-sackers have been loafing on the job, knowing that whatever they do or don't do is all right because everybody realizes what a tough assignment they have. As a matter of fact, they ought to buy tickets to the game. If a ball is hit hard at them and they happen to get it and throw someone out, it's a great play. If they miss it, it's a base hit. If a bunt is laid down, they dash in and try to field it with one hand. If they do so, it's a great play. If they don't, it's a base hit. When a high foul ball is hit between third base and the stands, the third baseman leaves it to the shortstop. When an enemy runner dashes toward third base, trying to beat a throw from the outfield, the third baseman depends on the shortstop to cover the bag and take the throw while he backs up to the field boxes and maybe meets some friends from Janesville.

A third baseman ought to have a perfect fielding average because it's impossible for him to make an error unless the official scorer hates him.

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The ball they are using now renders outfield play a very dissimilar proposition from what it was the year I captained Yale and Dartmouth. The manager of today seems to think he has met the situation by stationing his three outfielders against their respective fences.

That don't make sense. Do you know any outfielder tall enough to reach one of those things the Babe hits? The best solution is to have your outfielders notice carefully who is at bat and then join forces in front of whatever wall he is liable to aim for.

The center fielder should then stand on the right fielder's shoulders and the left fielder on the center fielder's shoulders and if the wallop does come in that direction, maybe the left fielder can jump up and pull off a sensational catch. Anyway, you ain't taking much of a chance because bunts are the only fly balls an outfielder, playing the old way, can hope to catch.

The next lesson will deal with the offensive part of the game, with perhaps a few words about offensive umpiring.

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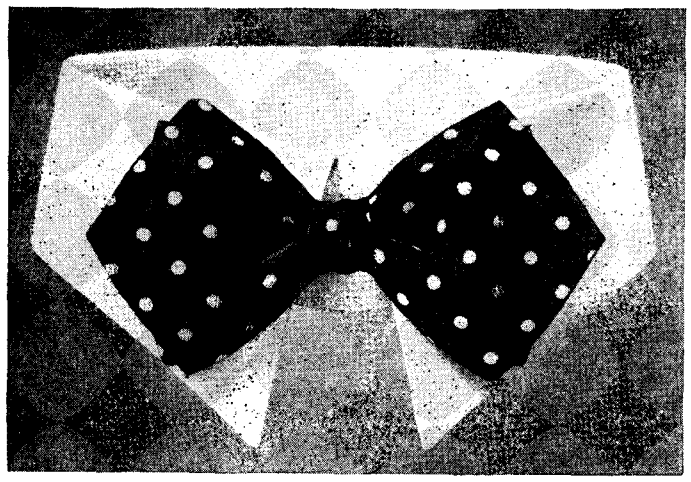

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..... C.

Put him on a Spot

Continued from page 7

"Thought you wasn't coming to, Curtis," he said.

I let out a groan. "I wish I hadn't," I said. "My girl—"

"You got the idea, didn't you?" he asked. "You were to croak me, and the gang was to settle you, and the district attorney would think it was a private killing that you planned, and Kenney's mob might be blamed for you, but they wouldn't be blamed for me—"

"My girl," I said.

"ONE of us couldn't have stood them off. Both of us did. We got them all, Curtis. Nice hunting."

"Susie," I said.

"You with a gun in your hand; me with bullets from your gun in me. No tie-up between you and Kenney. What could be sweeter for Kenney? But we got Kenney. Your word to me gave me him."

"To hell with Kenney. I want my girl—the Digger—"

He rang a bell and a nurse comes in.

Mallasson grins at her.

"Fetch the lady," he said.

It's Susie, and she's by the bed, her arms around me. God, but she hurt my shoulder, right where the bullet got me, and I wish it would always hurt like that, hurt from her arms around me. . . .

"My lights didn't go out, Curtis," said Mallasson. "I got them all. Kenney, the Digger—and the lady. Kenney told where the lady was. My men found her, locked in a room in an uptown hotel, with the Digger standing guard outside. You'd told me that Kenney had your girl, and my men—they weren't gentle with Kenney. They made him come through. They weren't gentle with the Digger, either, if that helps. But the girl had come to no harm—just scared—"

I hardly heard him. Susie was moaning.

"Tom—Tom, why did you go away?"

"He wanted to go straight, I guess," said Mallasson. "Wanted to quit the racket. Wanted to get a decent job—"

"I was fired today," I said.

"The Magrath people want a good man to handle their race-track protection," said Mallasson. "They got to keep the crooks off the tracks. Twelve grand a year and I can name the lad to get the job. But he has to be a married man."

I looked at Susie and she blushed.

"That's me, Mallasson," I said.

"Fine," he said. "Say," he said, "I think one of them damn' bullets hurt my ear. I wouldn't be able to hear you kids if you kissed each other."

The Glorious Defeat

Continued from page 19

cot was lifted and placed again, not until he felt the hands of Travis, Crockett and Bonham was the weary head permitted to fall back into the arms of little Candelaria. Like Tio Jeem, she too had chosen.

It was when all had returned to blanket or to post that Travis sat down and planned his last message to the people of Texas—burning sentences that he wrote with his heart's blood—a brave soul's defiance to despair: "Victory will cost the enemy so dear that it will be worse than defeat. The power of Santa Anna is to be met here or in the colonies; we had better meet it here than to suffer a war of desolation to rage in the settlements. A blood-red banner waves from the church of Bexar in token that the war is one of vengeance against rebels. Their threats have had no influence. God and Texas! Victory or death!"

All through the ghastly hours of the 4th and 5th, the Mexican guns kept up a steady bombardment, accented now and then by an infantry charge.

"Wonder why Santa Anna don't jump in an' finish it?" asked Crockett, coming in at midnight to sit by Bowie's cot, and munching placidly away on an ear of corn.

"Waitin' to wear us out," muttered the sick man. "Any time now, Davy. Any time. Before sunrise, maybe."

A true prophecy. At that very moment the Dictator was massing 3,000 picked men for an assault in force. Four columns under command of Castrillon, the Spaniard, and 2,000 cavalry to see that no Texan escaped.

"Kill! Kill!" he cried, padding back and forth like an angry jungle cat. "No quarter! The world shall be taught what it means to defy Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna!"

At 4 o'clock on Sunday morning, March 6, 1836, the columns advanced, feet bare that no sound might warn the watchers on the walls; the wretched Mexican soldiers being nerved to courage by the knowledge that guns were trained on them from behind.

The clink of a gun against a belt buckle, a sharp cry from some lynx-eared boy, a stab of flame as he pulled trigger—and the fight was on! Twice the three thousand threw themselves against the walls only to be hurled back with fearful loss; but the third attempt opened a way into the convent yard, and the Mexicans poured through with the smashing impact of a tidal wave.

Pitch darkness. Then suddenly the sun leaped above the desert rim, and, as if maddened by clear sight of the enemy horde, the Texans fought with even wilder fury. Not a man went down without his heap of slain. Bonham, pistol empty and knife broken, was picked up on bayonets and thrown high into the air like a bundle of hay, his gashed veins emptying out into the thirsty sand that had lapped the life-blood of so many other gallant souls with the same brave dream of empire.

Across a barrier of sand sacks, hastily piled up in the baptistry door, Candelaria watched and heard the ghastly struggle without power to turn away.

"The Magazine!"

A thud of feet, a press of writhing bodies, a queer sound like cracking eggshells. By the door retreated the last of the Texans, their rifles clubbed, using them as flails, tearing at throats with bare hands. Candelaria could have touched Crockett as he came to bay. Naked to the waist, blood and sweat dripping into his open mouth; every breath a sob. One terrible sweep with old Betsy—again that sound of cracking eggshells—and dropping the broken rifle, the huge arms shot out in a final grip of death.

"The magazine!" screeched Bowie. "By God, the magazine! Fire it! Fire it!"

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Too late! His lifeblood gushing out in great streams, Major Evans reeled to the door of the sacristy where the powder was stored. His knife flashed and a Mexican went down. Another! And still another! A torch was in his hand, but even as he reached the threshold a hail of bullets struck him down.

Now came a nightmare of savage faces at the baptistry door—hands tearing and pulling at the sand sacks. A scream of horror from the mother, a cry from the frightened baby, and Bowie, shouting in a frenzy of appeal, "Hold me up, Candelaria! Hold me up!"

Around the great shoulders went the slender arms, a panting heave was assisted by the sick man's own fierce effort, and for a brief moment the Mexicans fell back before the blaze of Bowie's pistols. Only for a moment! Pushed from behind, the front men shot forward. Throwing the empty weapons in their faces, the sick man reached for his knife. Even as the weak hands fumbled, a bayonet stabbed down and found his throat, gashing Candelaria's cheek as she sought to throw herself between the thrusts and her beloved Tio Jeem.

Five hours the struggle lasted—five hours during which no cry for quarter had been heard—and when cautious Santa Anna entered the Alamo at nine o'clock, it was a shambles he looked upon. Every foot of church and convent yard was piled high with dead, and outside the walls were other red litters. High on the wall, by the side of the gun that he had served, lay William Barrett Travis, ripped and mangled, but with face upward as if, even in death, he had meant to let no enemy see his back.

More than 400 dead Mexicans were counted and 300 was the list of wounded. As for the Texans, not one remained alive. Well, indeed, was the Lone Star Republic entitled to cry to the world, "Thermopylæ had its messenger of defeat; the Alamo had none!"

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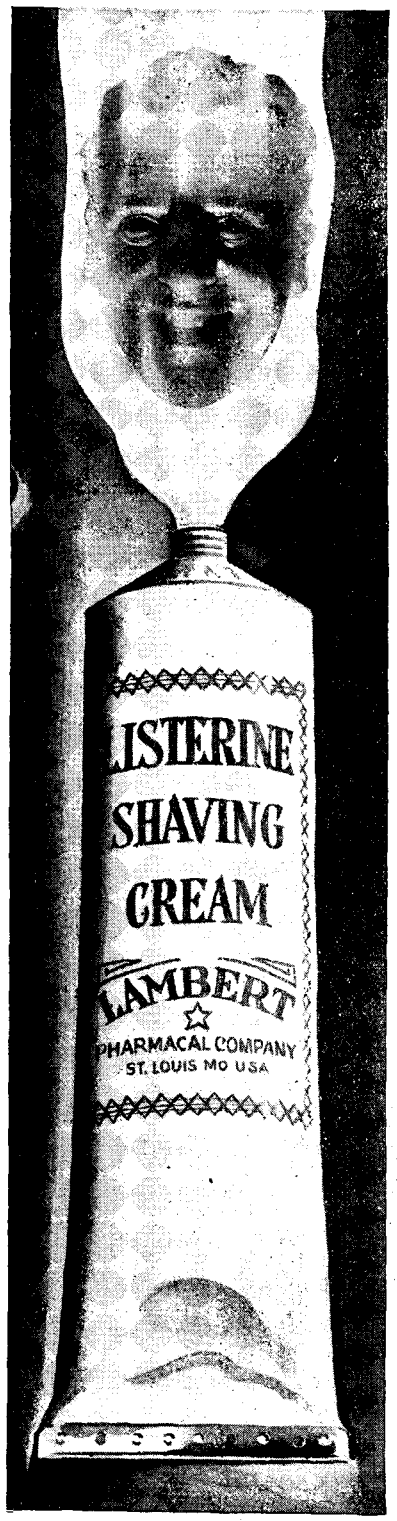

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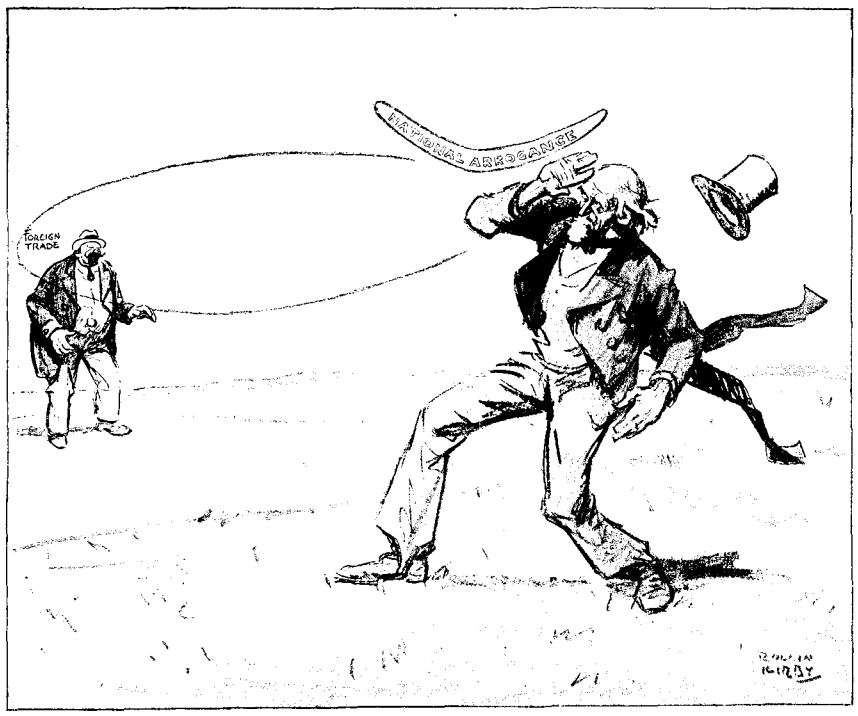
The Spirit of 1776

SELDOM in our history have we had greater need to honor the men who pledged their lives, their fortune and their sacred honor that the Declaration of Independence might stand.

Times have changed profoundly during these one hundred and fifty-three years but the principles for which those adventurous men risked their all are still good American doctrine.

Consider soberly that great document and apply in your own thinking its spirit to the urgent problems of this day.

The hardy men who ventured to found a free republic in a world which knew only the divine right of kings and the rule of autocratic governments had a message of permanent value to their countrymen. We need today their generous principles of liberty and of toleration. We need their wide vision if we are to deal rightly with our external as well as our domestic problems.



Take first the matter of our relationship with the outside world.

One of the counts against George III was his "cutting off our trade with all parts of the world." There are those now in Congress and elsewhere who for petty considerations would blindly strike at the very roots of our international commerce.

There is no longer a serious debate between Democrats and Republicans over the desirability of a protective tariff for American products. A protective tariff does not, however, imply a cessation of business intercourse with the outside world. Yet proposals are seriously considered at Washington to impose duties so high that the importation of many commodities will be effectually prohibited.

An Instrument of War

This is not protection. It is an embargo and an embargo is an instrument not of peace but of war.

We cannot continue to enjoy the benefits of our high civilization if we cut off intercourse with other nations. Every one of us depends upon all the world for the continuance of the prosperity we enjoy.

We cannot ruin the sugar growers of Cuba without striking a heavy blow at every American manufacturer who sells a part of his product in the Cuban market.

We cannot lay an embargo on the produce of the Argentine unless we want to abandon the Argentinian market to our European competitors.

We cannot put an end to various imports from Canada and from European countries unless we are willing to accept retaliation in kind.

We cannot continue at our present level of prosperity unless we are willing to consider the needs of other people as well as our own aspirations. If we give full rein to the demands of every little group of selfish Americans, we shall injure our own common national prosperity, the very thing we are trying to preserve.

We can't have legislation designed to facilitate the dumping of our excess products in foreign lands and at the same time have other laws excluding the commodities which our customers would offer in exchange.

Life is not one-sided. We have to give if we would take. We must recognize the rights of others if we expect a friendly recognition of our own prerogatives.

At a recent meeting of business men a plea was made for a readjustment of world debts. A manufacturer from the Middle West arose and said he opposed any concessions until Europe adopted our prohibition. The idea never occurred to this man that Europeans have the same right to regulate their lives which we enjoy.

This fanatic disregard of foreigners is extended to minorities in our own country. Prohibition of liquor is only one manifestation of a wish to use the power of a central government to regulate the habits of the people of an entire continent, regardless of local differences of custom and opinion.

The men who wrote our Declaration of Independence knew better than that. They specifically defended the right of local districts to self-determination. They declared for independence because liberty to enjoy life in accordance with the habits and beliefs of people who resided in widely diverse regions seemed important enough to justify a great war.

The Declaration of Independence was the work of men who understood human nature and who appreciated the excellent spirit of our civilization.

A Permanent Foundation

The changes which have come during our spectacular national history are external. Our circumstances have been altered radically but our fundamental desires are the same. Men do not change their natures with their clothes or their conveyances of travel.

A decent respect for other men's opinions and ways of living is just as essential now as it was one hundred and fifty-three years ago.

It was fortunate for us and for the world that the founders of this nation were men of wide understanding and of generous impulses. Without the guidance of their vision and their high character our national development might have flowed along far different lines.

We are happy in their heritage. We shall prosper and further the interest of our nation as we conduct our affairs with a similarly wise recognition of the fundamental realities of life.

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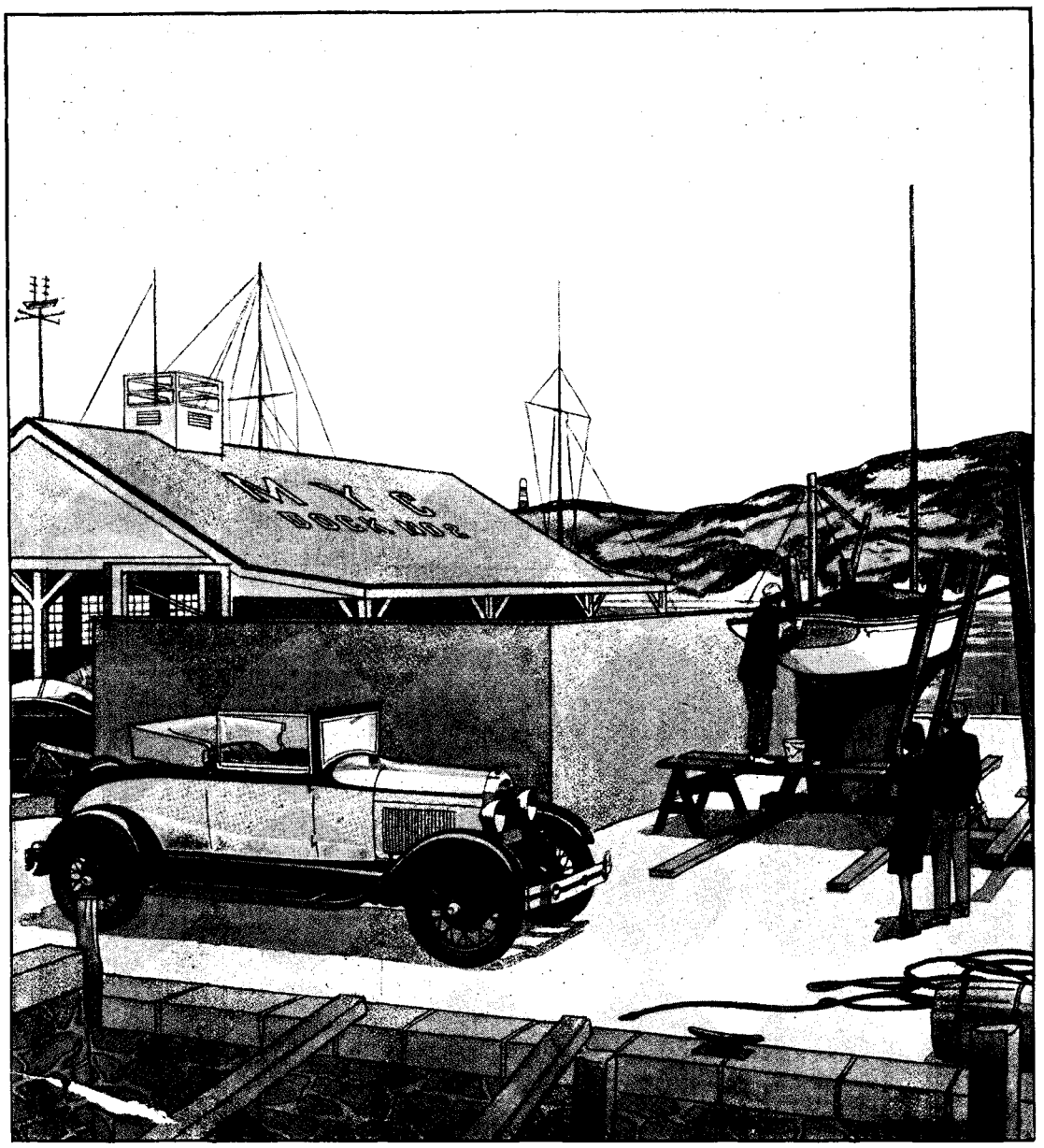
GOOD PERFORMANCE WITH ECONOMY



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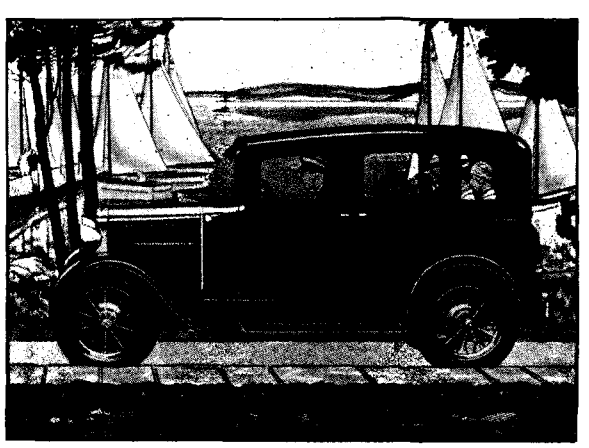

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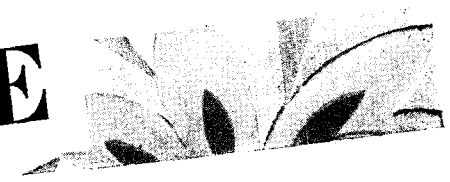

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